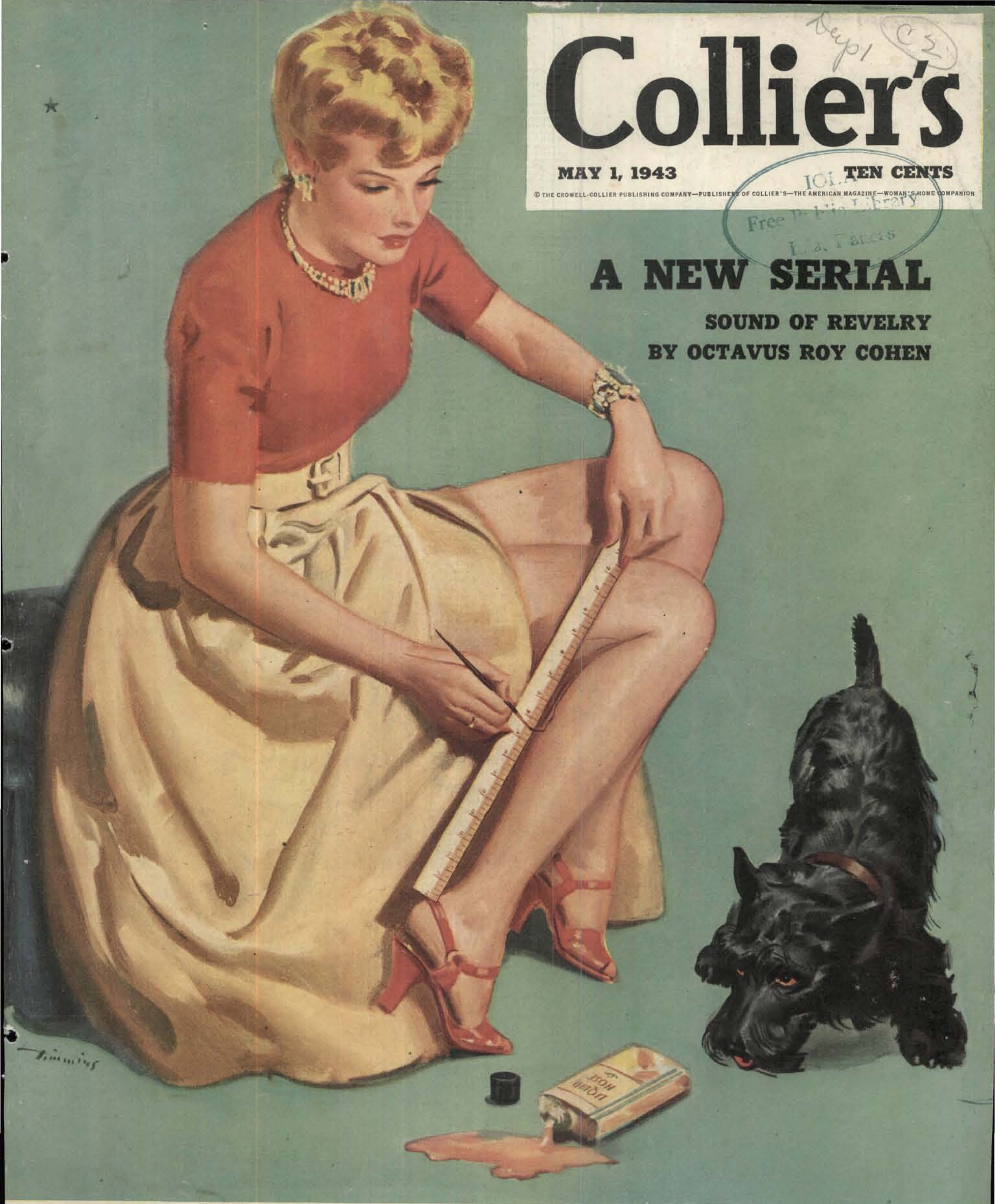

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Collier's

MAY 1, 1943 TEN CENTS

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A NEW SERIAL

SOUND OF REVELRY
BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

UNDER JAP RULE IN

AN EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT

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MRS HAROLD SMITH
851 N WASHINGTON
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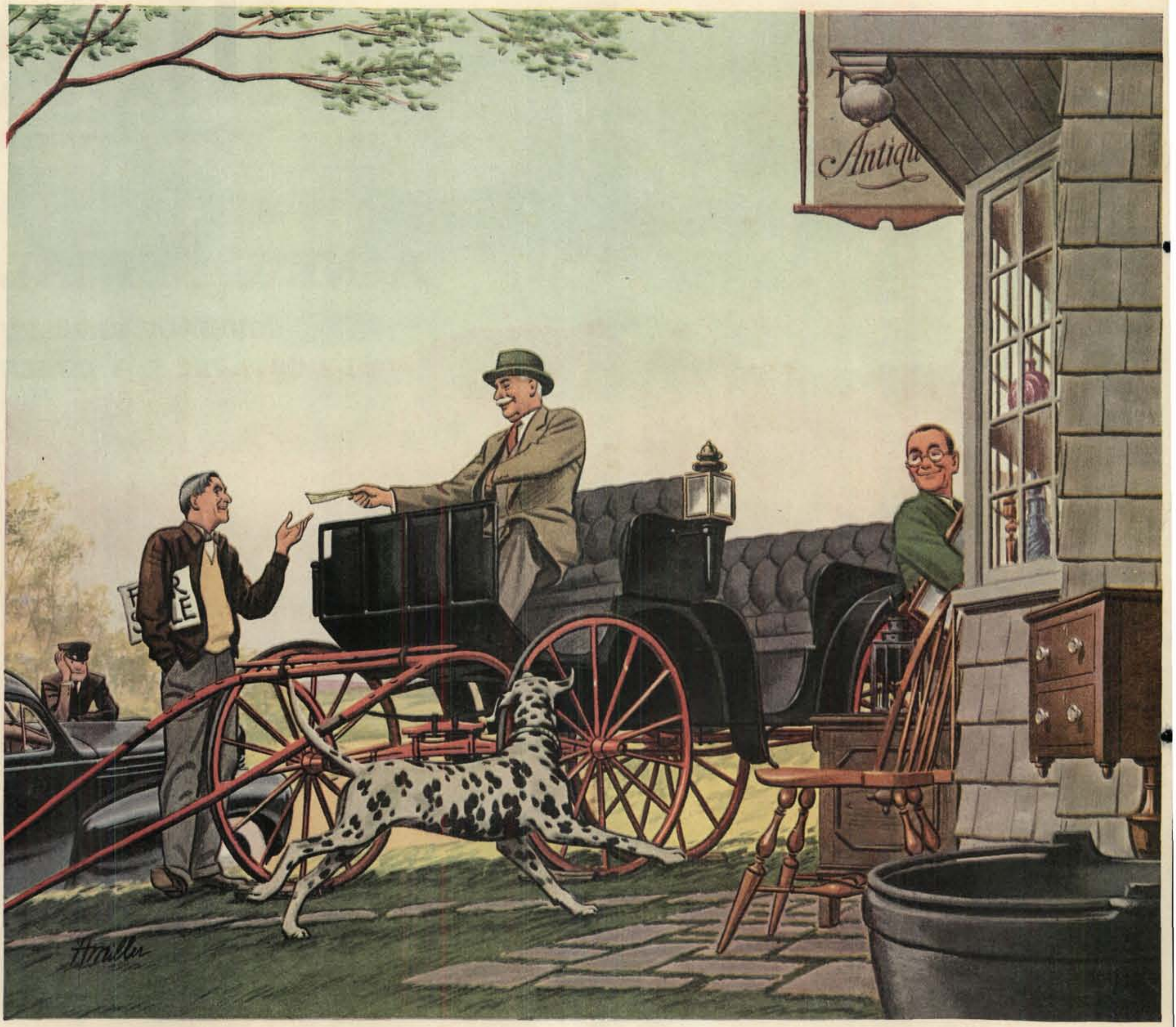


Latest Car Model, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

We may do less traveling this year, but we will cheerfully find a way to make the best of it. We may extend our old-fashioned hospitality less often, but it will always be just as hearty—with Schenley Royal Reserve—America's Finest.

Buy War Bonds Regularly.

SCHENLEY
Royal Reserve

Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

The art of making a date

by Bob Hope

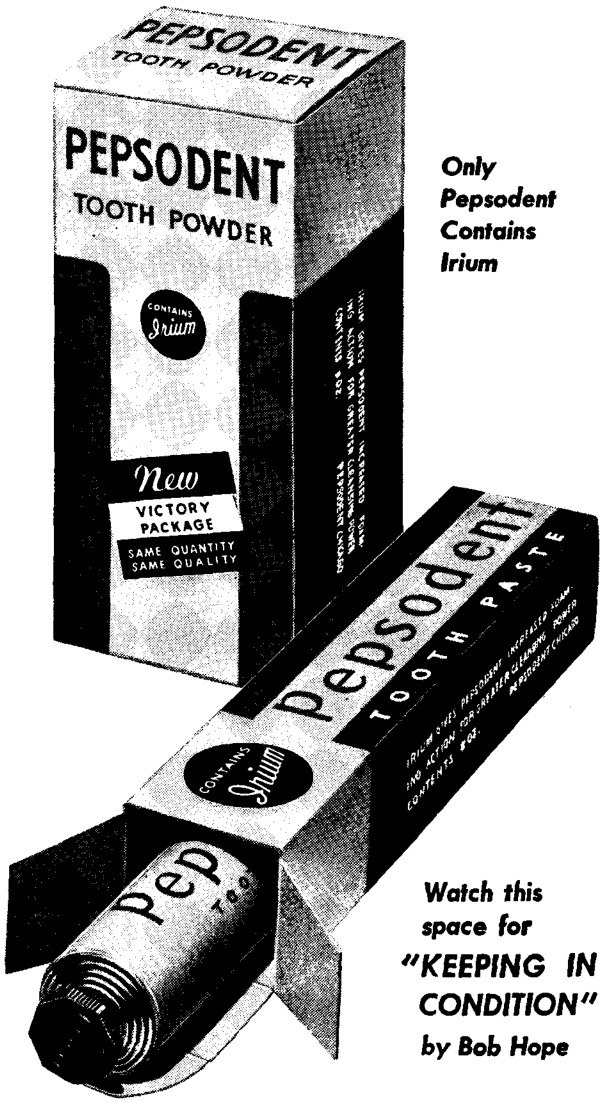
1. It's easy to make a date. If you're a man, the logical hing to do is to make it with a girl. So first, call the nost beautiful girl you know. Then, if you have another nickel, call one who will go out with you. When he answers, speak to her in a voice that's inviting and leasant . . . like the swell, cool taste of Pepsodent.

2. At her house, ring the front doorbell. Then rush around and catch her escaping by the rear door. Once I caught nine fellows dashing out. From the way their teeth flashed in the dark, I guess they just dropped by to use my girl's Pepsodent. In fact, I'm sure of it. One fellow had a brush.

3. Now, it's not patriotic to go driving in the car. That wastes gasoline. Also, there might be a blackout. So the best thing to do is turn out the lights and sit in the dark, praising Pepsodent for making her teeth so bright. Then all you have to do is come in on the beam, and you'll never miss her kisser.

4. Later, if your shoes will stand it, go for a walk. And ilt your hat at a rakish angle. This makes you look lebonair. It also blocks her view of all the smiling oldiers and sailors you pass. Their smiles have plenty f "come-on" these days, because they're buying and sing more Pepsodent than any other brand.

5. Always look neat. If you have a two-pants suit, wear the least shiny pair *outside.* Shiny teeth are okay, though . . . because you'll rate better with a sparkle on your teeth. So before going out, brush with Pepsodent to put a gleam in your smile. Naturally, later on, you can move the gleam up to your eye. ***See you Tuesday Night on NBC.***



Only Pepsodent Contains Irium

Remember... DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

Help save enough for others, and there will be enough for you.

1. Measure out ¾-in. of Paste on brush. It's plenty. Always squeeze and roll tube from the bottom.

2. Pour Pepsodent Powder in your hand, not on your brush. Use only a spot the size of a nickel. It's enough.

3. Moisten brush before applying Paste. Dab (don't rub) moistened brush in Powder to pick it up.

4. Pepsodent with Irium is so safe, so effective . . . ***It takes Only a Little to Make Your Teeth Brighter.***

Watch this space for "KEEPING IN CONDITION" by Bob Hope

Don't put a kiss in your pocket—

USE KLEENEX* TISSUES!

(*from a letter by* C. L. A., Memphis, Tenn.)

Just before the bottle, Mother!

KLEENEX UNDER BABY'S CHIN PROTECTS DRESSES FROM "DRIPS"—SAVES LAUNDRY! (*from a letter by* B. L. P., Fort Worth, Tex.)

SCRAP HAPPY!

MY PUPILS COLLECTED SCRAP AND WITH THE PROCEEDS BOUGHT *KLEENEX* FOR CLASS ROOM "HANKY" USE. WE HELPED SCRAP THE JAPS AND COLDS, TOO!

(*from a letter by* J. W. D., Rock Rapids, Ia.)

WIN $25.00 (MATURITY VALUE) WAR SAVINGS BOND

FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH.

WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX TISSUES SAVES YOU MONEY AND HELPS WIN THE WAR

ADDRESS: KLEENEX • 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO

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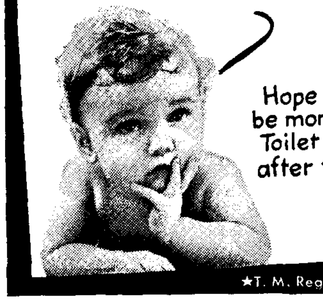

Hope there'll be more Delsey* Toilet Paper after the war

★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
AMY PORTER	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
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GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

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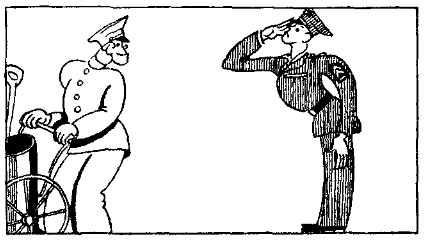
ANY WEEK

FROM Tunisia, we have a letter from Pfc. Charles Colt Torrance. It's a nice long letter wherein Private Torrance goes into some detail about the progress of our lads and the British Eighth Army against Field Marshal Rommel. But the sentence that we hope you'll appreciate is: "And finally, tell me whether we're doing the right thing over here. We hope we're satisfying the radio commentators. We don't hear them over here."

AND Mr. John Philip Quarles of McAllen, Texas, announces that he has just escaped from Washington. Among the scenes which he remembers from our nation's capital is a Marine sergeant walking down Pennsylvania Avenue. The sergeant had just got out of the hospital, having been well shot up in Guadalcanal. As he walked toward Capitol Hill, Mr. Quarles following and observing, he saluted twenty-two briefcase-carrying officers, two Waacs and four Army nurses. At Ninth Street, Mr. Quarles saw him stop in front of a uniformed street sweeper, click his heels and salute. Mr. Quarles asked him why. "Well, sir," said the sergeant, clicking and saluting, "from what I've seen here, a guy can't tell who that white-wing is liable to be tomorrow."



OUR latest communiqué from the Omaha, Nebraska, Income Tax Front is issued by Mr. Victor J. Janda. Mr. Janda was sitting in the Internal Revenue Collector's office, hoping for the best, when a gentleman bustled in and asked a clerk to help him compute his income tax. The clerk did so. The gentleman took one look at the figure and fainted. An ambulance took him home, still unconscious. The next morning he reappeared, looking white and drawn, but with a check for the full amount in hand. He handed it to the clerk, who promptly fainted and was taken home in an ambulance. The gentleman picked up his check, said he'd send it direct to Washington. "And I hope," said he, "that they drop dead."

BUT Mr. Junius Flower of Washington, D. C., says that he is keeping a sharp eye on British rationing. As we understand it, Mr. Flower's job is to make note of all rationing regulations adopted by Britain and send his observations on to higher-up officials who promptly do something about it. "For example," explains Mr. Flower, "I found out that in England they are adding seven ounces of chalk to every two hundred eighty pounds of bread-making flour. I drew the attention of the proper authorities to this and was told: 'They can't do that to us. I'm recommending that we use fourteen ounces of chalk. We've got our prestige to think about.' "

LAST October we carried the photograph of Leighton Spadone, boatswain's mate, first class, on the cover of Collier's. Mr. Spadone was shown piping all hands aft or something like that. Anyway, he was piping. With his brother Philip, coxswain, Petty Officer Spadone was serving on the cruiser Atlanta in the Battle of Guadalcanal. The Atlanta was sunk. Leighton, in the forward turret, had his leg shattered by shrapnel, Philip was hashed up by shrapnel in the after turret. From their mother, Mrs. Dorothy Spadone, we hear: "Both boys are doing nicely and are still together in a hospital in the South Pacific."

IF WE were a government publicity agent or even so relatively modest a shill as a Hollywood public-relations man we'd say that many thousands of you had demanded facts and figures about Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw, a new writing team who are contributing occasionally but always sprightly to these pages. But only quite a number of our readers have done so. So we're telling you that they're not a couple of characters who crawled out of the woodwork but hot-spot lads who are overjoyed that the world is as screwy as it is. If it weren't, they'd both be out of work. Sam was born on New York's East Side about thirty years ago. Tried to be a serious painter. Settled for decorating the walls of night clubs. Harry is a Kittanning, Pennsylvania, product—calls the place The Gateway to the West. Twenty-eight years old. Reporter in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Altoona papers. The two met on Broadway. Collaborated on a 400-page pictorial history War in Our Times. Sales 23,000 so far. Their first Collier's article, Girls' Town, was grabbed by Paramount for a Buddy De Sylva musical. They're now cooking a screen treatment of their second Collier's piece This Strange Bright Land. This week we're publishing their third—Sunday's Angels. Read it and weep. Sam and Harry are very cute. . . . W. D.

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THIS WEE

MAY 1, 1943

SHORT STORIES

JOHN CROCKET
Born Lucky. An old family sc settled—with variations. P

W. G. HARDY
Message to the Athenians. his last speech, so he made it P

GEORGE HARMON COXE
Girl Wanted. Sometimes the *girl turns up in the wrong pl* P

VEREEN BELL
A Boss of His Own. Skeet fin place in life—at last. P

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
One Thing in Common, by Ford. P

SERIAL STORIES

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Sound of Revelry. The first **parts.** P

MARGARET CULKIN BANNI
The Girl Left Behind. The **eight parts.** P

ARTICLES

COREY FORD
Remember Dutch Harbor. Th complete account of the Jap sion of the Aleutians. P

W. B. COURTNEY
Here's Your Horsepower. America is beating the Axis race for plane-engine product P

CORNELIS VAN DER GRIFT
Under Jap Rule in Java. Eye account of life under the Litt low Men. P

HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW
Sunday's Angels. The choir St. John the Divine are de weekdays. P

DOROTHY KILGALLEN
Nijinsky in Jive. Jack Col bines comedy with dancin success.

FRANK D. MORRIS
Beach Boys. When our ir forces go ashore, 10 to 1 the Guard surfmen land them. P

THEODORE PRATT
Name Your Fish. And C. Baker will "paint" it to your P

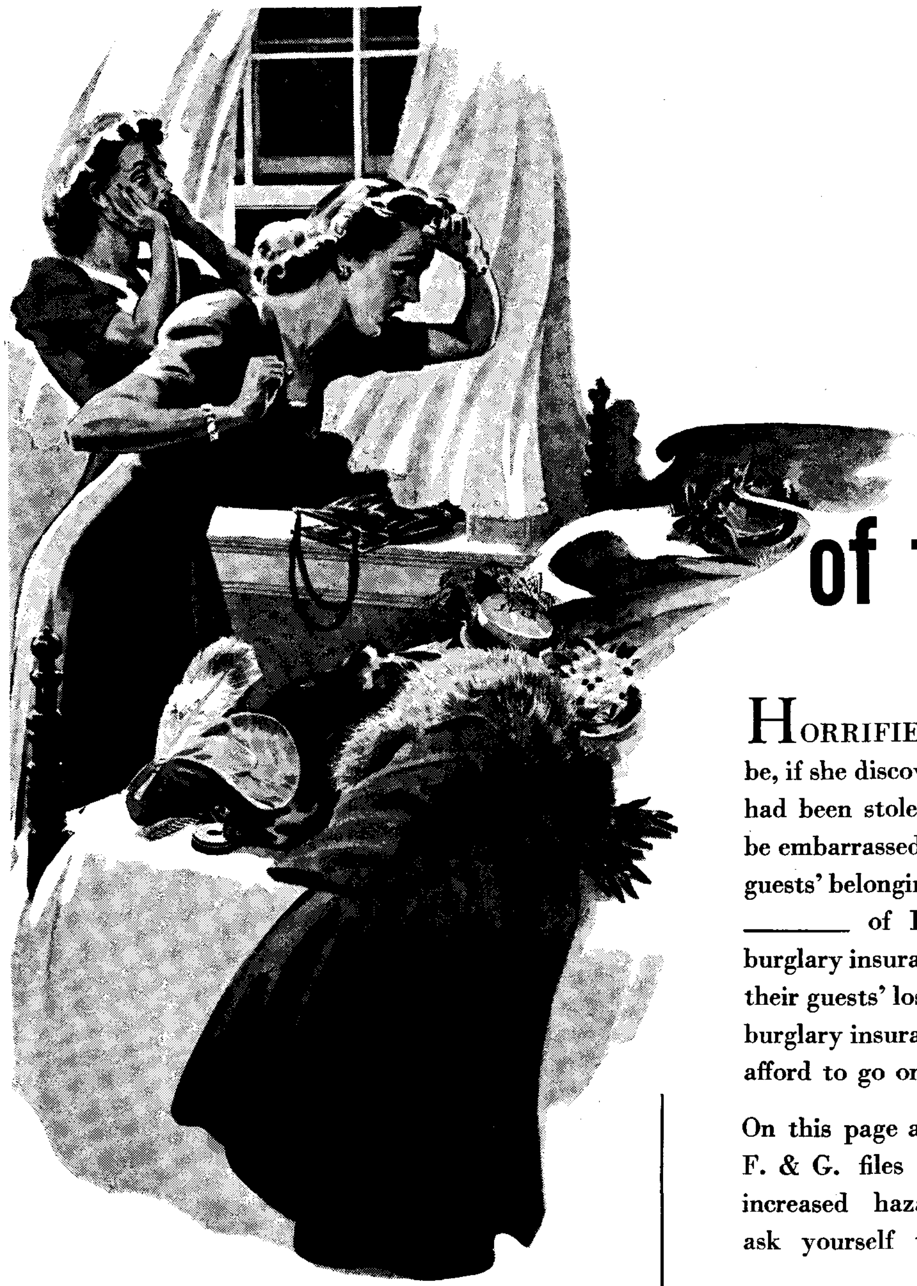
●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World.

WING TALK.

EDITORIALS.

COVER HARRY L. TI



The Case of the Horrified Hostess

(Case No. 1-B-3580 from U. S. F. & G. files)

HORRIFIED? What hostess wouldn't be, if she discovered her guests' handbags had been stolen? What hostess wouldn't be embarrassed if faced by the loss of her guests' belongings? Because Mr. and Mrs. ______ of Brooklyn, N. Y., carried burglary insurance with the U. S. F. & G., their guests' losses were made good. With burglary insurance so low in cost, can *you* afford to go on trusting to luck?

On this page are other cases from U. S. F. & G. files illustrating today's war-increased hazards. Read them, then ask yourself this important question: "*Could any of these things happen to me?*"

Consult your Insurance Agent or Broker as you would your Doctor or Lawyer

To help you avoid financial jolts, your local U. S. F. & G. agent places at your disposal *knowledge* of insurance—plus on-the-spot service in the payment of losses. He will be glad to make a Graphic Audit of your insurance—to help you guard against wartime risks which make such an audit imperative. Your U. S. F. & G. agent is one of thousands serving communities throughout the United States, its possessions, and Canada. Consult him.

U.S.F.&G.

UNITED STATES FIDELITY & GUARANTY CO.
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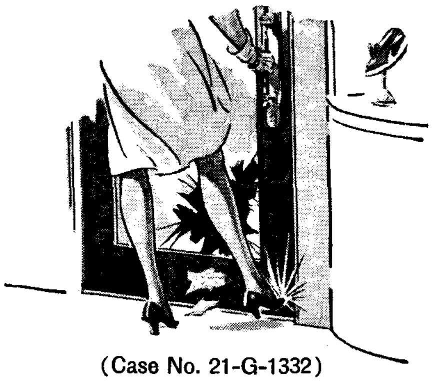
HOME OFFICES BALTIMORE, MD.

—Could any of these things happen to you?



(Case No. 21-G-1332)

Customer breaks glass door

The sale was a success . . . so much so that a determined woman customer, eager to enter, kicked the jammed door and shattered the costly plate glass. Today plate glass is expensive, hard to get. If your business requires plate glass windows, door or show cases, they should be amply insured.

(Case No. 161098)

Purloined platinum parts

Naturally, the electrical supply company trusted him . . . he'd been a stock clerk for 17 years. But when platinum parts began to disappear, they found he'd stolen and sold $23,511.57 worth of supplies. Under a fidelity policy, U.S.F.&G. settled the claim. Is your company adequately protected against employee dishonesty?

(Case No. 4-L-805)

Jitter-bug Jeopardy

Jitter-bugging was no joke to the man who was knocked off balance and fell. Nor was it a joke to the restaurant proprietor, faced with a $1500 suit. But a public liability policy with U.S.F.&G., saved the proprietor loss and trouble, compensated the claimant for his injuries. What if someone were injured in your home or place of business?

A WALL FLOWER....BECAUSE OF DRY SCALP?

5 DROPS A DAY CAN CHECK IT....

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

MAKE YOUR HAIR HEALTHY-LOOKING, HANDSOME

DIG DOWN DEEP
FOR WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS!

DO THIS TODAY: Every morning when you comb your hair shake a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on your comb or rub it directly on your scalp. A snap . . . yet it keeps your hair well-groomed throughout the day . . . and it checks Dry Scalp and loose dandruff too, by supplementing the natural scalp oils! As an extra aid, before every shampoo, massage your scalp vigorously with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . . and rub a little on afterwards. The fact is . . . for double care, both scalp and hair, there's nothing like 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. You see, it's different because it contains no drying ingredients.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC 40¢ and 70¢

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

At least fifty species of wood are known to cause dermatitis in persons who handle them constantly. Inflammation of the skin can also result from contact with the smoke of burning mango branches and even from mere proximity to certain kinds of eucalyptus trees.

Until three years ago, France made the majority of the diamond dies used in America to draw extremely fine wires. Most of these tools were not true because their holes, having diameters much smaller than that of a human hair, were bored by hand. Today, these dies are made here, quickly and perfectly, by machines.

Bequeathing a dollar to a disinherited relative to forestall his attempt to break the will is not necessary. The simple statement that a certain person is not to share in the estate amply protects the document from successful litigation.—*By Mattie Lee Thompson, New York City.*

When there is a small leak in a pipe carrying high-pressure steam, the hole is usually searched for and found with a rag tied to the end of a stick; it bursts into flame when touched by the escaping gas.—*By Ida Cortelyou, Jersey City, N. J.*

Antiaircraft guns occupy so much deck space on some American battleships that recently one of these vessels had to sail without its wrestling mat, only twenty feet square, because that much free space was no longer available on the deck.

Excluding the number of days required to load and unload their cargoes, vessels sailing in convoy to and from the United States are at sea about thirty-six days on a round trip to England, forty days on one to Northern Ireland, eighty on one to Australia, 120 on one to the Near East and 160 on one to northern Russia.

As each type of metal throws off a characteristic spark when held against a grinding wheel, dealers now use the "spark test" to classify scrap metal quickly. The stream of sparks from high-carbon steel, for instance, averages fifty-five inches in length and contains many forks, whereas that of low-carbon steel averages seventy inches and has no forks.—*By Edgar A. Van Deusen, New York City.*

While a motorcar traveling at 50 miles an hour requires 110 feet to come to a full stop, a helicopter flying at the same speed requires only 100 feet to come to a standstill.

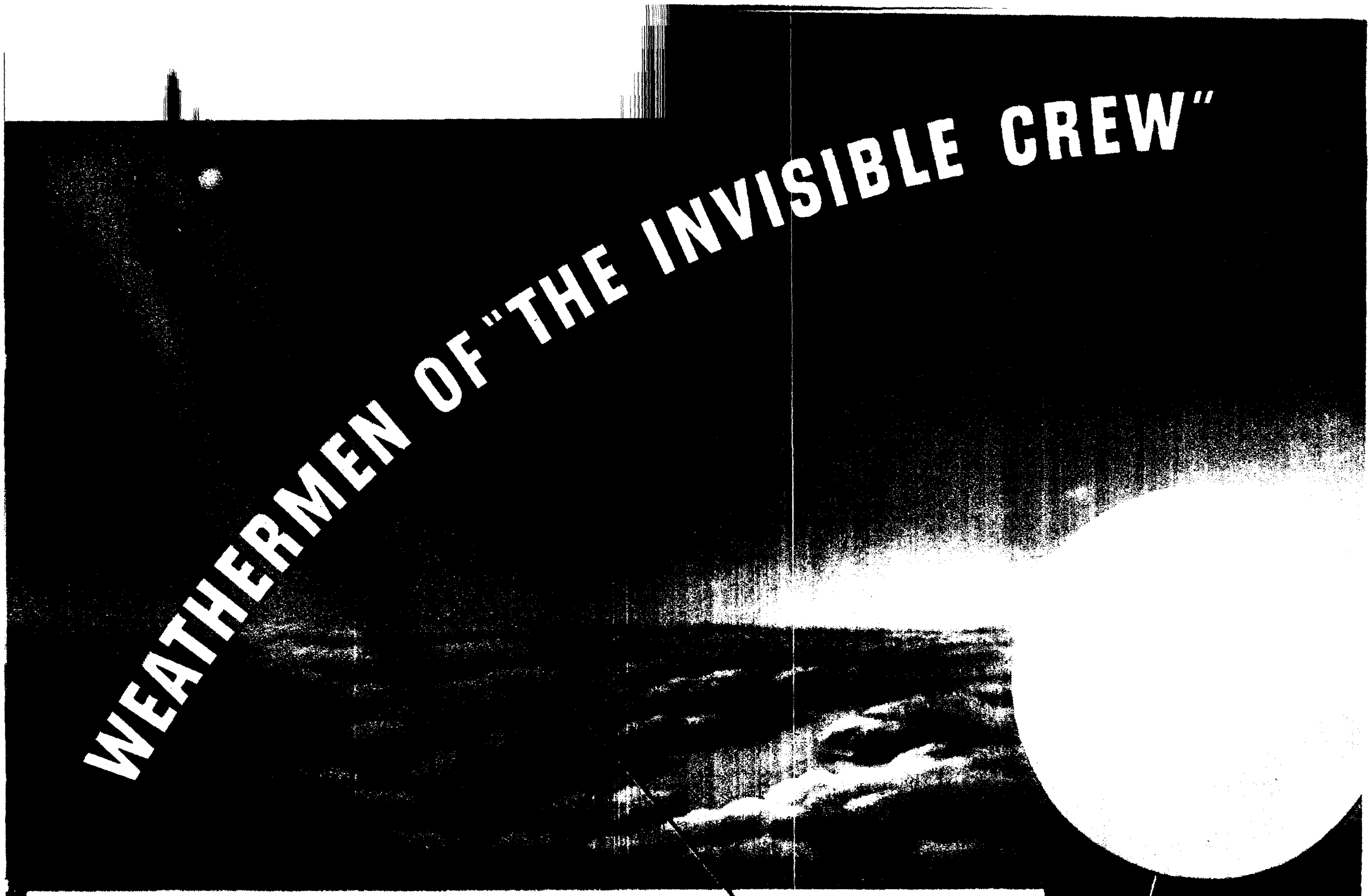
Bituminous coal contains so many constituents of explosives, plastics, solvents, fertilizers, food preservatives and hundreds of other important products that more than 100,000,000 tons, or at least 15 per cent of our present annual production, will be utilized chemically in 1943. — *By James Carney, Brooklyn, New York.*

So much printing is done on American battleships that twenty-five of them now carry linotype machines.

In the transmission of short-wave radio programs the effective radiated power is about 25 times greater when the short-waves are "beamed," or aimed at a specific country.—*By Molly Levine, Beverly, N. J.*

New York City would have three times as much business and industry and ten times as much population if all the areas zoned for these purposes were fully utilized. In other words, the city could house 76,000,000 persons or 57 per cent of the present population of the United States.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



WEATHERMEN OF "THE INVISIBLE CREW"

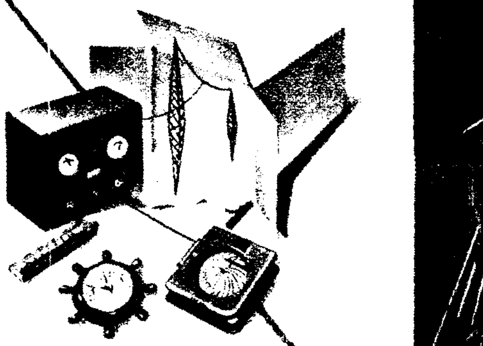
INTO THE VAST, cold silence of the stratosphere rises a small balloon. Below it swings a little case hardly larger than a box of cigars. There is magic in this little box: magic that may help to win a battle days away. For within it, compact as a clock, is a combined weather observatory and broadcasting station.

This box is the Bendix-made "RaySonde" Meteorograph. Its "Invisible Crew" of weathermen precisely read the temperature, humidity and barometric pressure of the upper air. Swift as light, they radio each reading back to earth.

Miles below, meteorologists scan the reports of "The Invisible Crew" and compare them with other "BENDIX-FRIEZ" "RaySonde" Meteorograph soundings around the world. Combining all, they chart the movements of air masses, identify cold fronts and approaching storms, and forecast weather—accurately—days ahead. And armed with this vital information the strategists of our fighting forces pick weather "made to order" for attack.

Just as the "BENDIX-FRIEZ" "RaySonde" Meteorograph sounds the stratosphere to help win battles, Bendix engineers explore the far reaches of science for new devices to help win the war and keep the peace.

Thousands of Bendix workers in plants from Coast to Coast put these developments into precise, high-speed production. And because of them, members of "The Invisible Crew" of Bendix-built instruments and apparatus serve on every American fighting machine that flies, sails or rolls.



The everyday thermometer, barometer, hygrometer and radio transmitter shown above have been re-designed and interlocked within the magic box of the "BENDIX-FRIEZ" "RaySonde" Meteorograph. Over 400 other weathermen of **"The Invisible Crew"** are made by the Friez Division, leader in meteorological development for more than 67 years: Wind Direction and Velocity Transmitters, Indicators and Recorders; Barometers; Thermometers and Thermographs; Humidity Indicators, Recorders and Humidistats; Aerographs for airplane weather observations; Rain, Snowfall and Sunshine Recorders for flood control and soil conservation projects; and many other instruments now serving both military and civil meteorologists.

FRIEZ METEOROLOGICAL DIVISION

THE INVISIBLE CREW

PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY Bendix

Back America's invincible crew . . . our fighters on every front. Buy War Bonds and Stamps regularly.

From Coast to Coast, 25 Bendix plants are speeding members of "The Invisible Crew" to world battle fronts

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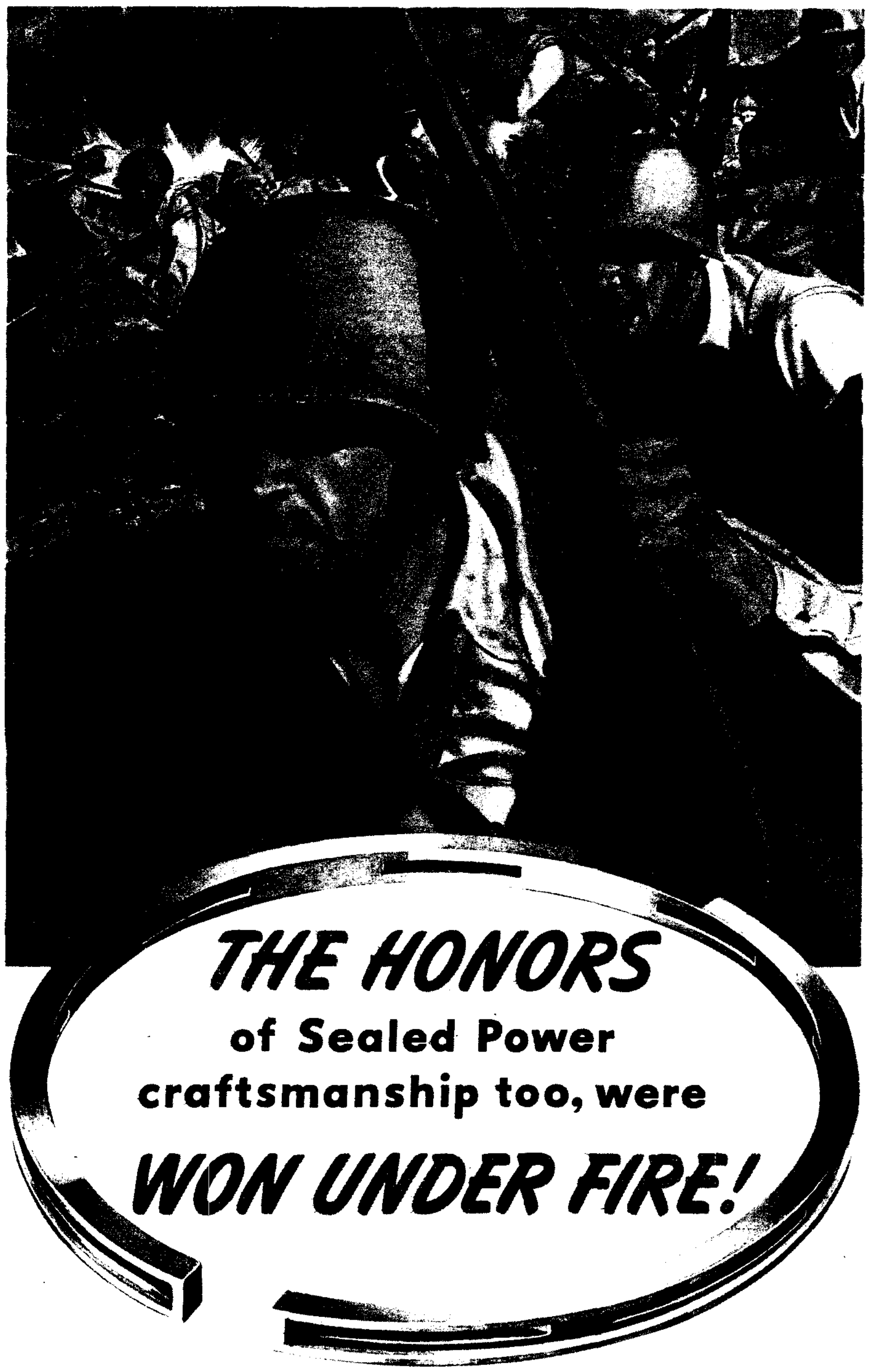


THE HONORS
of Sealed Power
craftsmanship too, were
WON UNDER FIRE!

AMERICA fights best under fire. That's simple history.

And fine *American craftsmanship,* such as that of the skilled and careful men and women who make Sealed Power Piston Rings, Pistons and Cylinder Sleeves by the million for the engines used by every branch of our armed forces, has earned its laurels "under fire."

For the products of their hands and minds—precious precision parts of iron and aluminum—go under pitiless fire from the very second their service life begins. No engine part faces and triumphs over so tough a task as piston assemblies in a hard-driven engine! Torturing temperatures, impact shocks, abrasive friction, chemical action, rust and "metal fatigue," must all be fought... and vanquished.

That is why Sealed Power men and women are justly proud of their contribution to our nation's fight for life. In this "war of engines," there can be hardly a skirmish in which Sealed Power products do not participate, in training, transport, or battle.

Long years of Sealed Power service in your peace-time cars, trucks and tractors made this distinguished wartime record possible. We're thankful for it. And we're thankful, too, that we're still able to conserve gas and oil for civilians with packaged sets of Sealed Power Rings, engineered for each particular make of engine. Insist on them! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan and Windsor, Ontario.

Every gun, tank and ship is half scrap. Send your scrap to war.

SEALED POWER
PISTON RINGS
Pistons, Cylinder Sleeves

© 1943, Sealed Power Corp.

SEALED POWER
SEALED
POWER
RING SET

WING TALK

Their work co-ordinated through what is known as a B-24 Liaison Committee, four manufacturers (Consolidated, Douglas, North American and Ford) are now producing Consolidated Liberators for bomb-delivery service to Berlin and vicinity. Above is the first Liberator turned out last month by North American Aviation at Dallas, 319 days after the contract was signed

FLYING the Arctic is more than merely piloting an airplane, as at least two Army pilots can eloquently testify. One young Army fighter pilot, flying between Fairbanks and Edmonton last November, nearly came to grief because he didn't know what to do when forced down in the vast northland. Winter hadn't quite definitely set in when he took off, but it did very shortly thereafter. He was clad only in flying jacket, "pink" trousers and normal shoes, and lacked the Eskimo mukluk boots, heavy clothes and the sleeping bag which regulations required him to take.

Trouble arose and he had to make a forced landing near a frozen lake. After radioing for help, he plunged through the deep snow, hunting for firewood. Following an unsuccessful foray, he managed to get back to his ship and was picked up two days later by a rescue plane. The rescuer took prompt first-aid measures. He removed the pilot's wet shoes and socks, rubbed his feet with alcohol, and put on dry wool socks and mukluks. These and other measures, Army surgeons said, undoubtedly saved his feet and legs. As it was, he had to have two toes amputated and is still undergoing hospitalization.

A short time later, another Army fighter pilot was forced down on a lake miles from nowhere in the Frozen North. He, however, had taken heed of the example of his fellow officer and had learned the Army cold-weather flying instructions by heart. Instead of wandering around hunting for firewood or aid, he stayed by his plane, keeping it clear of snow so that searching aircraft could see it. He also obeyed instructions against letting himself get exhausted. If you overexert yourself in the Far North and begin to breathe through your mouth in big gulps, your lungs are liable to freeze. And, if you raise a perspiration by exercising, the sweat will freeze. The results are dire. Furthermore, an exhausted man will not awaken if he falls asleep and starts to freeze. On the other hand, if not too tired, a sleeping man will wake up if he gets too cold.

The second pilot, also, was properly dressed for what happened. He rolled up in the snow in his sleeping bag beside his plane and waited to be rescued. When picked up he was in good shape and was ready for duty a day or two later.

AN ENEMY machine-gun bullet pierces the pipe carrying gasoline to the pressure indicator on the instrument panel. The highly volatile liquid, which is under fifteen pounds or more of pressure, spurts into the cockpit and bursts into a curtain of flame in the pilot's face.

The possibility of this scene—one of the greatest dreads of all fliers—is being eliminated in American planes by a tiny diaphragm of synthetic rubber encased in a cell so small that it can be held in the palm of the hand. It's called the Pressure Transmitter and was developed by engineers of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co.

A fire wall surrounds airplane cockpits and most engine mounts are equipped with a carbon-dioxide system to extinguish fire as soon as it breaks out, but a major fire hazard remained in the piping of raw gasoline and oil to the instruments which tell the pilot the exact pressures in fuel and lubricating systems. In the Flying Fortress there are twelve of these lines leading into the cockpit from the plane's four motors.

The Civil Aeronautics Authority recognized the danger more than a year before Pearl Harbor and ordered all commercial airlines to equip their planes with remote pressure-indicating devices. At that time only complex electrical devices were available. They are accurate but costly, and are made of hard-to-get material. When the outbreak of war brought a tremendous expansion in military plane building, the aeronautical division of Minneapolis-Honeywell stepped into the picture with a device so simple in design that it will save hundreds of man-hours in the assembly of every airplane and at the same time reduce the cost of pressure-indicating equipment by hundreds of dollars per ship.

Key factor in the Pressure Transmitter is a diaphragm of synthetic rubber located in the fuel or oil lines *outside* the cockpit. The pressure of the volatile liquids on one side of the diaphragm is transmitted to a noninflammable fluid which is piped to the recording gauges on the instrument panel. Thus no gasoline or oil enters the cockpit, and thus is another flying hazard eliminated. ★★★

"READING BETWEEN THE LINES OF YOUR BLESSED LETTER . . ."

"Reading between the lines of your blessed letter, I feel again the warmth of your love, and your unshaken belief in our future together. Just to know there is still in the world such faith as yours is enough to keep me sane. Just to know that you somehow made a happy Christmas for the children is enough to keep hope alive.

"I shared your letter with the others. It's what they live for, too. The knowledge that our wives and mothers and sweethearts are keeping our homes together—while they help to forge the eapons that will some day set us free.

"Reading between the lines of your blessed letter, I know that once again the sirens will howl over Tokio, and bombers will fly so low we'll see the stars on their wings.

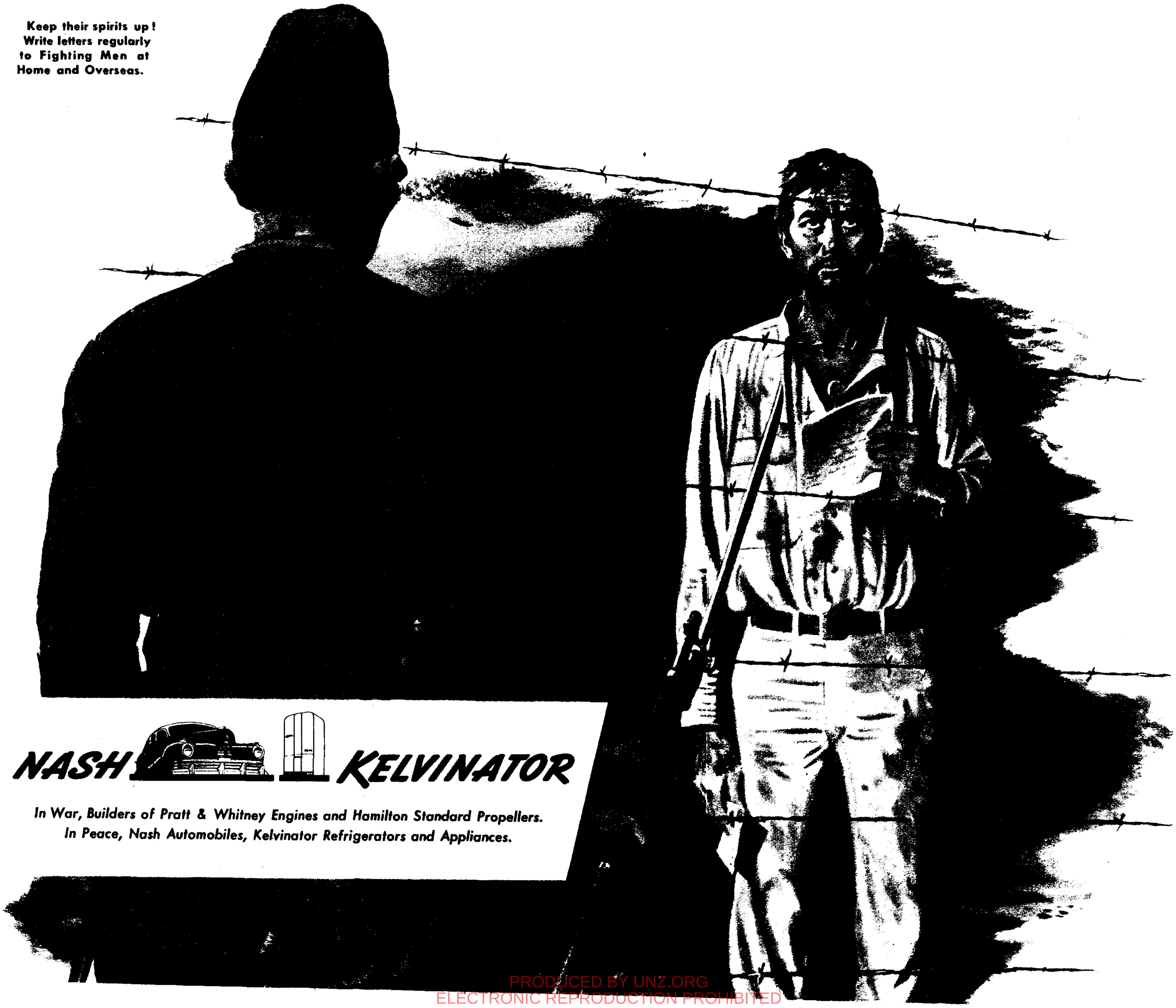
"So every day I look to the sky, waiting for them to come again. They will come —no one of us doubts that, ever. And my faith and hope in you keeps my head up and my heart high, while silently I pray for the day they'll come —to deliver us from evil—to bring me home to you again.

"Home—where I want unchanged, just as I remember them now, all the things that I hold dear. The right of a man to think and speak his thoughts, the right of a man to live and worship as he wants, the right of a man to work and earn a just reward!

"Don't *ever* let these be lost. Keep everything just as it is until I come back . . . back to America where no armed guard bars the door to liberty . . . where there will *never* be a barbed wire fence between a man and his opportunity to work and build and grow and make his life worth living—this war worth winning!"

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT



Keep their spirits up! Write letters regularly to Fighting Men at Home and Overseas.

NASH KELVINATOR

In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances.

WHAT KIND OF WORLD ARE WE FIGHTING TO CREATE?

In the last few months, Pan American's "Forum of the Future" has presented answers to this question from leaders representing China, England, Mexico, Czechoslovakia, Free Italy and the United States. *Here we present the opinions of a famous Canadian, Stephen Leacock.*

"To every child we must give the chance to LIVE, to LEARN, to LOVE"

by STEPHEN LEACOCK, Author and Economist

Painting by Mary Cassatt, Courtesy of Durand-Ruel, Inc.

Misery breeds war.

You can never have international peace as long as you have national poverty.

You may multiply the pomp of the parade grand as you will, but if behind it is the festering slum, war will come, as certain as the spread of pestilence.

WHAT I MEAN in a plain way is that we must enter on a vast, a titanic struggle against poverty and want. What we United Nations did in war we must do in peace, the same union of hearts, the same purpose for all.

This must be the work of the Spirit, not of line and rule and document.

Each of us must stand appalled at the further existence after the war of misery and poverty, of lives frustrated by want, of children underfed, of people sunk from their birth below a chance to live. We must decide that that must not be, just as we decided that savage conquest and brutality should not be.

To effect this we must unlearn our economics, scrap the whole of it. I have personally fifty years of it to throw away!

The fault with economics was the assumption that what *can only be done by the Spirit* could be done by material interest... Business had done much for mankind; but society won't hold together on a business basis alone... Nor on any basis which excludes the animating Spirit of the common man.

There is no fear that the world will not easily support us all. A family may be crowded, but a nation never. The old Malthusian doctrine of overpopulation as preventing social happiness, of the dying poor as the buffer to save the rich, is all gone. Did it ever convince anyone? Even Malthus married and was a father!

Especially with the children lies our chief chance. Older people are battered out of shape, or were never battered into it. Faces all wrinkled and furrowed with care cannot be altered now. But to every child we must give the chance to live, to learn, to love.

* * *

Nor does social regeneration mean the obliteration of individual life. The roots lie too deep. There are limits to the amalgamation of society, to the common enjoyment of everything by everybody. One's own is one's own. Many of us would rather have a geranium of our own in our window than all our share in a Municipal Conservatory; rather have a house all our own in the bush than share a palace with a prince—especially with some of them.

We can have a League of Nations if we like. If we do it will be a consequence, not a cause. Thus will come International Harmony — by not looking for it. So it is with life. Try to buy happiness, by the quart or by the yard, and you never find it. Motion it away from you while you turn to Duty and you will find it waiting beside your chair. So with Good Will on Earth. Cannon frightens it. Treaties fetter it. *The Spirit brings it.*

Stephen Leacock

MCGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL

LAST YEAR a great globe, four feet in diameter, was flown from Washington, D. C., and presented to the Prime Minister of Great Britain by a field commander in the United States Army. In any previous war, an accurate map would have done just as well. But to understand *this* war and to plan a workable peace, nothing less than truly *global thinking* will suffice.

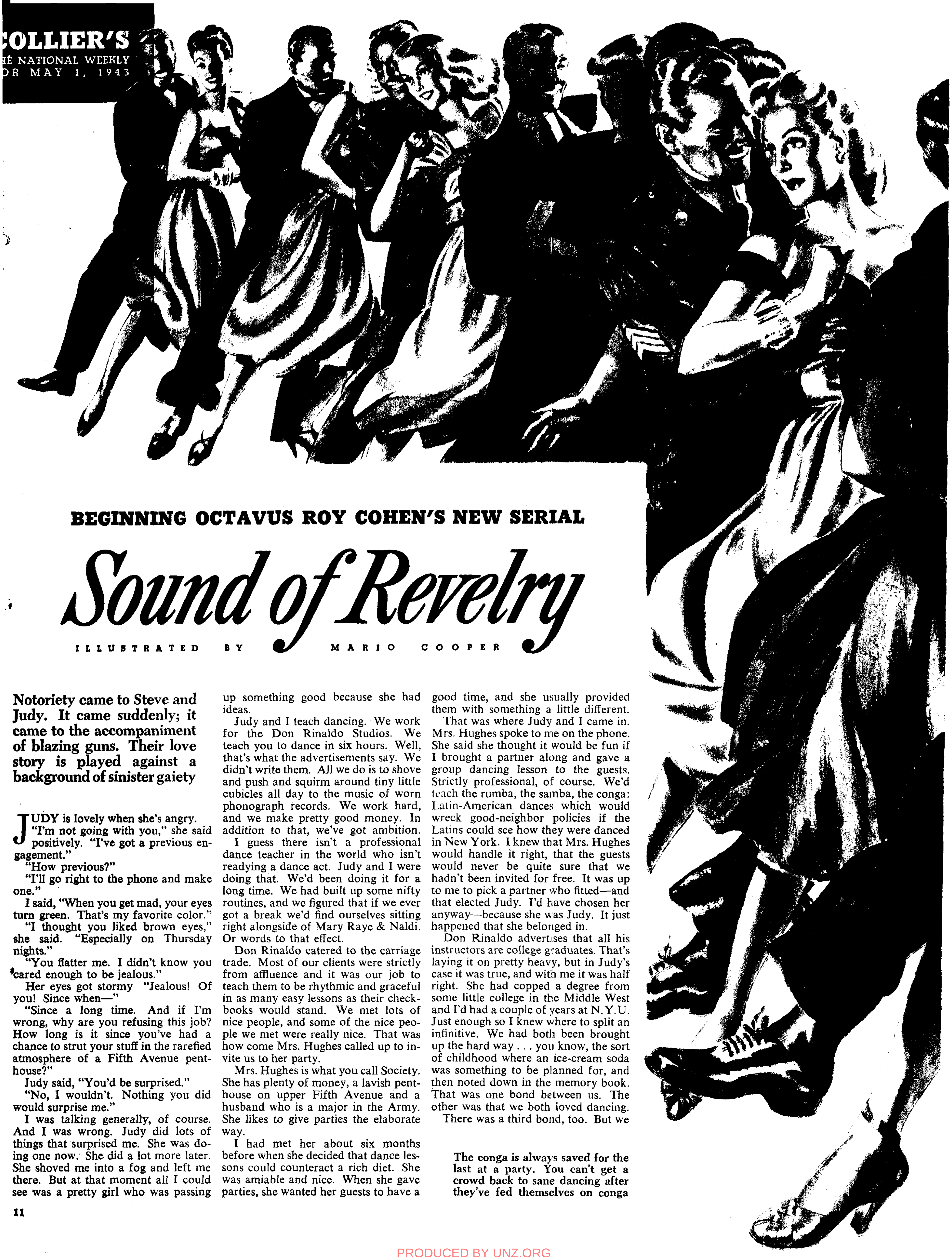
This is the kind of thinking adopted by all Pan American personnel from the very beginning of the Company's operations in 1928.

Today, Pan American has piled up a flight total of *over 185 million miles of overseas flight,* a record unequalled by any other organization in the world. The engineering data amassed by this experience will bring world travel within the reach of common men everywhere, once Victory is won . . . Until then, everything Pan American has to offer is at work for the government and military services of the United States.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS SYSTEM

Wings over the WORLD . . . PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

:OLLIER'S
IE NATIONAL WEEKLY
OR MAY 1, 1943



The conga is always saved for the last at a party. You can't get a crowd back to sane dancing after they've fed themselves on conga

BEGINNING OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S NEW SERIAL

Sound of Revelry

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Notoriety came to Steve and Judy. It came suddenly; it came to the accompaniment of blazing guns. Their love story is played against a background of sinister gaiety

JUDY is lovely when she's angry.

"I'm not going with you," she said positively. "I've got a previous engagement."

"How previous?"

"I'll go right to the phone and make one."

I said, "When you get mad, your eyes turn green. That's my favorite color."

"I thought you liked brown eyes," she said. "Especially on Thursday nights."

"You flatter me. I didn't know you cared enough to be jealous."

Her eyes got stormy "Jealous! Of you! Since when—"

"Since a long time. And if I'm wrong, why are you refusing this job? How long is it since you've had a chance to strut your stuff in the rarefied atmosphere of a Fifth Avenue penthouse?"

Judy said, "You'd be surprised."

"No, I wouldn't. Nothing you did would surprise me."

I was talking generally, of course. And I was wrong. Judy did lots of things that surprised me. She was doing one now. She did a lot more later. She shoved me into a fog and left me there. But at that moment all I could see was a pretty girl who was passing up something good because she had ideas.

Judy and I teach dancing. We work for the Don Rinaldo Studios. We teach you to dance in six hours. Well, that's what the advertisements say. We didn't write them. All we do is to shove and push and squirm around tiny little cubicles all day to the music of worn phonograph records. We work hard, and we make pretty good money. In addition to that, we've got ambition.

I guess there isn't a professional dance teacher in the world who isn't readying a dance act. Judy and I were doing that. We'd been doing it for a long time. We had built up some nifty routines, and we figured that if we ever got a break we'd find ourselves sitting right alongside of Mary Raye & Naldi. Or words to that effect.

Don Rinaldo catered to the carriage trade. Most of our clients were strictly from affluence and it was our job to teach them to be rhythmic and graceful in as many easy lessons as their checkbooks would stand. We met lots of nice people, and some of the nice people we met were really nice. That was how come Mrs. Hughes called up to invite us to her party.

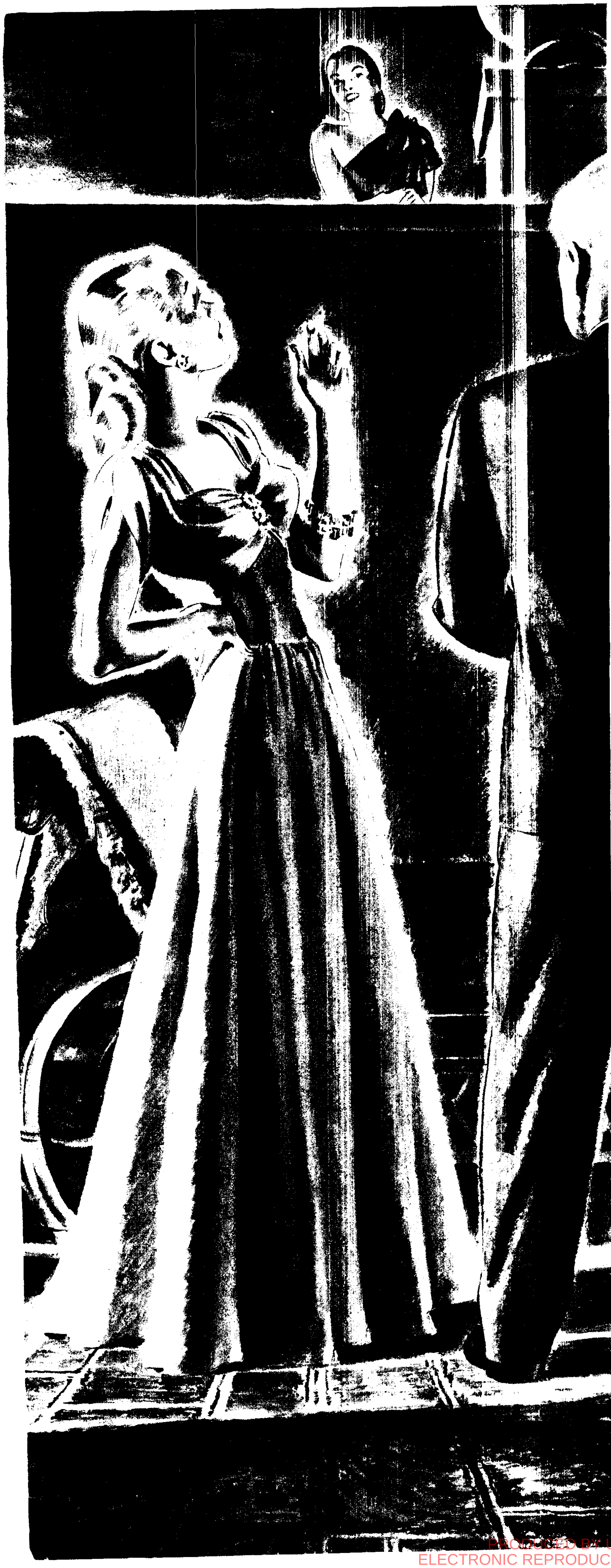
Mrs. Hughes is what you call Society. She has plenty of money, a lavish penthouse on upper Fifth Avenue and a husband who is a major in the Army. She likes to give parties the elaborate way.

I had met her about six months before when she decided that dance lessons could counteract a rich diet. She was amiable and nice. When she gave parties, she wanted her guests to have a good time, and she usually provided them with something a little different.

That was where Judy and I came in. Mrs. Hughes spoke to me on the phone. She said she thought it would be fun if I brought a partner along and gave a group dancing lesson to the guests. Strictly professional, of course. We'd teach the rumba, the samba, the conga: Latin-American dances which would wreck good-neighbor policies if the Latins could see how they were danced in New York. I knew that Mrs. Hughes would handle it right, that the guests would never be quite sure that we hadn't been invited for free. It was up to me to pick a partner who fitted—and that elected Judy. I'd have chosen her anyway—because she was Judy. It just happened that she belonged in.

Don Rinaldo advertises that all his instructors are college graduates. That's laying it on pretty heavy, but in Judy's case it was true, and with me it was half right. She had copped a degree from some little college in the Middle West and I'd had a couple of years at N.Y.U. Just enough so I knew where to split an infinitive. We had both been brought up the hard way . . . you know, the sort of childhood where an ice-cream soda was something to be planned for, and then noted down in the memory book. That was one bond between us. The other was that we both loved dancing.

There was a third bond, too. But we



never had a real good chance to get that one heated up because, in spite of hell and high water, we'd start scrapping the minute we were alone. Unless we were rehearsing our dance act, and then it wouldn't be a scrap. It'd be a battle. Love *is* like that. You never know whether to kiss the girl or pin her ears back, or both.

I said, "I told Mrs. Hughes I'd bring you, and she said that would be fine. She wants us to give a little exhibition, and I thought it'd be a swell chance to try that new tango routine in public."

Judy asked, "Why was Mrs. Hughes so particularly anxious to get you? You're not the only Rinaldo teacher who has given her dance lessons."

"It's my winning ways, Sugarpuss. And the suspicion that I can act like a gent if I have to."

"She wouldn't have had any inspiration, would she?"

I said, "I suspect a dirty crack is wrapped up in those casual words."

"There is." Judy looked straight at me. She has a firm, exciting young body. Right now it was trembling, but not from any joyous emotion. "I don't suppose it's possible that Babs Willard could have reminded Mrs. Hughes of your name."

I shrugged. "Sure, it's possible . . ."

"It's even *downright* probable. That's why the whole idea doesn't rate with me. I'm not anxious to spend an evening watching a spoiled brat flinging herself at you."

I said, "You needn't worry. I'm the platonic type."

That one didn't register very strong. She said, "It takes two to be platonic."

"I'm the other one," I said. "I like it that way."

"Just the same . . ."

"Be yourself, Judy. Babs Willard and I don't play in the same league. I believe she's merely curious to find out what makes me 4-F."

Judy softened. Quick. She said, "That isn't fair, Steve."

WELL, maybe it wasn't. I was getting pretty sensitive about that 4-F business. I'm twenty-six years old. I weigh one hundred and sixty pounds, and I look as healthy as I am. Even my eyes seem normal. But they're not.

The doc called it glaucoma, and it probably came out of a football injury. Just one eye, and I controlled it by using drops. The vision in the other eye was pretty good. I had tried the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard in the order named. The verdict was unanimous. They all spoke well of Steve Harrison, but they weren't having any part of him. Not with glaucoma . . . not with what they referred to as interocular tension. They didn't need men badly enough for that. They wouldn't even take me in the draft.

I was touchy about it—sure. If I'd had a wooden leg or a missing hand or something, it would have been all right. But this way: How could anyone know that I had tried to get in? The fact that I was a dancer made it twice as hard. They ought to give guys like me some sort of a button to wear—something to indicate that we were willing; that it wasn't our fault we weren't in uniform.

I'm tough. I can take it and I can dish it out. I suppose there's nobody but Judy knows exactly how I feel about this war business. And one of the reasons she understands is that she feels it—but good. She has worked at everything she could find to do: tough, grinding jobs that help with the war effort. Yes, she knows how I feel, but we don't talk about it much because it doesn't get us anywhere, and only depresses me.

I said, "There's only one possible reason why you won't work that job with me tonight, Judy. You're jealous."

"I'm not."

"You're certainly giving a reasonable facsimile thereof. Look, honey—here's how it sizes: I told Mrs. Hughes I'd be there. I will. Now, do you come along like a good little girl or do you stay home and sulk? Why not pitch in and do your own supervising? Have I got anything to conceal? We'll have fun and meet some nice people."

She said, "I suppose I'm acting like an idiot."

"I'd agree with you if you promised not to get mad."

"It's just a professional call. . . ." She was trying to sell herself a bill of goods.

"That's all. A sociable evening, and I can promise you that nothing will happen."

I made that promise blithely. The words sounded good when I said them.

But I was wrong.

Plenty happened that night.

Plenty—including murder.

WE WERE due at the penthouse at ten. Judy was booked for lessons at the studio up to 9:30. So I went over to Brooklyn and had dinner with my sister. Margie. I also borrowed back my be blue suit from Eddie.

Eddie and I grew up together. He's on year older than I am and the wildest, craziest mugg that ever ran around loose. Not a screwball: just crazy. He had been married to my sister for seven years, and she had made like a mother twice, but there was nothing you could do with Eddie Kane to make him anything but Eddie.

He worked hard. He had to. He and his old man owned a carpet-cleaning establishment on Fulton Street, and Eddie did most of the heavy work. He was nuts about his two kids: Buddy, aged six, and Muggsy, who was four.

Buddy was like his mother. But this Muggsy—her name was Margaret and she was four years old, and already she was wilder than Eddie ever could have been, which made him very proud of her. Playing around with Muggsy was like fooling with a stick of dynamite. You never knew what was going to happen.

Eddie and Margie got along beautifully together. She had watched him grow up and knew what made him tick. She knew when to apply the brakes and when to let them off. She ran that roost, although she and I were the only ones who knew it. Eddie would have died if he'd ever suspected that he was being led around by the nose.

I told them where I was going and why. Margie asked, "What gives between you and Judy these days?"

"Same old thing."

"Kissing and fighting?"

"A little of both. But mostly fighting."

"How's the act coming along?"

"Good. We rehearse all the time. We're okay. Trouble is, nobody knows it except us."

We had charlotte russe for dessert, and Muggsy wanted to share it with my blue suit, but I managed to keep out of range. At nine I took the subway back to New York and picked up Judy at the studio. We walked over to Fifth Avenue and took an uptown bus.

It was cool, but we sat on top, next to an open window. Judy wore a neat little street dress of black and beige, a tricky little hat, and a cloth coat with a fur collar. She leaned back in the seat and stretched her feet out. I happened to notice that she had very pretty legs.

(Continued on page 34)

The girl called Claire looked up at Babs. She spoke calmly, "I'm sorry we annoyed you . . . but Bob here had to show us something, and the gun went off"

REMEMBER DUTCH HARBOR

By Corey Ford

Last June's Jap attack on Dutch Harbor, far from being a hit-and-run affair, was part of a vast invasion scheme. Here is the first of two articles revealing how the Japs planned it—and how our Armed Forces smashed it

THIS is the first complete account of the Japanese attack on the Aleutians, compiled from official records. It is the story of those fog-shrouded days of May and June, when our Navy's gallant patrol planes and our Army's bombers worked together like a boxer's eyes co-ordinating with its fists, to turn back the invading armada. It is the story of how the fate of Alaska, and perhaps of the whole American continent, turned on a little handful of land-based fighter planes and bombers, swarming out of nowhere in the thick Aleutian fog.

For the Japs were planning more than the capture of Dutch Harbor on that fateful third of June, 1942. There is little doubt in the minds of military and naval leaders now that the Japs envisioned an actual assault, by way of Alaska, on our Pacific Northwest. They wanted to set foot on United States soil, and, make no mistake about it, they still want to.

It *is* more than a matter of military strategy; it is an emotional desire, a deep-seated and fanatic ambition that colors all their national thinking. And our apparently undefended Aleutians, which had served in prehistoric times as a land bridge for invading hordes from Asia, offered a logical avenue of invasion.

As a first step in this plan, the Japs had devised a two-pronged attack: a sort of one-two punch, a left jab at the Aleutians and a right cross at Midway. The blow in the north would fall first on Dutch Harbor. The Japs knew—they had not been poaching in the Aleutians all these years for nothing—that our only shipping route to Nome, to Bethel, to the whole west coast of Alaska, was through narrow Unimak Pass, between Unimak and Unalaska islands. By taking Dutch Harbor, which dominated the pass, they could bottle up half of Alaska, drive a thousand-mile wedge between the United States and Russia, and protect their own flank from attack in the event of a Siberian offensive. This accomplished, they could operate freely against Midway, the Hawaiian Archipelago, the Gulf of Alaska to the east and, in due time, our Pacific Northwest.

It looked absurdly easy. They had been told that Dutch Harbor was our only fortified position in the whole thousand-mile Aleutian chain. The base was still partly under construction, garrisoned at the time by not more than a couple of regiments of ill-equipped and winter-weary troops, defended by a meager battery of guns. After knocking this ripe plum from the tree, a mass landing on the Seward Peninsula and a penetration into the heart of Alaska would be possible. Or, from Alaska's southeastern tip it was only six hundred miles, as the bomber flies, to Bremerton Navy Yard and the great aircraft factories of Seattle and the northwest.

Everything went according to plan. Even the weather was in their favor: a characteristic Aleutian low blanketed the islands all that week, the ceiling was seldom more than two hundred feet off the water, a driving rain occasionally mixed with snow precluded the possibility of detection by air.

Stealthily, in two sections, the Japanese invasion fleet moved eastward along the deserted and storm-shrouded islands. To date the public has not appreciated the strength of this force and the scope of its plans. The Japs meant business. One unit consisted of one larger carrier (believed to be the Ryujo), one smaller carrier, two cruisers and three destroyers—a force approaching in strength the armada which attacked Pearl Harbor six months before. Following this, to the north of the islands was a full expeditionary force of destroyers and naval vessels, and at least four transports loaded with troops to occupy the area after Dutch Harbor had been paralyzed.

No detail was overlooked.

Under cover of the fog, a small landing party crept ashore at Attu, westernmost island of the chain, silenced the radio station before it could sound an alarm, and imprisoned the ninety Aleut natives and one white trader living in the village. Another small holding force landed without opposition on barren Agattu Island, thirty *(Continued on page 66)*

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS

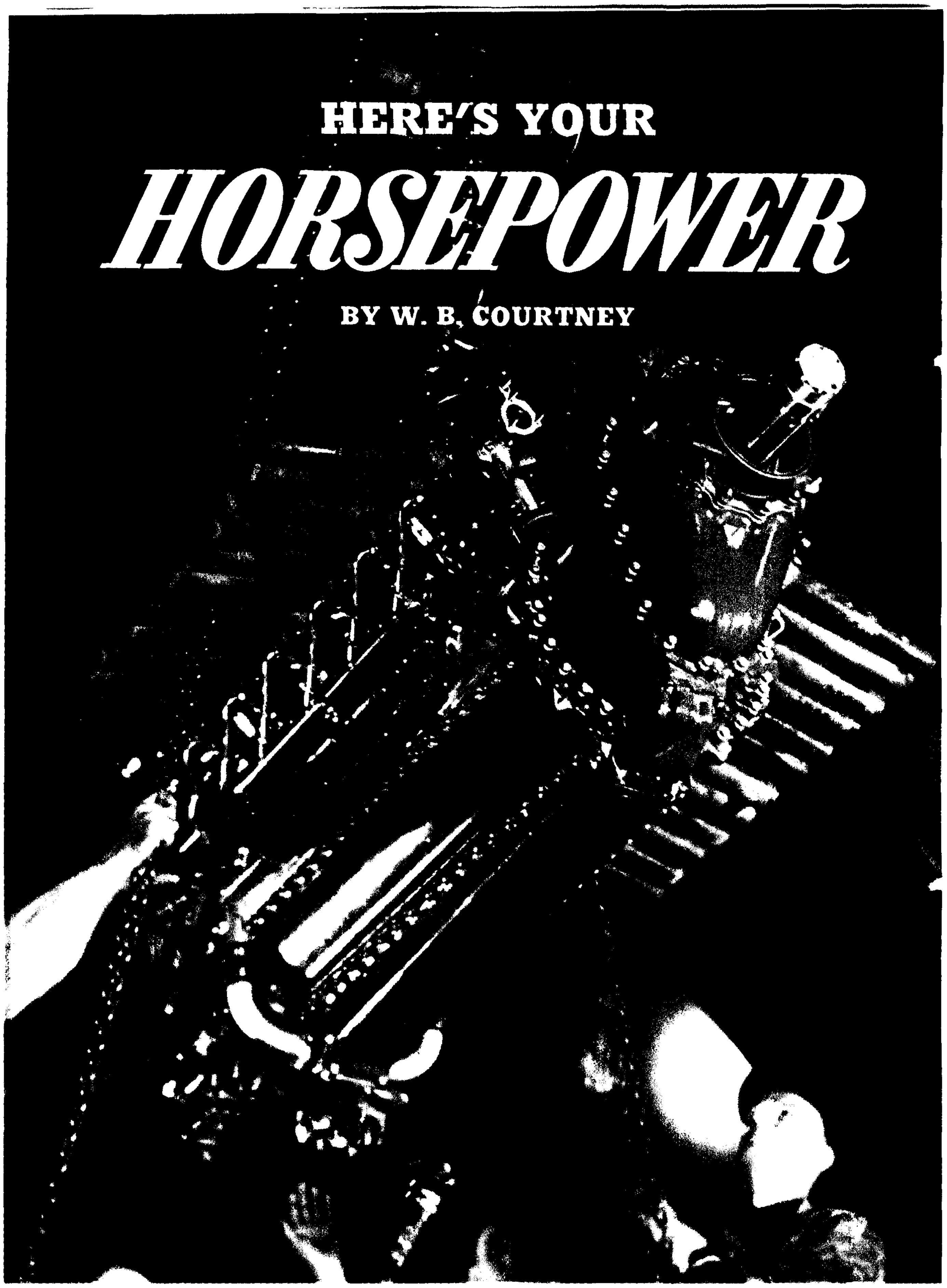
Marines on the alert between attacks on Dutch Harbor. "One Jap bomb raised an oil tank 100 feet in the air . . . oily black smoke blended with the fog above the base as Jap bombers circled for the kill"

Some Jap bombs fell harmlessly in the bay. At this point U. S. Army fighters appeared. "The Japs wheeled—stunned. It was impossible! There were not supposed to be any fighter planes for 1,000 miles"

HERE'S YOUR
HORSEPOWER

BY W. B. COURTNEY

America's motor factories, hitting full stride in plane-engine production, are leaving the Axis flat-footed in the race for the air power that will decide the war



Above is the Allison, American designed and built liquid-cooled aviation engine. It carries many of our famous fighter planes into action against Zeros and Messerschmitts the world aroun

THERE was a very great flier not so long ago. Age has grounded him. His name is Bert Acosta. He was the only true virtuoso of the airplane; the only pilot who has seemed able to extend his own heart, arteries and muscles into the relative components of any plane. Moreover, he could resolve encyclopedic aviation problems into one amiable phrase over a prohibition glass. This one, at least, of his shrewd quips will live forever in aviation lore: "Give me enough horsepower and I'll fly a barn door!"

That kerneling of the engine's importance in aviation has more than technical interest. It's for your heart as much as for your mind today. For if you personally haven't a relative or friend or former office or shop associate in the Air Corps, surely you know someone who has. Fully a third of our great final Army will be Air Corps.

But not only airmen—that is, pilots, bombardiers, gunners, navigators, radiomen, mechanics, paratroopers—fly in our wide-ranging and hard-slashing Army. Soldiers of all branches, combat and specialist, are flown by the Air Transport Command to distant areas, by the Troop Carrier Command to actual fighting lines. There is not yet full public realization of the extent to which our Army is airborne. Of the millions of Yanks who serve overseas, few will miss the experience of flight, in one form or another, before they come home.

Engines Will Win the War

Thus, aircraft-engine quality holds intimate meaning for countless United States homes. While many things affect safety in the air, chief of them, particularly in long-distance flights over deserts or seas, are engine power and reliability. The girls our Yank fliers left behind them, the fathers and wives and widows, even the mothers (every major engine factory has one or more mothers of airmen) are sharing the work of insuring that safety. There could be no dearer interest.

Without engines, no usefully directed human movement through the air for purposes of war, peace, commerce or recreation is possible. The engine substitutes for man's lack of the muscular power, weight-dimension ratios and balances necessary to flight. It isn't bird flight exactly. It's better, in many respects. It's faster, sturdier, has greater range and is less subject to weather interruption than bird flight.

Airmen believe that the nation with the most efficient aircraft engines, the greatest number of them and the best upkeep service should win this war. That's why more millions of square feet of factory space are being devoted to aircraft-engine building in this country today than in all the Axis nations combined. That's why a large part of the automobile industry has teamed its workers, factories and experience with those of the aeronautical industry to build plane motors. That's why new *single* aircraft-engine factories in the United States today are larger, and produce more engines, than the entire aircraft-engine industry here before the war.

The exact number of engines built daily is understandably secret. There was a hint in December figures, however, the last released by the government. Nearly 6,000 military planes had been produced in that month—yet it was admitted that more engines than planes had come off the factory lines.

Naturally, flight dreamers seized upon the first mechanical power available—steam. Cayley was experimenting in England before our Revolution. In the 1840's, Henson was able to build for his (nonflying) aerial carriage a steam engine that weighed only 30 pounds for each horsepower. Moy, another Englishman, in 1874, built a small steam engine that raised a contraption resembling a Gibson girl hat several inches off the ground. Stringfellow and Langley both flew steam-driven plane models. The idea of steam persists. Several years ago, a steam-engine plane was being test-flown in California.

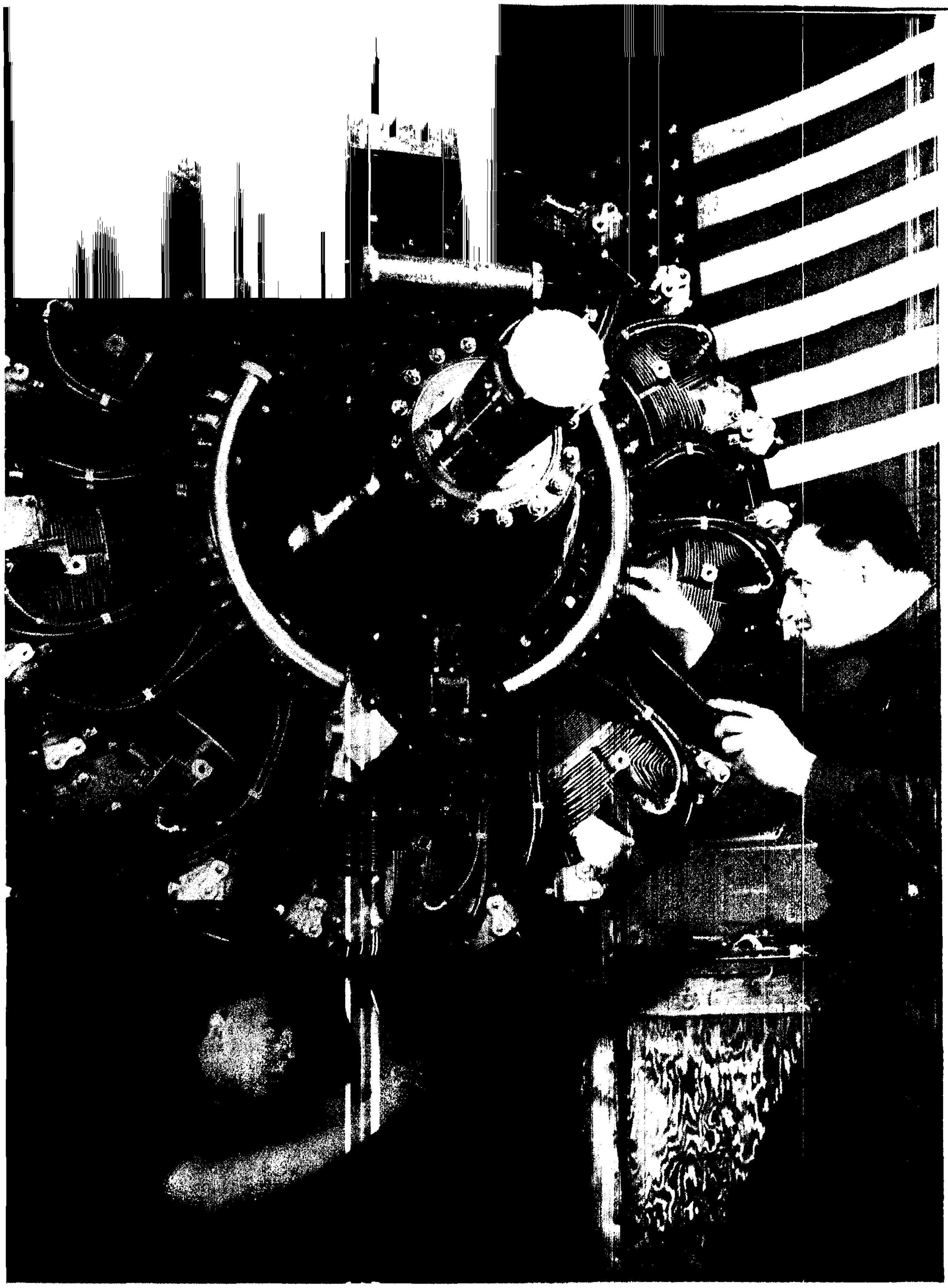
Weight is of no great concern in stationary, marine or automobile engines. But a power plant, even nowadays, comprises about one third of the average airplane's weight. Plane engines, therefore, must carry into the air and provide forward speed not only for themselves but for about three times their own weight.

Weight, thus, is the special villain of the aircraft-engine designer, who must get maximum horsepower with minimum weight, and lightness without sacrificing strength. A modern plane could carry a heavier engine than it does; perhaps one that weighed as much as two thirds of the whole plane. But then it could not carry as much "useful load" (fuel, pilot, accessories) or as much "pay load" (bombs, passengers). It would not be able to fly so far or to perform so well.

The aircraft-motor designer expresses this problem as "horsepower-weight ratio." One "horsepower," by the way, doesn't mean Dobbin in the engine compartment. Horsepower is merely an engineer's way of measuring the work an engine can perform in a certain period of time. One horsepower, theoretically, represents work value able to lift 550 pounds one foot in one second.

Practicable, economical, modern flight—that is ability to bear aloft something useful besides the plane, motor, some fuel and

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FENN-PIX AND W. EUGENE SMITH



This Wright 18-cylinder "Cyclone" is typical of the Pratt & Whitney and Wright air-cooled radial giants that power our hard-striking and far-ranging naval and military bombers, fighters and transports

a pilot—could not be consistently reached with motors that weighed many pounds for each horsepower. Sufficiently light and compact engines did not come within the grasp of flight researchers until the development of the internal-combustion engine, aluminum, magnesium and lightweight metal alloys, and petroleum fuels. (It is obvious that, because of wind resistance, compactness is also a virtue in plane motors.)

In recent years, aircraft-engine designers have been shooting for a one-to-one ratio (one horsepower for each pound of engine weight) and have just about reached it with motors that burn gasoline or some other of the highly refined petroleum derivatives. Finest automobile engines still weigh about six pounds per horsepower.

Inability to fetch down the weight-horsepower ratio has slowed progress of the great Diesel engine in aviation. The Diesel burns cruder, cheaper, more readily available fuels. It offers more thorough combustion, easier distribution of fuel to cylinders, economy because of the lower cost of its fuel, elimination of the gasoline engine's complicated electrical ignition system, and complete absence of fire peril.

Diesel aircraft research has been carried on in the United States, notably by Packard and Guiberson. In Germany, it has received more encouragement; many German planes in war use (transports principally) are Diesel-powered. Enthusiasts believe further refinement will reduce Diesel weight per horsepower, and that its inherent advantages will offset any small difference remaining.

Jet propulsion for planes is a modern factor, too. You know them as "rocket planes." Forward movement and speed are gained from the principle that you can observe with your Fourth of July skyrockets. A jet of gases caused by combustion is shot out behind and forces its container to leap forward or upward. If these jets are continuous, the movement of the container is kept up. The Germans use auxiliary jet (or rocket) devices to assist take-offs of their heavy bombers.

In Italy, a pilot recently flew from Rome to Milan by rocket plane. In England, a very secret rocket plane has been making experimental flights. Many kinds of fuels have been tried—a combination of hydrocarbons, liquid oxygen, and nitrogen; ordinary gunpowder, the more powerful smokeless powder, and even more delicate and dangerous explosives.

Overwhelmingly, however, the United States aircraft-engine industry at this stage of war and commercial development is committed to gasoline. But even within the gasoline field, there is a variety of engine types—and of debate. Cylinders are set around the crankshaft in many ways, but chiefly radial (star), straight in-line, V, X, arrowhead, and flatbed—that is, with cylinders arranged horizontally opposite one another.

The Wrights, unable to get a suitable motor from automobile makers of that day, had to build their own. They did this, with the assistance of Charles E. Taylor, in six weeks. It was a 4-cylinder in-line job, water-cooled, that weighed 15 pounds for each of its 12 horsepower. Currently, Charles M. Manly built a remarkable motor for the unfortunate Samuel Pierpont Langley, whose plane, instead of flying, dunked into the Potomac. It weighed less than 4 pounds per horsepower and was air-cooled, with cylinders like wheel spokes around a hub.

There were four motors of great fame in early United States aviation:

The Curtiss water-cooled OX, with which most of our World War I air fighters learned to fly.

The Liberty, liquid-cooled, developed for the war, pioneered many of our domestic and world airlines. With a Liberty-powered Le Père, Major R. W. "Shorty" Schroeder, most beloved of all airmen, was the first human to penetrate the substratosphere and demonstrate the practicability of the turbosupercharger that helps make it possible for Yanks to fight in upper altitudes today. With Libertys, Navy seaplanes made the first successful heavier-than-air crossing of the Atlantic; and the Army's Douglas World Cruisers were first to fly around the world.

The Hispano-Suiza, water-cooled, affectionately called "Hisso," of the last war's pursuits. Originated in Spain, it was brought to a peak here. With Hissos, Eddie Rickenbacker flew to greatness.

Lastly, the Whirlwind, radial air-cooled, originally designed by Charles L. Lawrance. Lindbergh's first solo crossing of the Atlantic, quickly followed by Chamberlain and Levine's New York-to-Germany flight, put the Whirlwind snugly in air history.

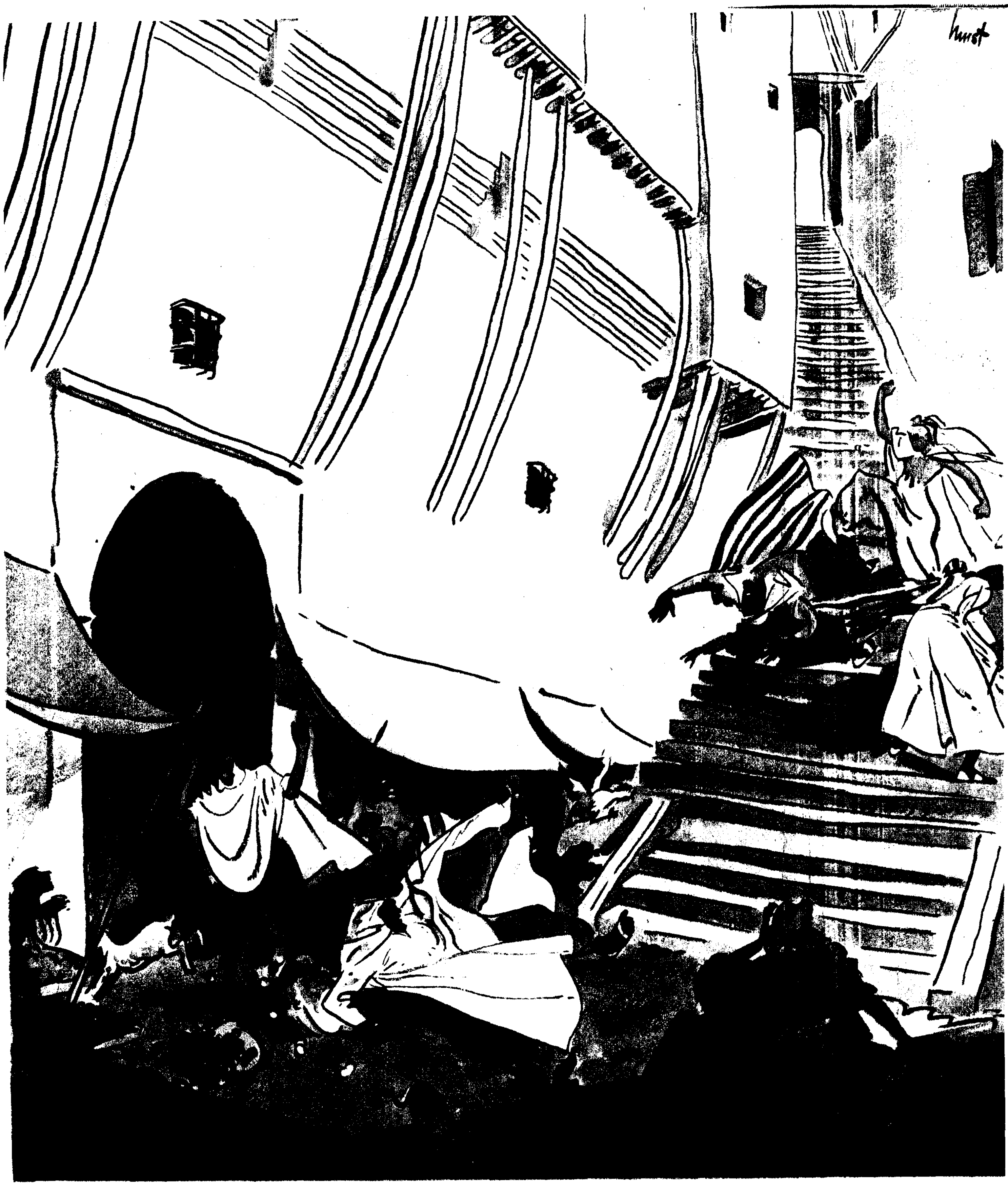
Motor Failures Almost Extinct

Most of us, reading of forced landings and other mishaps of aviation in past years due to engines "conking out," have asked why airplane engines couldn't be "as good as the engines in our automobiles." This question is no longer as valid as it used to be. With hundreds of thousands of fliers where there used to be only scores, it is rare to meet one today who has experienced flight interruption because of engine failure. Actually, refinement and progress have made aircraft engines the most reliable medium of modern self-carried motive power.

Moreover, there's a trick of memory involved. Simply because there was no element of risk, you forget the times you had to stop in your early days of car ownership. You drew off to the side of the road, with no thought save repair. Ships, too, can and have been stopped for engine fixing. A motorboat can be allowed to drift while we tinker. But the aviator cannot "get out and get under"—although it's on record that some pioneers got a horse to haul them back to the flying field.

Herein lies the first of many problems that make the aviation engine different from your automobile engine—the pull of gravity. The engine is what emancipates the airplane from the earth. When it stops,

(Continued on page 65)



I planted one foot on the chest of the one that had tripped the Marabout, and shoved. He let out a yell and pitched backward. "Okay," I said, "who's next?

BORN LUCKY

By John Crocket

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Back in New Hampshire they warned him that he would run into a menace deadlier than the bomb. When he got to Algiers, there she was

THE first thing I saw when I came to was this girl. I thought: Does she really look like that, or is it only I haven't seen any girls for so long? Maybe this is heaven. And then I saw she was redheaded, and I said, no, angels don't have red hair.

She was writing letters for a man in a bed two down from mine. Sometimes she would erase a word and then frown up at the ceiling and tap her teeth, like she wasn't so hot at spelling. Her eyes were blue, the color of our inlet at home on a clear autumn day, and her hair was smooth—not all frizzed up like the inside of a mattress—and dark red.

All of a sudden I tasted something, and then I was coughing blood. I was so surprised I said, "Hey! What's going on?"

She came over. She said she wasn't a real nurse, but she'd get one. The hospital was so shorthanded she was just helping, and her father was one of the doctors. She had the thickest eyelashes I ever saw. "Look," I said, "would you know how I got here?"

She told me I'd come in with a bunch of walking wounded off a ship that had been bombed, and they had put me under so they could pry a little shrapnel out of my chest. She had a voice to match her face, which you don't always find.

I asked her was I all in one piece.

"You've been awfully lucky," she said. "If you'd been breathing *out* when it hit you, instead of breathing *in*, you'd be—"

"A dead pigeon." I told her being lucky was my specialty. I'd been torpedoed once already, and once a dud shell had landed twenty feet from where I was standing. All my life it's been like that. Back home they even call me "Lucky Deane."

A doctor came then, and he called her Sheila, so I figured he must be the one that was her father.

She left, and I didn't see her again till she brought me some soup. It was only a couple of hours, but somehow it seemed about a week. She said I was the first American she ever talked to, and did I live near Hollywood. I told her New Hampshire was my home state, and she wanted to know was I a cowboy, so that gives you a rough idea. . . . Did I know any movie stars? I told her, sure, I knew some.

She lit right up. "Do you know Clark Gable?"

I held up two fingers. "Clark and me," I said, "we're like that."

You don't have to believe me, but she swallowed it, hook, line and sinker. From then on there was no holding her—or me either. And once I got going, it would have been a crime to stop—like taking candy from a kid. You can't blame her. She wasn't stupid. She was English and she just didn't know a thing about America except what she'd seen in the movies.

"Now I've let your soup get cold." And she gave me that smile of hers. But all at once I wasn't hungry any more.

The next few days she wrote letters for me. She said I had more relatives than anybody she ever knew. My Uncle Che must've pretty near fainted when his letter came. And the same with my old Sunday-school teacher. It got so tough thinking up people for her to write to that I even sent off a short note to Clark Gable.

My bed was near a sort of balcony, and she would move it still nearer so I could see what went on in the street. Arabs, black Senegalese, women wrapped up to their eyes in veils, kids fighting, dogs scratching . . . everything. Once she pointed out a Marabout. They are sort of holy men, or local saints, and sometimes they've got bats in the belfry. This one certainly had. He was all wound up in a bunch of colored rags, and he was weaving up and down the street, making a nuisance of himself.

"Will you look at that!" I said. "He stole a handful of figs, and they're letting him get away with it!"

So Sheila explained how Moslems have this idea there's something holy about madness and kind of respect it. "I never saw a Mohammedan deliberately hurt a Marabout," she said.

She had to leave then, and I quit looking at the street to watch the door of the ward for when she'd be coming back. I must've had it bad all that week, but I thought I was just sick. . . .

The next day they had to put me under for another operation and when I came out of it, there she was.

But something about that swell smile she gave me reminded me of my grandfather, and what he said that last day back home.

THEY'D all been driving me down to the depot in the wagon. Gramp and me up front, Ma and the girls behind.

Gramp's got too much sense to try to talk against Ma and the girls, but about a mile past Saunder's Creek, Bessie—that's the sorrel mare—goes lame, so Gramp and I climb down off the wagon.

He knows as well as I do she's picked up a stone in her off fore, but he makes out he can't find it, walks round her, and all at once he says to me, "Lucky, your ma's got bombs and torpedoes on the brain, but there's one thing she ain't thought of yet. And it's deadlier than bombs."

"Gramp," I says, "just name one thing that's deadlier than bombs."

"Wimmen," says Gramp. And he shies the pebble from Bessie's shoe at a chipmunk.

"Why," I says, surprised, "you know I don't take notice of girls, Gramp. Never did."

(Continued on page 46)

UNDER JAP RULE IN JAVA

BY CORNELIS VAN DER GRIFT

Cornelis van der Grift, in center, and his two companions after their perilous 3,000-mile voyage across the Indian Ocean in a twenty-foot cutter

As soon as we learned about Cornelis van der Grift's miraculous escape, we were anxious to get in touch with him. He and his two companions were the only Dutchmen who, to our knowledge, had succeeded in fleeing from Java. His story, therefore, is the first eyewitness account of life in Java under Japanese military rule.

All three of the men who escaped have again joined the Netherlands defense forces to fight our common enemies. In recognition of his great courage and assistance to the cause of Dutch freedom, Cornelis van der Grift, who now has been given a commission in the Netherlands army, was decorated with the Cross of Merit with Clasp.

J. H. Huizinga, Acting Director
Netherlands Information Bureau

I LIVED for four months with Japanese "co-prosperity" in Java, and one day of it was enough to convince me that I didn't want any part of it. Two weeks after the Japs took Batavia, the capital where I lived, I began making plans for my escape. A 3,000-mile trip across the Indian Ocean in a twenty-foot sailing vessel seemed preferable to having to share co-prosperity.

You can't blame the Japs for wanting Java. The Dutch have ruled it since the beginning of the 17th century, and its rubber, tin, oil, gold, tea and cinchona bark (from which quinine is extracted) have made Holland rich. Though Java is the most thickly populated spot on earth, with 821 people to the square mile, and 51,000 square miles, the Dutch succeeded in finding a place for themselves there and establishing an enviable way of life.

Up to the day of Japanese occupation, we hoped that some miracle would save us, although anyone with a knowledge of our military and naval strength knew that such a miracle was a pipe dream. By that time, most of our obsolete planes had been lost trying to defend Singapore two weeks before. Many of our ships were sunk in the Macassar Strait and the Java Sea. We had only land troops: a few Americans, some British who had escaped from Malaya and our own militia of 100,000. The Japs had planes, tanks, ships and swarms of subjects of the Son of Heaven. They took Java in eight days.

I was a civilian member of the Netherlands army, delegated to carry on my work in the Nederlandsch Indische Gas Maatschappij, a privately owned gas and electric company which supplied the city of Batavia. Just a few days before the occupation, we were instructed by the Dutch government to stick to our jobs.

The government knew what would happen to morale if the electric power was disrupted. The only precaution we took for our personal safety was to destroy our uniforms. We'd have a better chance with the Japs, if they thought we were civilians.

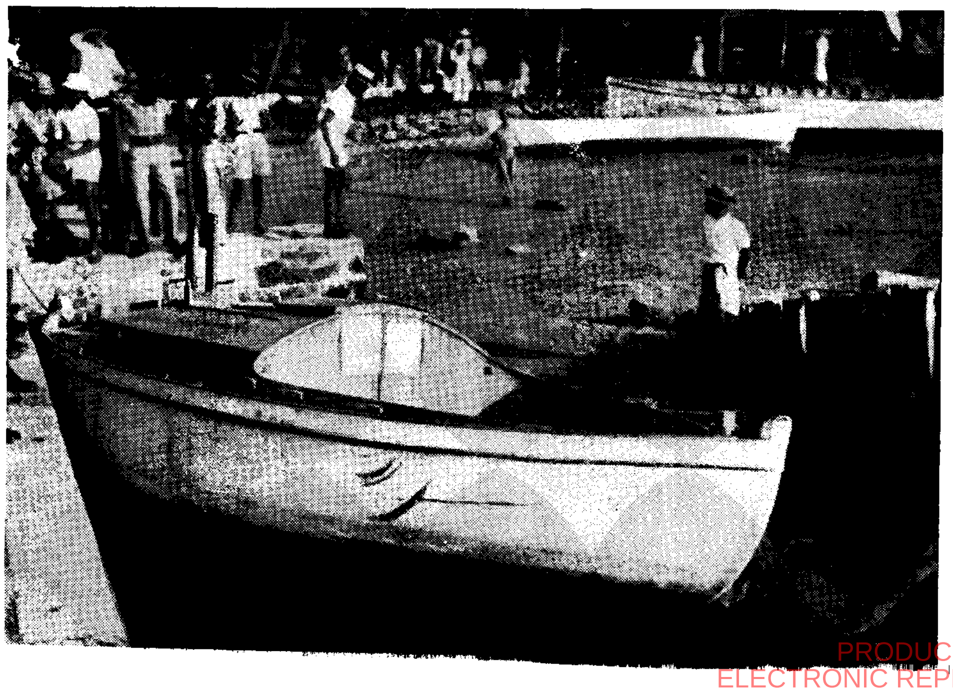
The Japs landed from barges at four points on the island: at the east and west and at Indramayu and Rembang on the north coast. They made for the airdromes in the interior. Those that came from the west swarmed through the valley of Batavia toward Bandung, the main Dutch defense post. Five days after they landed, Batavia surrendered. Our troops evacuated to the mountains after destroying everything that could be used by the Japs. The mayor of Batavia sent volunteers out with white flags to receive the commander of the enemy forces. At 7:30 on the night of March 5th, the Japs entered the city.

I was out in the streets that night, though the Dutch government had warned everyone to stay at home to avoid trouble. I had to see what was going on, and many others felt the same way. A crowd collected outside the mayor's office where the city was officially surrendered. The Jap soldiers guarding the building got nervous and fired at us with machine guns, killing several Indonesians and Dutch police officers. A man standing beside me was killed, and I decided to go home. There wasn't much to see. It wasn't until the next morning that I got a look at the Jap occupation troops.

They came by bicycle. Swarms of bandy-legged, bespectacled little men on machines especially built to accommodate their short legs. They came waving tiny Japanese flags and showing their buck teeth in big grins. Long before you saw a Jap coming, you smelled him. Their cheap cotton uniforms, faded to a dirty gray, were filthy and stank with stale sweat. Some of them were falling asleep on their bicycles, but they kept going.

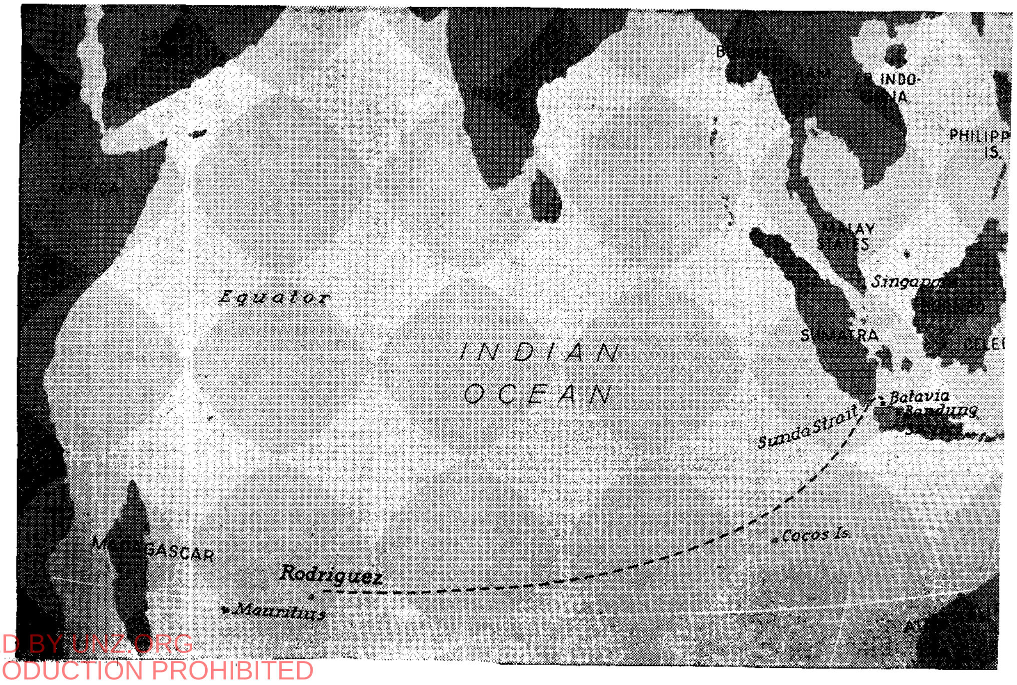
Their first move was to take all the cars in the city. 150,000 troops came through Batavia, but only 30,000 stayed as an occupation force. The rest were on their way to Bandung, so they grabbed all the cars, taxis and private automobiles, to take *(Continued on page 74)*

This shows the little sailing boat, fitted out at night under the eyes of Japanese sentries, in which the three Dutchmen made their escape from Java



"We passed Cocos Island, but I avoided it as I'd heard the Japs had it. If I'd known this wasn't true, it would have cut our trip by three fourths"

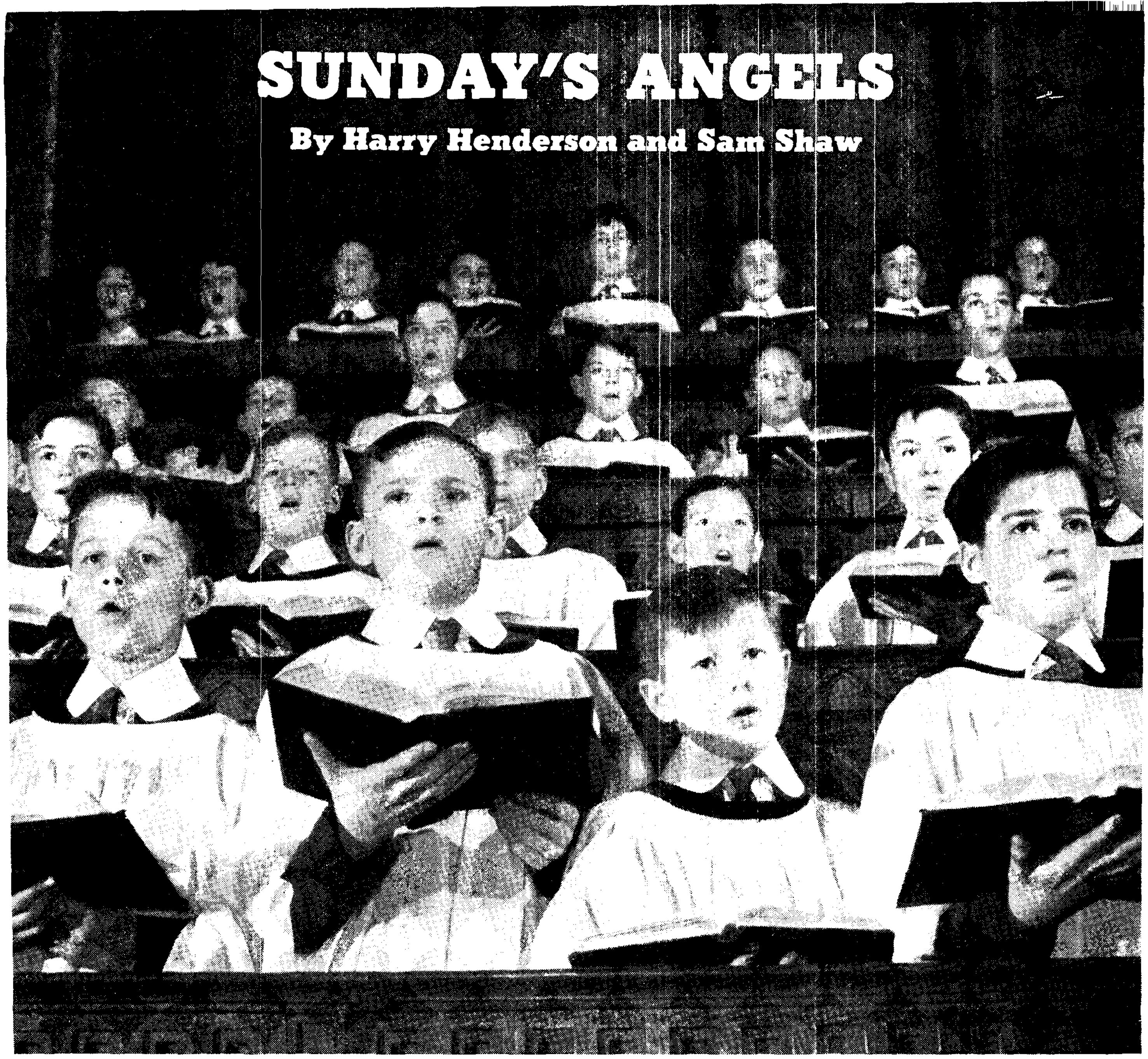
KENNETH THOMPSON



SUNDAY'S ANGELS

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

**The private and vigorous life of tl
scrappy little darlings whose voic
and shining faces have made them oı
of the most famous choirs in Ameri**



Most choirboys of New York's Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine come from the Middle Eastern states, a few from the South. Three are refugees from war-torn Europe. There are no requirements of religion or race

EVERY Easter, the press breaks out ir
rash of pictures of the upturned, cheru
faces of choirboys intoning Easter hym
Since this is the only time the public at large g
to see choirboys, it has resulted in the myth tl
choirboys are "cute little darlings" who,
observed closely, may be seen sprouting win
As Reverend James Green, headmaster
the choir school at the Cathedral of St. Jo
the Divine in New York City, headquarters
Protestant Episcopal Bishop William T. Ma
ning, points out: "We wouldn't know what to
with angels."

Life at the cathedral's choir school, where c
of America's most famous choirs is trained,
emphatically vigorous. The school has produc
a score of men who have already been decorat
for bravery in Africa and the Far East. It w
also once the home of Burgess Meredith, Burt
Holmes, Lanny Ross—who was known as Lan
lot—and "Smiling Jack" Newkirk, the da
devil ace of the Flying Tigers who shot down
Japanese Zeros before he died in a flaming P-
To all the boys at the school now, Smiling Ja
is the first hero of the war and they can list
endlessly to Miss Thornton, their "Chips,"
she recalls his exploits around school.

It's hardly a bang-bang-bang-you're-dead ty
of place. But sometime in the middle of t
night, along about 6:45 A. M., a bell converts t
two dormitories in which the boys sleep ir
enthusiastic madhouses with shouting, laughii
shrieking, half-naked inmates running from c
bicle to cubicle to rip the covers off laggar
Sometime between their morning shower a
throat inspection, a cheerful ceremony handl
speedily by two nurses on the lookout for sc
throats and colds, the boys manage to make th
beds, stuff odds and ends and dirty socks in
convenient hiding places, dress and give th
hair a few sideswipes.

The biggest problem in dressing is the Et
collar, which is regulation for the younger bc
but optional for the older ones. The young oı
stretch their necks, grimace and chase col
buttons under beds like all the cartoons you ev
saw, struggle furiously, then relax with t
knowledge that, if necessary, they can get a lit
help from the nurse.

Angels With White Collars

None of the boys object to wearing the
archaic accouterments, one of them told us, '
long as we don't have to go in the street w
them on." Coming face to face with a Toi
toid Street Indian in one of these collars wou
one boy said, "be asking for the works, sir."

After being checked out by the nurses, t
boys don Oxford caps and gowns and march
to the empty and solemn cathedral where, af
slipping into vestments, they hold morning sei
ices at 7:30 A. M. The largest figure in the chape
stained-glass window is that of an ascendi
Christ and, as the sun comes up, the figure, pa
ticularly the face and hands, becomes increa
ingly radiant. It has a magical and impressi
effect on the boys. All whispering and nudgi
stop. They gape in true enchantment and l[illegible]
genuinely inspired. Though they sing in the gre
cathedral itself at evensong ceremonies, this
their favorite chapel and service. They are prc
ably closer to being angels here than at a
other time.

Returning to the school proper, they brea
fast in a cheerful dining room. There is mu
laughter, whispering, giggling, pinching and
swiping of spoons. Then they troop off to class

**Twice a day the boys wiggle into starch
vestments and sing in the cathedral. Wh
"vesting" the older boys keep the younger on
popeyed with stories of the "Blue Ghost" w
is supposed to be sitting atop the nave wh
they enter. Only the older boys have seen h**

English, spelling, geography, history, arithetic, Latin and French.

The boys are ardent armchair generals. The ar is always with them, for two of the boys e from England, where they went through the itz of 1940-41, and another is a refugee from zechoslovakia. His father, a famous doctor, ıs disappeared. Even the nine-year-olds digest e day's war news and argue over the tactics Rommel. World celebrities, like Lord Halix, sometimes stop off at the school for a meal ith the boys. It gives them a feeling of knowing om personal and intimate knowledge what's oking in the State Department.

Classes are small enough to permit almost in-idual instruction. All the classes in the lower rm—boys in the fifth and sixth grades—are ındled by graying Miss Thornton. But the n- and eleven-year-old youngsters are taught men instructors. Headmaster Green rates e boys as average in intelligence when they ıter and "above average" when they leave, ıually four years later.

The man who makes them tick as a choir is rotund, pipe-smoking little Englishman with vinkling eyes. He's Norman Coke-Jephcott, a orld-famous choirmaster and organist. With e boys seated on deep, hard wooden benches, puts them through an hour's rehearsal daily, nging the great music of all nations. It is hard ork but the boys like it and Coke-Jephcott tter than anything else around the school. ometimes they say of their choirmaster, "He lls jokes. But they are not wisecracks like our kes. Instead, they are stories that are really ry good jokes, sir."

Sing for Your Schooling

Admission to the school depends mainly on voice audition before Coke-Jephcott. Boys e then interviewed by Headmaster Green to e if they are ready for the fifth grade. There e no religious or racial barriers. The majority the boys are, however, Episcopalians.

The search for replacements goes on all year ng. So far, forty-seven boys have made their nging applications to replace the four or five ices which are expected to "break" this year. hen a boy's voice breaks, he is taken out of e choir immediately and at the end of the term must leave school. In return for their services the cathedral, the boys receive scholarships hich cover the major cost of their schooling, timated at $1,000 a year per boy. Each boy expected, however, to pay about $350 yearly help defray the cost of his board and laundry.

At 2 P. M., the boys, clad in the most battle-arred collection of sweat suits you've seen nce high-school days, race onto the cathedral's rth field like a spring torrent. Their sweet prano voices let loose with blood-curdling rieks as they tackle, butt and bang one an-her around. The more violent the game the tter they like it. Castle, one of their favorites, a free-for-all bucking, butting game played on e foot in which you see how many guys you n floor before being ground-looped yourself. ut Capture the Flag, played by well-organized, rd-running bands, exceeds even Castle in vionce and excitement.

When the weather doesn't permit outside mes, they play basketball, wrestle and box in e gym. All competition is between the school's o clubs, the Sharps and the Flats, except, of urse, for differences which are apt to spring in any dormitory. These are usually handled putting the boxing gloves on and shaking nds afterward.

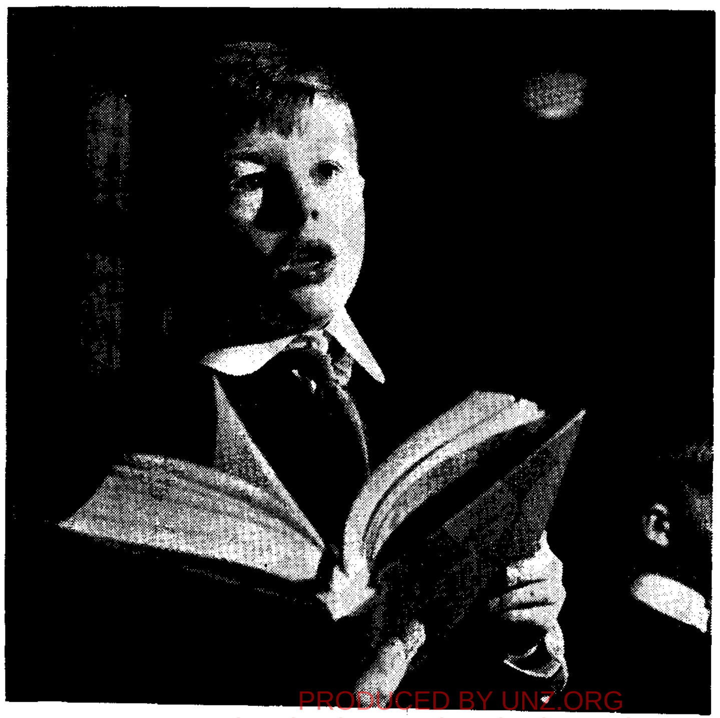
The school's masters want no sissies. To pre-nt visitors from descending en masse to sigh er their scrubbed and shining faces, no visitors e permitted during the week, and only parents Sunday. If they come, they're allowed to take eir boy out to supper and to keep him out ntil a little after 9 P. M.

The comic-strip books which fascinate so any kids of their age are barred. But it's ubtful if they'd be read anyway. We asked lf a dozen boys about it. They weren't inter-ted in Superman in the slightest. "He's not al, sir," was the way they added him up. The ıtside world character who interested them ost was radio's Jack Armstrong—the All-merican boy. ★★★

These games always end with howls of dismay and disappointment when the lights go out at 8:20 for the nine- and ten-year-olds. The older boys stay up—studying—for another hour

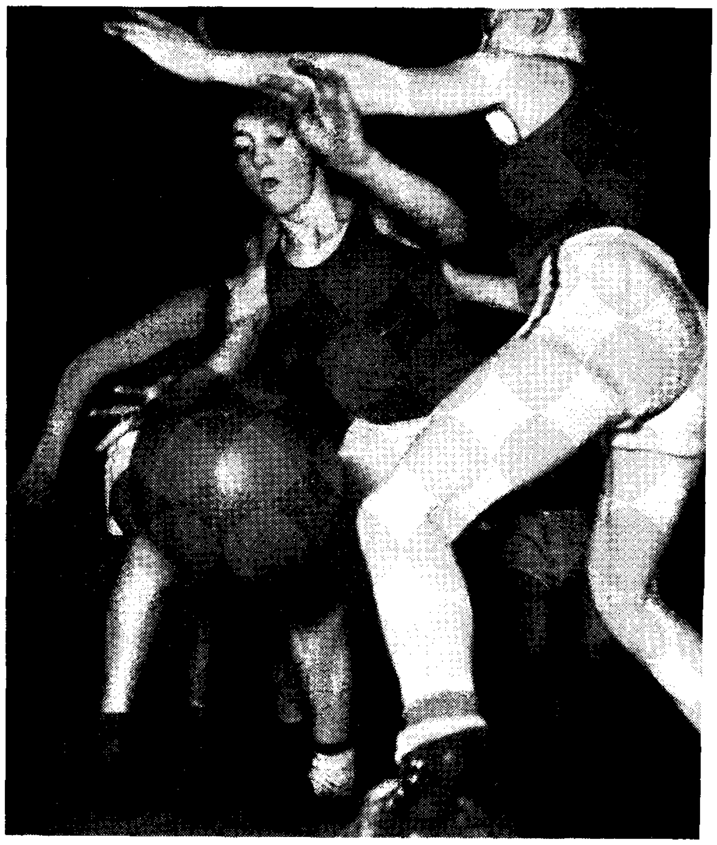
The boys buck and butt one another around most of the afternoon. The tougher the game the better the boys like it. Participation in the games is compulsory to prevent bookwormitis

James Markham reads the biblical story of Daniel in the lions' den to his lower-form classmates. However, his favorite study is geography because his father is in the United States Army

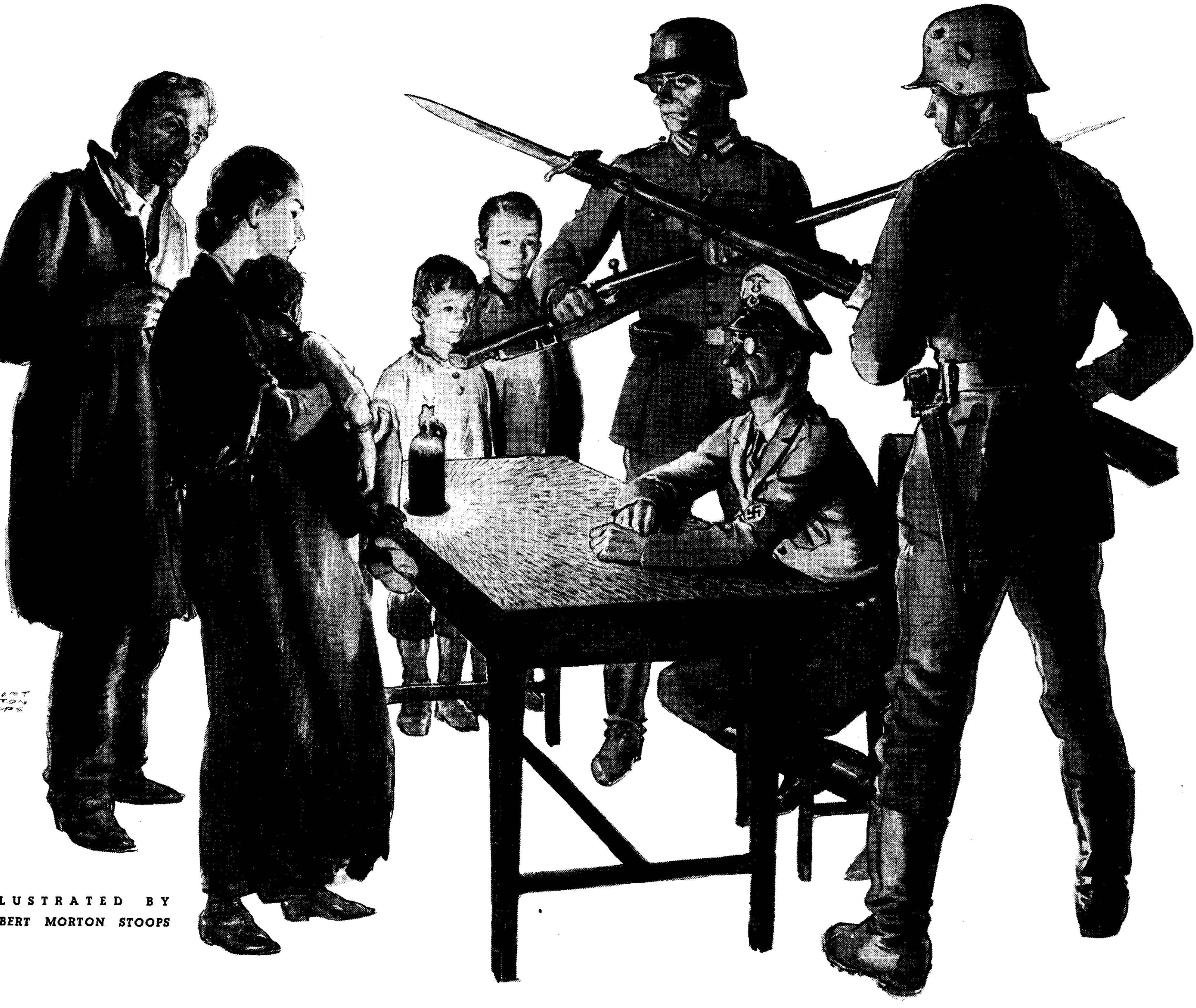


A moistened and hard-pressed palm will hold a cowlick through the doxology. These finishing touches are applied before lining up to march into the cathedral

Jack Parsley, a Sharp, dribbles past a Flat guard in a fast game. Sharps and Flats compete in everything from studies to music. So far the Sharps are ahead



Fowler Manchester listens to Howard Esquirol tell one. Howard got the patch on the head when he tangled with a prefect. Such differences are settled with gloves on



ILLUSTRATED BY
HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

In one swift movement, Xenia held the feebly moaning child up to the Nazi. "Look," she said, the words almost choking her. "Look—murderer!"

Message to the Athenians

By W. G. Hardy

The story of a man who believed uncompromising resistance to be futile—and was willing to give up his life to prove himself wrong

VASSOS KAVVADIAS, sometime professor of history at the University of Athens, hugged the shadow of the house and glanced anxiously up and down the wide Hodos Amalias. At this gray hour between night and day the street was deserted. Professor Kavvadias started across, angling toward the Hodos Buronos which would lead him along the eastern side of the Acropolis to a point from which he could plunge into the narrow lanes and twisted alleys of the old city. He was halfway over when, abruptly, a patrol came round the corner by the military hospital. The professor started to hurry. A shot whizzed past him and there was a shouted command to halt.

The professor looked at the Acropolis, so close to him, and stopped where he was, both hands clutching at the bundle of food which was pressed against his stomach under his thin overcoat. He had begged that food up on Mount Hymettus during the night from Dimitri, the shepherd son of his old foster mother. In a hovel behind that Acropolis, his daughter and his two grandsons were waiting. They had not eaten for three days and three nights. After almost getting the food back to them safely, was he to lose it now?

The patrol came up. The officer in charge, a wasp-waisted, hot-tempered Italian, lately arrived from Rome, looked his prisoner over. Lieutenant Alfredo Chiurazzi did not see a university professor. What he saw was just another stoop-shouldered, thin-faced old Greek in a battered hat, threadbare overcoat and baggy trousers. He did notice the hands grasping at the Greek's middle. But the gesture was so familiar in Athens these days that the Italian misinterpreted it. He assumed that hunger was biting at this old nuisance.

"What are you doing here at this hour?" he demanded. "Don't you know it's forbidden?"

THE professor knew that he might be shot out of hand or, at the best, detained and questioned. He stared at the Italian's polished boots and tried to think of an explanation to avoid both eventualities. Like all these Greeks, Chiurazzi told himself. Pigheaded. Always sneering at us—even when they don't say anything.

"Come on, speak up," he commanded sharply. "What's your name?"

The professor told him, perceiving with relief that "Vassos Kavvadias" didn't mean anything to the Italian. There had been just a chance that the name might have been recognized since, a month before this, Professor Kavvadias had been offered a minor post in the puppet Greek government and had refused.

"That doesn't explain what you're doing here," Chiurazzi was saying disagreeably. "Let's see your papers."

Vassos' papers were in his inside coat pocket. To get them out meant unbuttoning his overcoat and revealing the food. The professor's hands tightened on the bundle and his mind cast about for some lie or other.

"Hurry up, man," Chiurazzi barked. "I'm not going to stand here all day."

The professor looked at the Italian's pistol. "I've forgotten them," was the best he could do.

The Italian's face flushed. "Don't try that on me. Get them out."

(Continued on page 60)

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 3 of a series, Armored Force.

He used to say jokingly, "Less noise, please; I'm telephoning!" Now he speaks from the bedlam of one tank to another. The tiny microphone at his throat hears—not the clamor—but only his words. Out of the din, it sends his commands. Out of his commands come battles won. Out of battles won come peace and our new world.

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IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
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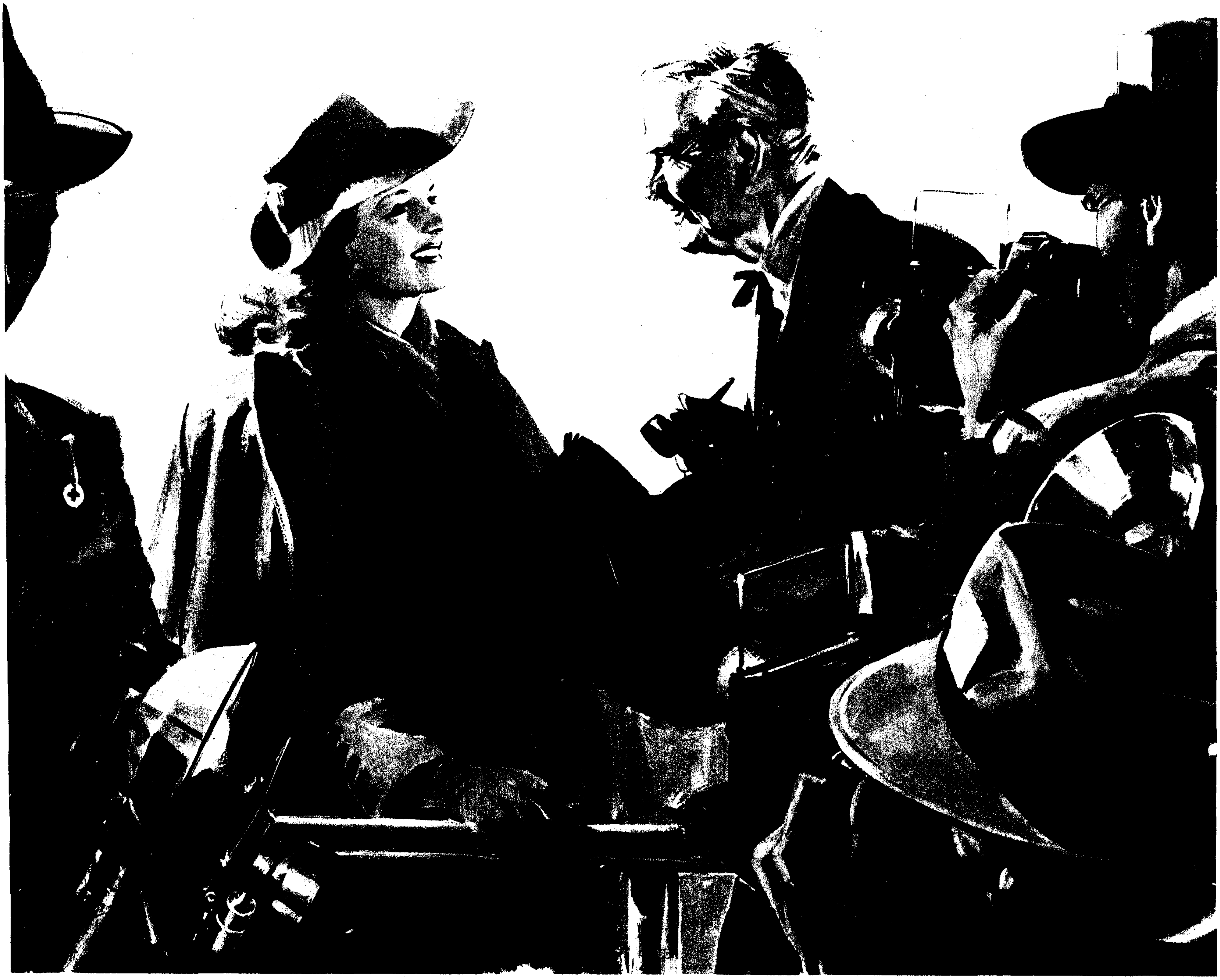
ARMY E NAVY



The man for whom the plane had been delayed came in quietly. "Why, Eve, my dear," the old Englishman said in a gentle voice, "you going home?"

THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

The Story Thus Far:

ENGAGED to Pamela ("Pam") Neill, on the verge of marrying her in New York City, "Kip" Galloway, a lieutenant in our Air Forces, receives orders to fly to England. The officer who gives him his instructions—Major Jackson—is strongly opposed to fliers taking on added responsibilities; he suggests that Kip postpone the wedding until he returns to this country.

Pam is personnel director—for the women and girls—in an airplane plant, where Kip's cousin, Alec Fraser, is the head man. A very important official—Jerome Hayes, co-ordinator of airplane production—arrives at the plant. He sees Pam and Alec conferring at length and he gives Pam a sharp calling-down for wasting time.

That evening, Hayes and Alec go to the Venetian Club together. They find Pam and Kip there; they are seated at a table with some young lieutenants and Jinx Buchanan, a girl with plenty of "glamor" who had been—and still is—in love with Kip.

Hayes, introduced to the members of Kip's party, is greatly impressed by Pam's beauty and personality; he apologizes for the call-down; and he offers to try to have Kip's departure postponed, so that he can be married. Kip thanks him, but is adamant—he says that he feels that he should go, as ordered.

At midnight the men are discussing the perils of air warfare. Excited, overcome by her emotions, Jinx turns to Kip and kisses him! Astounded, angry, Pam rises. "Let's go, Kip," she says evenly.

The two young people leave the place, walk to Central Park. There, in the course of a long heart-to-heart talk, *they decide to be married*, although Kip is to leave in six or seven hours! They decided to be married—and then, thinking it over, Pam decides that they *shall not* be married and nothing that Kip can say can change her.

The following day, Kip—who is to fly from Baltimore—leaves New York. That afternoon, late, Alec drops in at Pam's office. They have a chat. Pam says that she is working hard and late—for obvious reasons. Alec, listening to her, is not sorry for her. He is not sorry for Kip. All he feels is a furious jealousy of Kip's luck.

III

IT WAS raining slightly in Baltimore, just enough to make a crowded city more confused and dreary. Alec rolled the taxi window down, found that he couldn't see anything and rolled it up again. He had come over from New York on the train, because he couldn't get a seat on a plane and, as he figured it, there was none too much time to get to the terminal from which the Clipper would leave. In Alec's pocket was the money that Kip had asked for when he had telephoned this afternoon and said to his cousin that he had been held up for a day and was out of funds.

The cab was abruptly halted, and Alec got out and went into a little office, where the government police looked over his identifications and permit. It had been a job to get the necessary permission to come to the terminal, and Alec had pulled all the wires he could think of. Finally he had worked it through Jerome Hayes, without telling the important man more than was necessary.

Hayes had pressed the right buttons of influence. Everything was in order and the guards passed Alec and his cab. The smell of the sea grew closer and stronger and they stopped again. This must be the end of his journey.

"You'll have to wait," Alec told the driver. "I shall be going back to the railway station later to catch the midnight train for New York."

Inside the big, clean waiting room, passengers for the Clipper were assembled, seeming too few for the space that surrounded them. Alec saw the familiar face of a man whose photographs were part of Army news. He noticed the British

(Continued on page 26)

How life insurance dollars help "keep 'em rolling"

TODAY, we know that millions of troops and millions of tons of war goods are rolling along the rails and highways of this country in the greatest war effort of all time.

Yet, we may not realize that this is possible only because the United States has the largest and best *transportation system* in the world.

> **Under free enterprise, Americans have built a network of railroads some 234,000 miles in length, with more and better equipment, and at least three times as much trackage, as all the Axis nations combined!**

America's highway system, with more than 548,000 miles of graded or surfaced roads, is not matched by any other nation on earth.

In this time of national emergency, America is fortunate that this vast transportation system does not have to be created overnight. The war found American Transportation ready...thanks to long years of creative work and to billions of dollars invested by men with courage and with faith in America's future.

Many of these dollars have been life insurance dollars. For example, Metropolitan policyholders, through their Company, have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in underlying railroad securities which aided the expansion and improvement of America's railroads...and other millions of dollars in bonds of States, counties, and municipalities. These dollars helped finance new bridges, the paving of roads, the construction of arterial highways.

> **Today, Metropolitan's income available for investment is performing an additional function. By far the larger part of it is going into United States Government Bonds, helping to buy the things needed to win the war.**

When victory comes, American transportation will continue to progress. Aircraft development may supplement, to a greater degree, the railroads and highways of today.

Whatever ensues, life insurance funds will continue to play their part in the transportation field, as in other fields of American endeavor.

So, when life insurance policyholders pay their premiums, they are evidencing their faith in their country, not only in funds to help win the war, but also by building a backlog of funds for the peacetime development of a greater America.

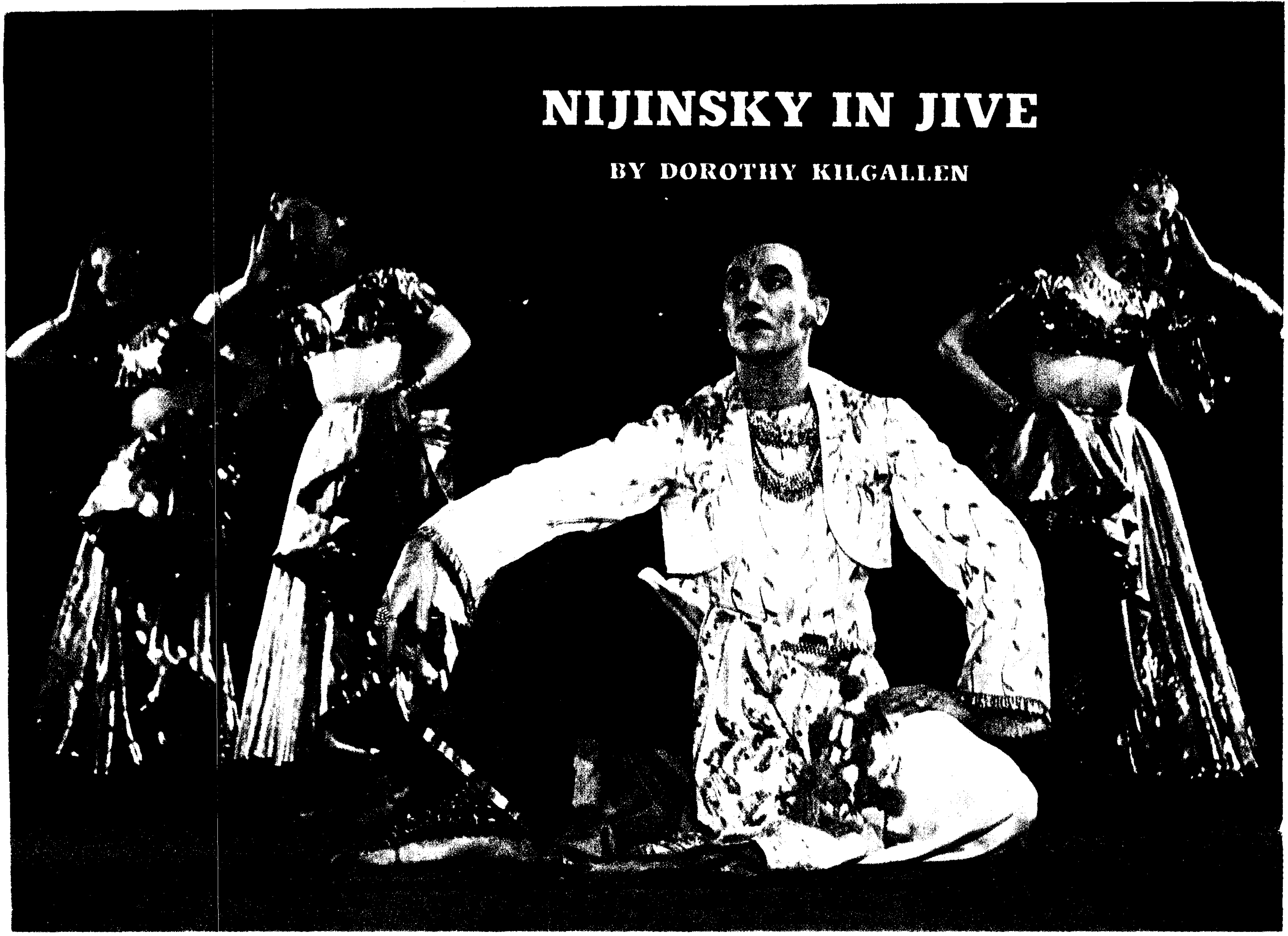
BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS—FROM ANY METROPOLITAN AGENT, OR AT ANY METROPOLITAN OFFICE

75th ANNIVERSARY—1868-1943

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD *Leroy A. Lincoln,* PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

NIJINSKY IN JIVE

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN



Jack Cole in repose captures the dignity of ancient India. His long, graceful fingers, his sharply modeled head and slim body rest momentarily before he plunges into a frenetic dervish dance that is half ritual, half rug-cutting

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Here Cole has leapt through the air and slapped his bare feet on the stage as the girls assume an expression of prayer and meditation. Their placid mood will be broken when Cole, completely dead-pan, gives one of them a swift kick

It isn't ballet and it isn't swing, but devotees of both find themselves hypnotized by Jack Cole's unique contributions to the art of the dance

FOR Joe Doakes and the major masses of the American public, dancing is something you do to juke-box music on Saturday night, and if you mention ballet, Joe gives you a look and says, "That's that Russian stuff they do on their toes, isn't it?"—making it quite clear that he considers the ballet pretty screwball business.

But Joe Doakes would understand a dancer like Jack Cole, because Cole is a fellow who started out taking the art of the dance with a straight face and wound up giving it a hotfoot. His legs behave like Nijinsky's but his mind works like Joe's. And there you have the combination that made him famous and put folding money in his pocket.

It was Milton Berle, star of the current Ziegfeld Follies, who best summed up Cole's fatal fascination for the *hoi polloi* as, standing in the wings one recent evening, he watched him dance his Hindu number with the three girls who had bells on their ankles and were wonderful to look at when your hynotized gaze moved away from their frenetic master.

Cole wore a white and gold sarong, and gold rings in his ears. His hands were joined palm to palm in a gesture of satirical obeisance; his shoulders shuddered; his shaven head shook "no" eight to the bar. His eyebrows lifted and sank, his eyes bulged wildly and then retreated behind a satyr's sleepy lids; his bare feet slapped the stage to a strange, hot rhythm that was half ritual, half ragtime. His nostrils twitched. His beautiful bisque-tinted torso quivered. He and the girls with the bells on their feet appeared to be motivated by a mixture of prayer, passion, and high-voltage electricity.

Backstage, Berle leaned casually against a near-by chorine and regarded this terpsichore with awe.

"That's great stuff," he breathed. "It's like a jam session at the Taj Mahal."

Berle's description may not go down in the history of the dance, but it comes closer than most customers get to an accurate appraisal of what Jack Cole is doing when he does what he does. The technique that made Cole one of the marvels of the Follies and the Broadway season is not strictly ballet, not truly "pop"; it is highly authentic but utterly unorthodox. Perhaps that is why, when he dances, half the audience think it is simply lovely, the other half think he's kidding. Both are right. What he does is satire, but such pictorially esthetic satire that no one can be blamed for admiring it as art.

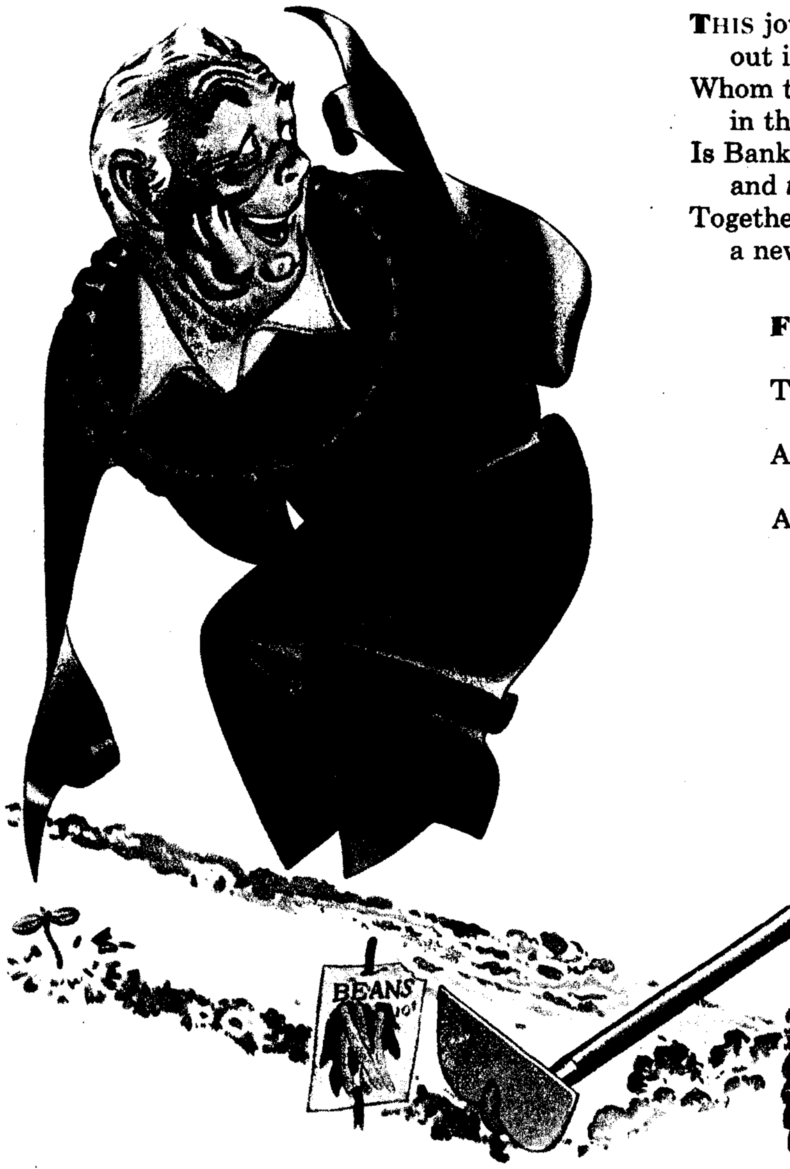
Because he owns no press agent and seldom sips his brandies in the haunts of the print-happy elite, considerable confusion exists as to Cole's origin and habits. Some people think he is Balinese. Some believe he is the son of an East Indian prince. The make-up he affects when performing, plus the highly prized maniacal glint he can summon to his eyes during dances, has convinced many observers that

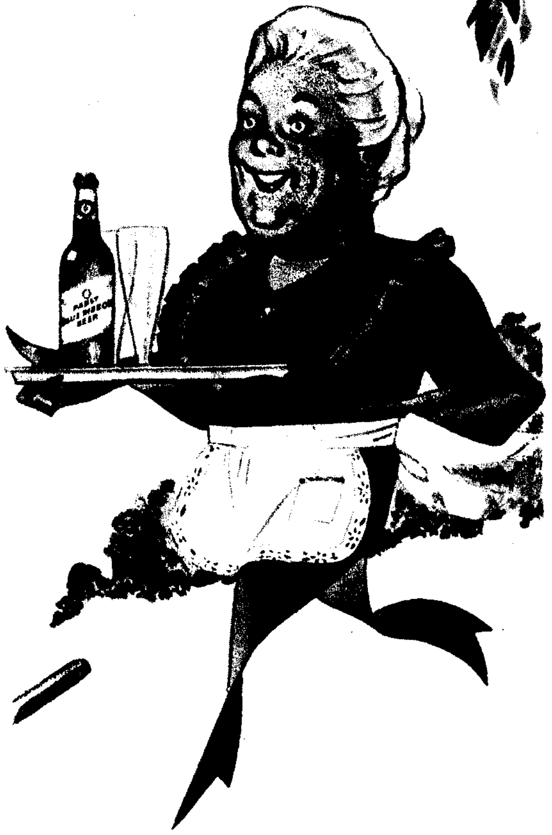
(Continued on page 59)

This is the Banker

of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

who formerly wore a Perpetual Frown!





THIS jovial gentleman
out in his yard
Whom townspeople hold
in the highest regard,
Is Banker J. Buxton—
and *this* is his wife
Together they're living
a new sort of life.

FOR what with the shortage
of tires and such—
The Buxtons aren't traveling
nearly as much,
And now they've discovered
that life's greatest treasures
Are little things, simple things—
everyday pleasures.

FOR instance, they've found that
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Refreshes, relaxes, and brings them
good cheer—
Yes, all over Blue Ribbon Town
there's a trend
To the friendlier taste of
this *full flavor blend!*

LIFE is simpler these days in Blue Ribbon Town (your town — everybody's town). More than ever, Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is a symbol of friendly companionship.

To get that softer, kindlier taste, Pabst blends no less than 33 master brews into one great beer—giving you the complete range of delicious "taste-tones."

Pabst Blue Ribbon is made like the finest champagnes —by a Pabst process known as FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer

Pabst
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PABST
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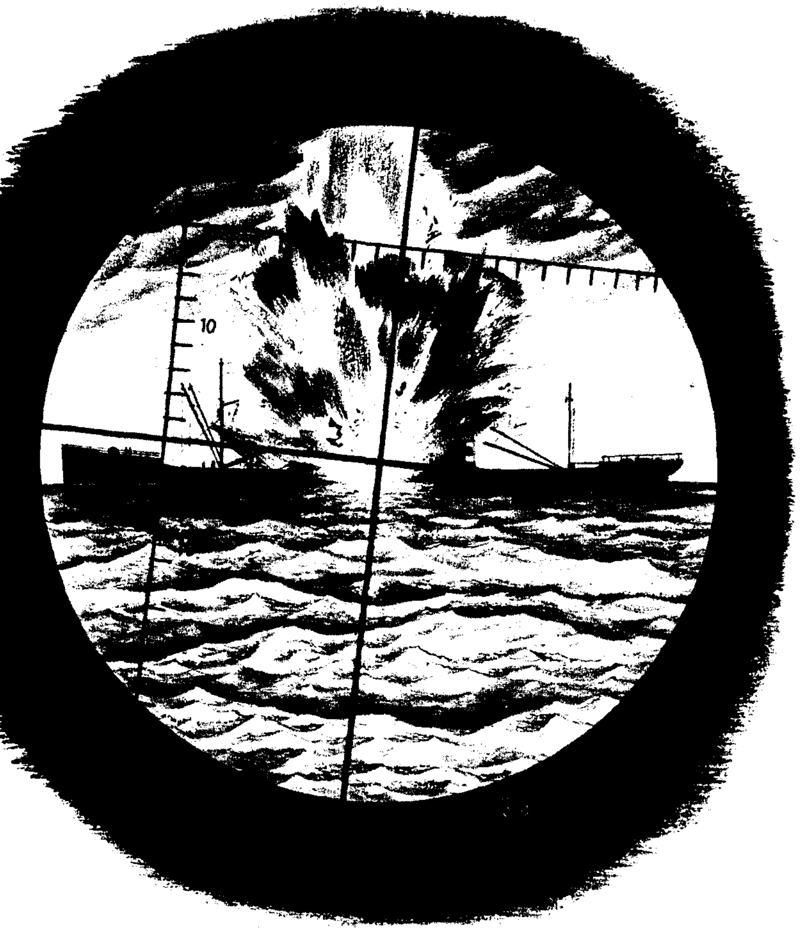
Now More Than Ever
A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship

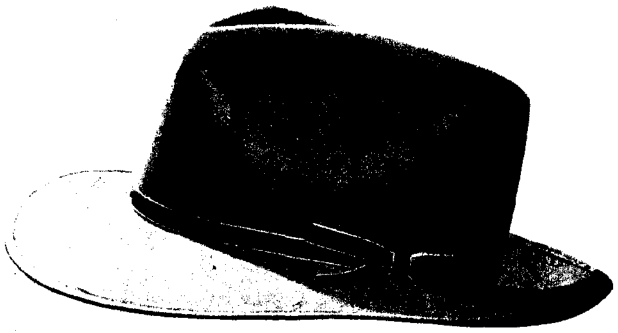
In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.
Also on draught at better places everywhere.

Loose Talk can cost Lives!



"All I said was, 'In ten more days he'll be in Iceland'"

Keep it under your STETSON



Stetson "Stratoliner"...soft, light-weight felt with narrow band and binding. Shape it as you like it.
It's made by the exclusive
Stetson Vita-Felt* Process...$7.50.
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STETSON HATS FOR MEN, $5 TO $25 • FOR WOMEN, $5.95 AND UP • ALSO MADE IN CANADA

The Girl Left Behind

Continued from page 22

mackintosh and manner of another man and saluted a couple of young officers of the port who were on duty. Then he saw Kip, who was in civilian clothes tonight.

"Hi," said Alec, "well, I got here."

"You're a pal. I'm certainly obliged."

"What happened? Was it weather that held up the plane?"

"No. I understand that we were held up for an additional passenger. You'll know. You'll see. He's not here yet. Everyone else was here last night except for the wise guys who were tipped off in Washington that there was a delay. Here we were, stuck for twenty-four hours and not supposed to say a word to anyone about why or wherefore. It was long enough for me to lose my shirt, and I didn't like to take off dead broke."

ALEC didn't ask how he had lost it. He knew the regulations as well as Kip. He took an envelope out of his pocket and said, "Here you are."

"Can you spare it all right?"

"Sure."

"You'll get it back of course."

"I'm not worrying about that."

"I didn't mean to have you come all the way over. I thought you'd wire the money."

"I could have. But it's better to pass it along without too much red tape, under the circumstances. And I sort of wanted to come, as a matter of fact. I told Jerome Hayes my notion and he fixed it up for me. I've got my own ax to grind. I want to send a message to a man called Moleworth in England. He's one of our organization who's over there now having a look to see how our planes are performing and there are a couple of new developments that I'd like him to know about. I don't want to put them in a letter and they aren't in shape for an embassy pouch, but if Moleworth knows the lines we're working on, and what we expect to be able to do before very long, he can talk more sense to some people over there who are expecting deliveries."

"You mean the improvements we were talking about last week?"

"Some things have happened since then actually. I'm on a new track. I'll cable Moleworth to get in touch with you and then you give him the low-down when you see him."

"Okay. I'll be your carrier pigeon."

Kip paused. "By the way—I tried to get Pam to marry me the other night. After we ducked out on the party. I was ready to go through with it right then. She was the one who balked and said there wasn't time to do it properly. I was all for it."

"Maybe if she'd known about this extra day—"

Kip looked guilty but stubborn. Alec knew the expression. He'd seen it often when they were in college together, when there had been one girl situation after another for Kip.

"It's probably better as it is," Kip said. "Because she's tied and you're free. It's a good technique."

"She's not tied any more than I am."

Alec said, without any interest, but as if to make his point, "Oh, yes, she is."

"Why, I'm crazy about that girl!" said Kip. "I'm coming back to her. She knows that. Come on and have some coffee. They're serving it over there."

"First let me tell you what I want you to relay to Moleworth."

They had been talking in low voices from the very start of their conversation, but now Alec and Kip slowly walked the very length of the waiting room to where there was an empty corner and they could be quite sure that no syllable would be overheard. Their attitudes were casual but Kip listened attentively and his expression became sharply intelligent.

"It would work two ways," said Alec. "You reduce the weight, which means the plane could carry an extra gun or more bombs and you're not held up in your factory for steel tubing. Say, look who's here. Is she going too?"

The door had opened and a tall, fair girl had entered. She was equipped plainly for traveling and not quite as most American girls would be dressed. The plaid tweed suit was cut more for use than for fashion, with big, baggy pockets. She wore a scarf about her throat against the wet weather and there was no style defining the shape of her yellow felt hat.

But she needed no purchased distinction. She seemed to have naturally what sophistication aimed at in its dressing—lack of commonness, the look of individuality and of being used to the world and its events. Her cool blue eyes and her pale, almost plain, face pulled up to high cheekbones gave the same impression of being individual and importantly placed.

"I wonder who she is," said Kip.

"She's an English girl. Woman. Called Eve Kennedy."

"Sings in a night club," remembered Kip. "I know."

"I think that's a war stunt."

"I don't see how she gets by. She's not much to look at," Kip said.

"As Jinx said last night, this girl would be too subtle for you."

"Poor old Jinx," said Kip, in the affectionate tone he had for most of the girls who at one time or another had been paramount in his life, "she thinks she knows it all. Do you know this Kennedy girl?"

"No, I've just clapped for her. I can't introduce you."

"It's all right with me," answered Kip, his eyes adding up Eve Kennedy as she went down the line, showing her passport, answering questions, being weighed in. "She looks pretty sour. She's got a good smile though, when she turns it on."

Eve Kennedy had briefly turned it on the man who was handing back her passport.

"How soon do you leave?" Alec asked.

"Should be any time now. You know who the person is that we're waiting for?"

"No, you didn't tell me."

"I'm not supposed to. Gave my word. But it's no secret now. Here he comes. We must be all ready to go. He wouldn't show up until the last minute, of course."

THE man for whom the plane had been delayed an extra day came in quietly, without any fuss. He was lean and oldish, with gray hair and a rather scholarly look. His skin was withered like a smoked ham with a tough, brown texture. His clothes looked limp. His tie was a small black bow. His thin eyebrows had often been caricatured and even more often the double droop of his nose and his very narrow chin. He had been photographed with kings and dictators, had known a dozen embassies well in the service of his empire, had negotiated treaties that had made history, and his memory only knew what secrets and propositions he had carried in his mind.

"I didn't even know he was in this country," said Alec, not staring after his first glance.

"Nobody does. They've kept it very quiet. Something must be happening."

The companion of the great man, an easily recognizable cabinet member from Washington, looked over the passengers as if he knew the list and spoke pleasantly to a number of them. The Englishman, trained by exposure to thousands of cameras, managed to look at no one. But the girl walked up to him and broke down the negative expression.

"Why, Eve, my dear," he said in a surprisingly gentle voice, "you going home?"

"And you, too, Socky?"

Kip drew a breath and muttered to Alec, "She calls him Socky! It's worth the trip."

"She was probably brought up next door," answered Alec. "She's not from the other side of the tracks, you know. Not a music-hall queen. I think she's one of what they called the Bright Young People, prewar. And by the way, she's a Mrs. Don't make a pass at her. You might end up in the Tower of London."

"Don't worry. She can play with Socky."

The bell rang and the officers of the flying boat went out to take their posts. The passengers picked up their bags and stood ready to follow at the second signal.

"Here we go," said Kip, and all his energy and confidence seemed to rush back. "Thanks again for all you've done. I'll see your man in London. Look after yourself."

"You do the same."

The bell rang twice. Kip moved on and turned again.

"I can't send Pam my love because she thinks I'm gone. But work it in somehow for me, will you?"

Alec nodded. He watched them go through the door, showing their embarkation cards, and then without delay went through the bright, almost empty room to the outer door and the wet road, where his taxi waited in the darkness.

PAMELA'S letter got through to Jerome Hayes because she had anticipated that it might not survive the sifting done by some secretary, and so composed it with especial care. It began informally to Dear Mr. Hayes, and said that in response to his questions of Tuesday night she was sending him the information he wanted. It sounded as if Mr. Hayes had been making some personal inquiries on the side, so his secretary did not put it on the bottom of a pile of data tabulated "Women and Girls in Aircraft Industries."

Instead, he came upon it in the middle of his important mail and wondered for a minute what it was all about. Then he recalled both the girl and the conversation and tilted back his chair to glance over what she had to say. It was surprising. For the size of the plant and its output, Metallo had taken on a remarkable number of women employees since the war broke out and to have done it in no hit-or-miss way. These tabulations showed that they had a line on every person they employed, as to what she had done before, and the plan seemed to be to upgrade the women as fast as possible. Which was all right, thought Hayes. That was the way to put steam into an industry.

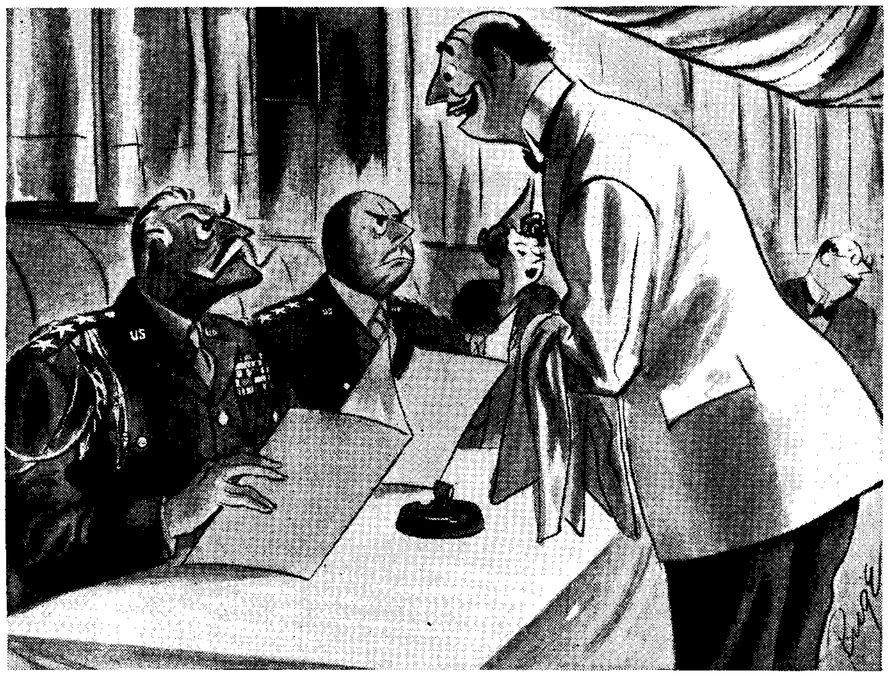
Of course this might be all on paper. There were a lot of good plans available and that girl had a head on her shoulders. She seemed to be bearing up without her aviator, Hayes said to himself. He wondered what they paid her for handling a job like that and just how old she was. Then, making a mental note that he would look in on her next time he went out to the Metallo plant, which would be necessary before long, he turned his mind to another of the many important things that were competing for his attention.

It was a big job and a hard job that had been given to Jerome Hayes and it kept him away from home and from making money. He spent his days trying to cut through red tape and to put decisions into action, to expand bottlenecks, to ferret out new processes that might be useful, and to keep cranks, even the moneyed and powerful ones, from taking up too much of his time. He had a great deal of authority and he wasn't afraid to use it.

He flew thousands of miles in all kinds of weather, his head pressed against a little down pillow, his mind going faster than the plane. He had a temporary office in New York and a temporary headquarters in Washington and, as he well knew, a temporary job unless he delivered. But he was sure that he could.

The more he thought of Alec Fraser's experiments and devices, the more important they seemed. He brought them up at a meeting in Washington, encountered just the doubt and obstruction he had expected, and didn't change his mind or alter his intention. Instead, he decided that Fraser and anyone like him should have more scope, more opportunity to develop his engineering findings, and have the chance at once. With his extraordinary energy and tenacity of purpose, he cleared the matter in Washington, arranged for supplies of necessary materials both for experimental purposes and for test production and was back at the Metallo plant within a week to give orders for expansion. He did it personally, for he had fought the matter through, and what happened at Metallo in production and results now was his baby.

His friends, and especially Julia, said that he tried to do too much himself, that he ought to turn over more to other people. Jerome laughed and said there was only one way he could work. He had to



"What'll it be, gents? Nothing is too good for our boys in uniform"

COLLIER'S JOHN A. RUGE

Makers of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC INTRODUCE
NEW TOOTH POWDER IN WAR-ECONOMY CONTAINER
HOW IT POLISHES! NEW FAST-FOAM FORMULA GIVES WONDERFUL "WHIRLPOOL" CLEANSING
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DOUBLE SIZE
...ACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
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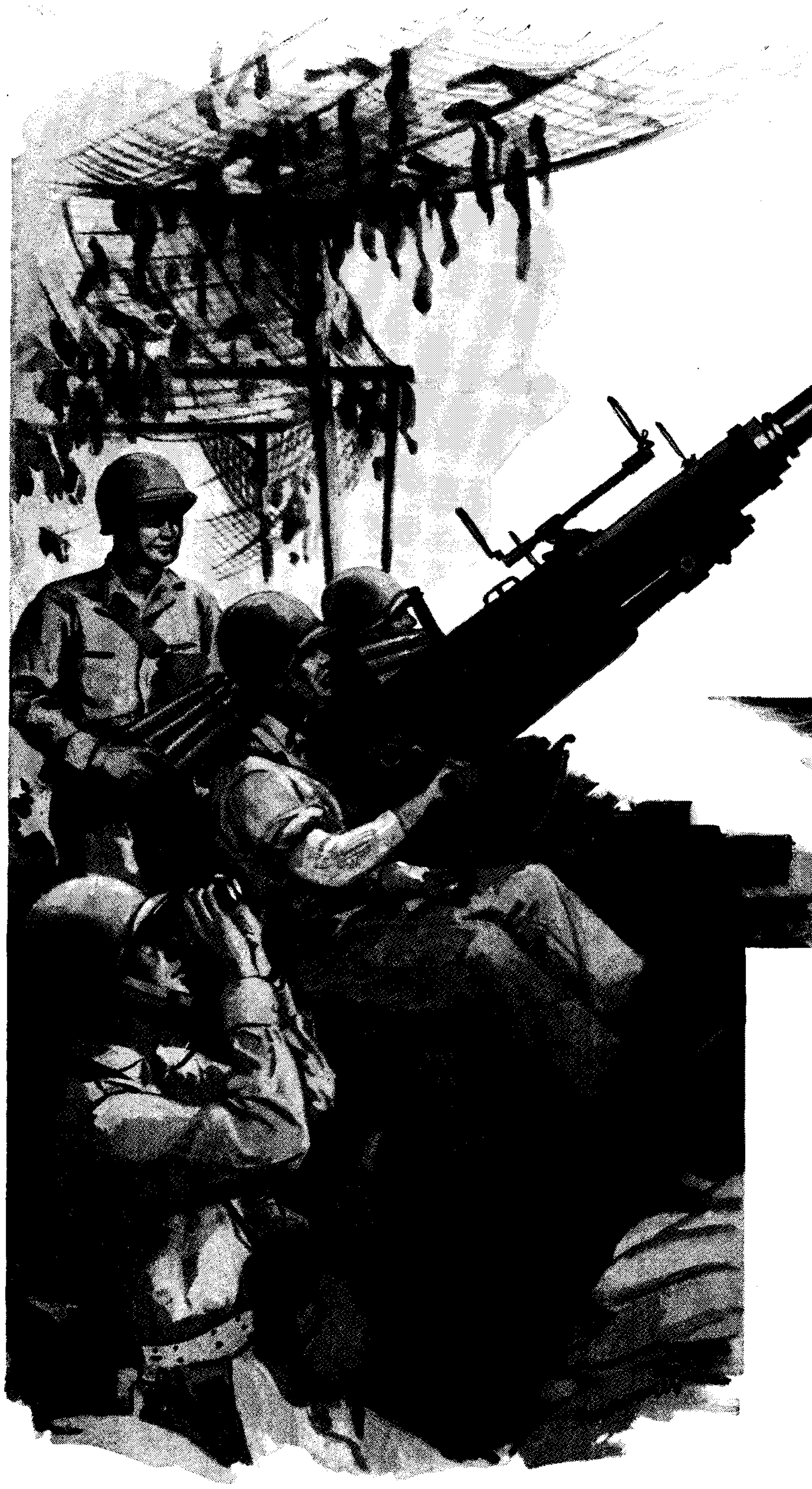
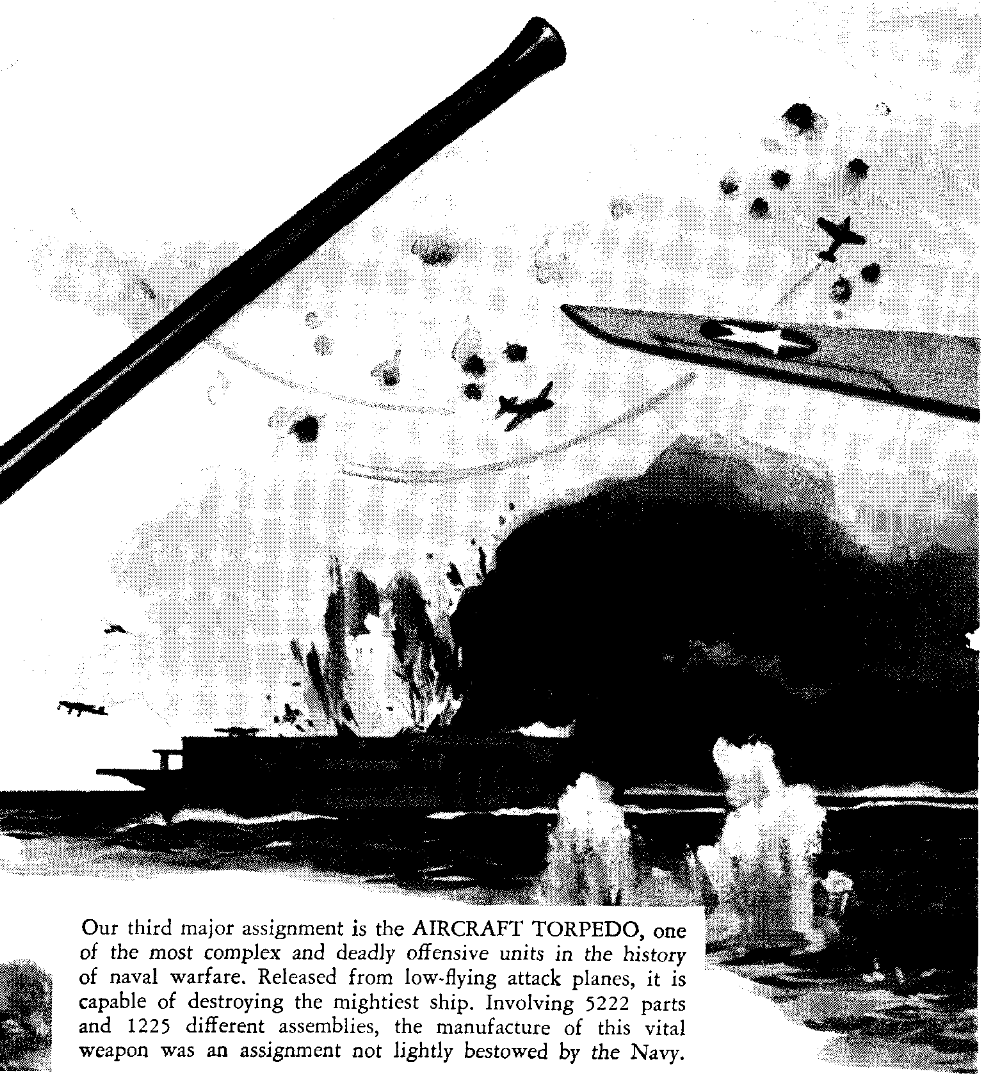
NEW CYLINDER-TYPE CONTAINER HOLDS 10% MORE POWDER... NO HIGHER PRICE!

PON

BUILDING FAST AND BUIL





Our third major assignment is the AIRCRAFT TORPEDO, one of the most complex and deadly offensive units in the history of naval warfare. Released from low-flying attack planes, it is capable of destroying the mightiest ship. Involving 5222 parts and 1225 different assemblies, the manufacture of this vital weapon was an assignment not lightly bestowed by the Navy.

Since April 1941—nine months before Pearl Harbor—the respected craftsmanship of Pontiac has been bent on fabricating the implements of victory. On that date, we undertook the original of our six present war assignments . . . the manufacture, for the first time outside the European continent, of a highly complex 20 mm. Oerlikon anti-aircraft cannon. . . . Today, our men and women, our plants and machines, our hands and heads and hearts are devoted to the pro-

AS SUBCONTRACTORS, WE ARE BUILDING AXLES FOR TANKS . . . . .

Designed and produced by the CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION, the M-5 tank, which is illustrated above, is called "the fastest tracked vehicle in the world." We are proud that it is our privilege to assist Cadillac in this important assignment by manufacturing and assembling the huge, intricate axles that drive this hard-hitting instrument of lightning attack.

In January of 1942, we received our second assignment—building the 40 MM. AUTOMATIC FIELD GUN, largest automatic weapon in use by any nation. As versatile as it is deadly, it fires 120 high-velocity, explosive or armor-piercing shells a minute and, according to officials, is effective "against air, ground or water targets."

PONTIAC DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

IAC

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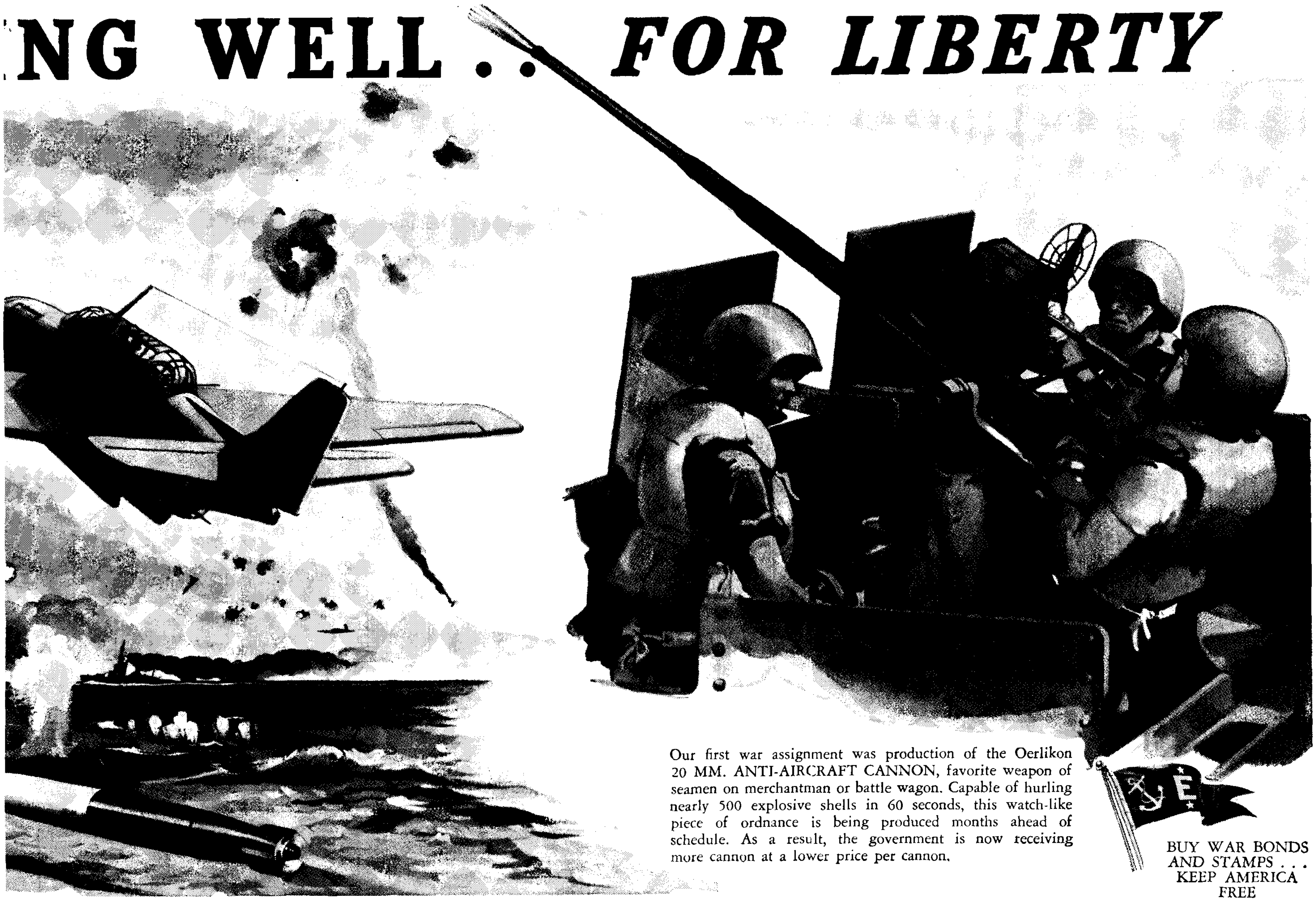
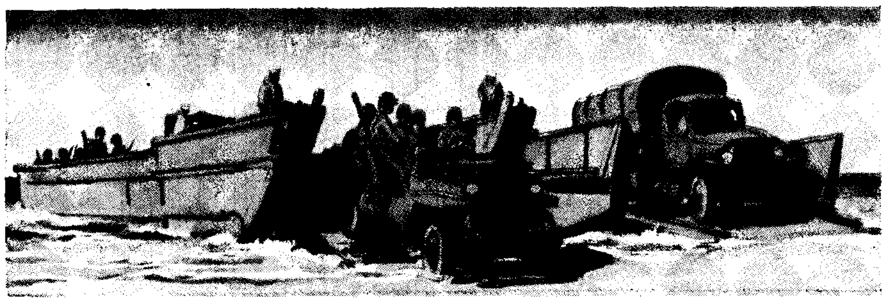


Our first war assignment was production of the Oerlikon 20 MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT CANNON, favorite weapon of seamen on merchantman or battle wagon. Capable of hurling nearly 500 explosive shells in 60 seconds, this watch-like piece of ordnance is being produced months ahead of schedule. As a result, the government is now receiving more cannon at a lower price per cannon.

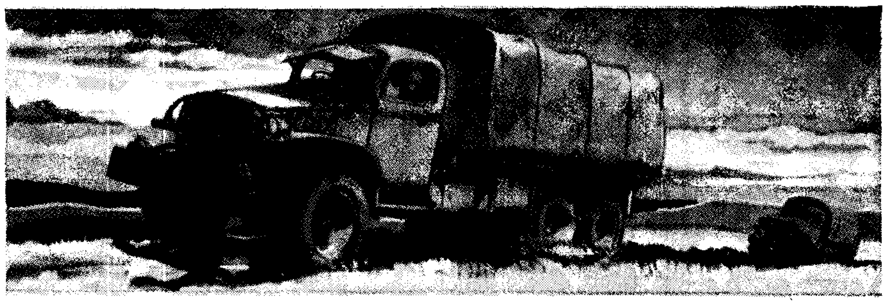
E
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS . . . KEEP AMERICA FREE

duction of weapons to meet the enemy in any arena and win—be it on the land, on the sea or in the air. . . . Automatic field guns, aircraft torpedoes and 20 mm. cannon . . . on these, the prime and final responsibility rests with us. In the manufacture of tank components, Diesel engine inner-assemblies and Army truck parts, we are cooperating with other Divisions of General Motors. But whether we act as a prime contractor or a subcontractor, the weapons produced at Pontiac embody all the skill, integrity and experience at our command. Some have already received the highest tribute to which any armorer can aspire, the post-battle commendation of our fighting forces. They are good weapons—worthy of the men who will use them.



. . . . PRODUCING DIESEL ENGINE UNITS . . . .

The rugged two-cycle engines produced by the DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION of General Motors are known as work horses of war. They are used for a wide variety of power purposes by both the Army and the Navy, including the propulsion of landing barges. Several hundred of their component parts are being manufactured by Pontiac.



AND MAKING ENGINE PARTS FOR ARMY TRUCKS

The GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK and COACH DIVISION is a major producer of trucks and transport units for the Army. Serving wherever the Allied Nations fight, GMC trucks have confirmed their peace-time reputation for dependability. One of our war assignments is to provide the General Motors Truck and Coach with vital engine parts.

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
The watch that saw service in two world wars

Purchased before the first World War, this Longines gold strap watch served a Canadian officer through four years of hard fighting in France. It ticked the seconds for the zero hour at Vimy Ridge "Hill 70" and in many another notable battle.

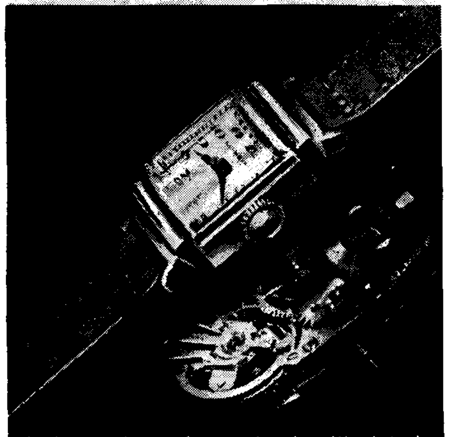
The war over, it traveled with its owner through 15 years in the Arctic by sled, schooner and airplane, from Hudson Bay almost to the Pole.

Now after 27 years of active and adventurous use, it has already had a year of service in the second World War, still a faithful and reliable timepiece . . . an old and valued friend.

It is to untold thousands of similar experiences that Longines Watches owe their priceless reputation for keeping good time for a long, long time. To the preservation of this reputation the makers of Longines Watches strive with a skill born of 77 years of fine watchmaking experience. Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement,*" world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

know the jobs and the people before he could trust them with each other.

He had always been like that, a practical man. He had to see the thing that was being done, the process, the tools, the workmen. That was how he had built up his own organization and made his money and the reputation that had gained him this war job. Now that he had it, he had to do it in his own way.

It was following his own method when, after consulting with the directors of Metallo about arrangements, he went to find Alec Fraser and see his shop and his models again and tell him face to face what the plan for expansion was.

Alec was already used to the quick voice of Jerome Hayes on the telephone, to the questions of the co-ordinator, which had no wastage in them. He was called from Washington three times on the day after he came back from seeing Kip off. Something important was brewing. Alec was sure of that. But the speed with which it came to a boil was greater than he had anticipated even in hopeful dreams.

He was not afraid of it. His conviction was less verbal than that of Jerome Hayes but he was just as sure of what could be done.

"I've gone over the ground with Mr. Salmon and a few of the directors this morning and they're going right after it. By the time the stuff is here they'll have cleared out this whole wing of the plant," Hayes told him, coming into the machine shop.

"Where are they going to make the batteries?"

"They think they can take over that glove factory in the next block. It's just about bankrupt and it's a fairly modern building. That will give you elbow room over here. How does that suit you?"

"Down to the ground," said Alec, with a steadiness that was more satisfying to Hayes than any enthusiasm. "We'll need some skilled mechanics. More than are available around here."

"I PROMISED that you'd take a few men from other companies," replied Hayes. "That's for postwar purposes and so that one company won't have its men learning a new process at government expense. Especially if the process should revolutionize parts of the industry. The idea is that they'll loan a few of their good mechanics—if they can be spared. But there won't be enough. You'll have to do some scrambling around for more. It's the worst problem in the whole country. I do not suppose you could use women at all?"

"It probably wouldn't be satisfactory," said Alec, "not because they're women but because they haven't had any training."

"Your friend here—the personnel girl—I can only remember her by her first name—Pamela, wasn't it?"

"Pamela Neill," said Alec.

"That's right. She sent me some information on women in this plant and it looked good. She might be able to ferret out some girls who understand machines."

"I'll talk to her about it."

"They use them on machines in England. They've got to over there."

"We'll manage that end of it," Alec promised, "and we'll show results. We can work right along while they're moving stuff in and out, as far as that goes. Every day counts."

"If I could tell you some of the stuff I know about the projected dates in this war, you'd believe what you say even more. Things are due to happen a long time before a lot of people think they will. I'll be on my way. Mr. Salmon's in conference but he wants you to go up and see him as soon as it's over. Good luck. I'll keep in touch. No, don't come with me. I know my way out."

Hayes thought he did. But it was a big, sprawling plant and he took a left turn when he reached the end of the corridor. It didn't seem to be bringing him nearer to the street. He stopped and looked at the nearest door. It was not closed and the letters on the door said Employment and Personnel. Women.

Hayes took a quick look at his watch. He could spare a few minutes. He would like to see what that girl's setup actually was and he hadn't answered that letter she had sent him. He opened the door and looked inside.

There was a large square reception room with wall benches covered with green leather that looked comfortable. They were filled with women and girls, most of whom looked at him curiously. A door in the corner of the room was lettered neatly, "Miss Neill."

The girl at the desk was civil.

"Did you want to see Miss Neill?"

"Is she busy?"

"There's someone with her right now. What is the name, please?"

"Oh, I'll come back some other time. Tell her that Mr. Hayes stopped in. Jerome Hayes."

The girl stared at him.

"Oh, I know Miss Neill will want to see you, Mr. Hayes. I'll let her know."

She didn't have to. Pamela opened her door, sending someone away with a smile. Hayes had forgotten how pretty she was, how fresh and how feminine with her dark hair drawn to the top of her head that way.

"Why, hello, Mr. Hayes. How nice of you to come in!"

"I seem to have chosen your busy day."

"It's pretty much like this every day. Come in."

Her office wasn't elaborate. The person who was talking to her would always have the most comfortable chair, the one he was sitting in now.

"I want to thank you for your letter," said Hayes. "That was very interesting information."

"It really only shows the start of what we hope to do."

"You're on your way," he said, "and that's what counts."

She smiled at him. "I'd better prove that I do work once in a while after the first impression you had of me, running out on my job in the middle of the afternoon. You wouldn't have time to look around now and see some of our girls at work in the shops, would you?"

The answer to that was no. Jerome Hayes did not have time. He had stretched his crowded schedule already today to come out and line things up for the expansion of this plant and the development of Alec Fraser's improvements. But he didn't like to refuse her. It surprised him as much as it obviously pleased Pamela to find himself taking a full hour to see what she had to show him. He went around the plant with her, inspected the rooms where the girls were working, looked at their industry and competence in cutting, stamping, assembling, welding, making parts of the gear for the battle planes.

It was a good sight, even a beautiful sight, it seemed to Hayes more than once in that hour, with the girls in their slacks and overalls, their hair sometimes bound up and sometimes gleaming beside the glitter of fine machinery. There was a gay sound of dance records on the radio. The girl beside him was intent with her explanation of output and her hopes and dreams of improving it.

HAYES liked the way the girls spoke to Pamela, as if they were glad to see her come around. But it's a strange place for a girl like her, he thought as they came out of the noise of the last machine shop and stood in the area where his chauffeur was waiting.

"I wish some other organizations had the getup and go I've seen around here," Hayes said to her.

"That's nice of you. It's an energizing compliment."

"You don't want to work too hard though. You don't want to overdo it now that your bombardier isn't here to look after you. I suppose he got over all right in the end?"

"Oh, yes," said Pam. "I had a cable and he seemed to have had a grand trip."

"The delay didn't make any difference then?"

"He wasn't delayed. He left the next afternoon after we were all out together," said Pam.

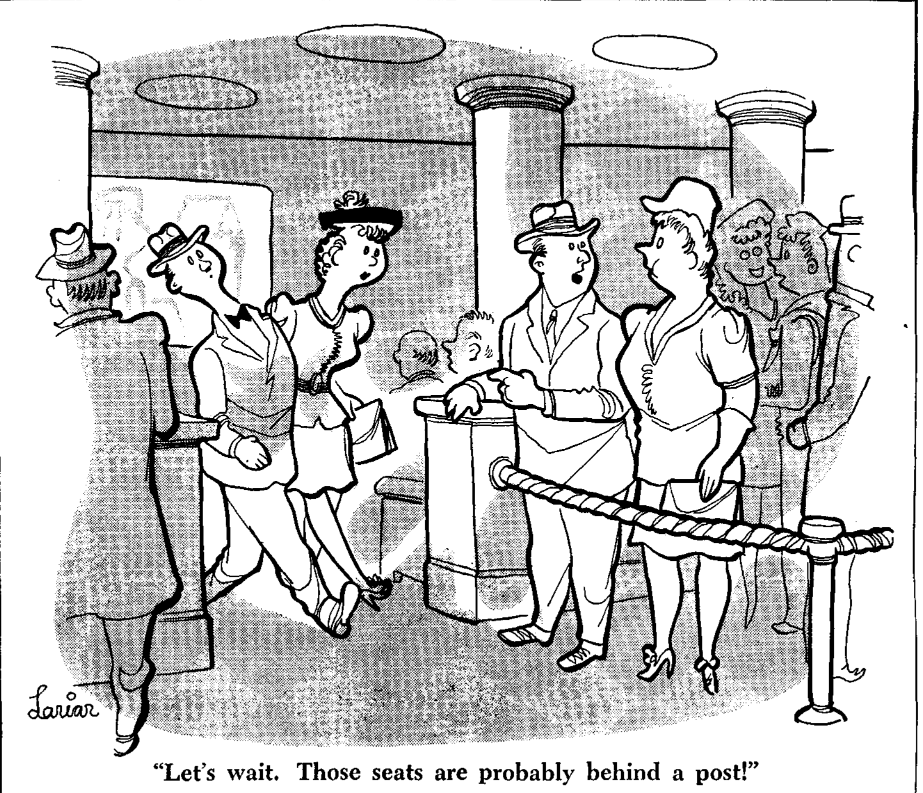
Jerome Hayes thought twice before he spoke again. He distinctly remembered what he had done to make it possible for Alec Fraser to go to Baltimore to see his cousin off because his flight was delayed. Hayes had taken it for granted, though Fraser had at no time said so, that the girl had probably gone along.

"You didn't go to Baltimore to see him off then?"

"Oh, no. It wouldn't have been worth while. He was only there a few hours."

Then he didn't let her know, thought Hayes. That's a funny business.

"He had a good time for himself on the



"Let's wait. Those seats are probably behind a post!"

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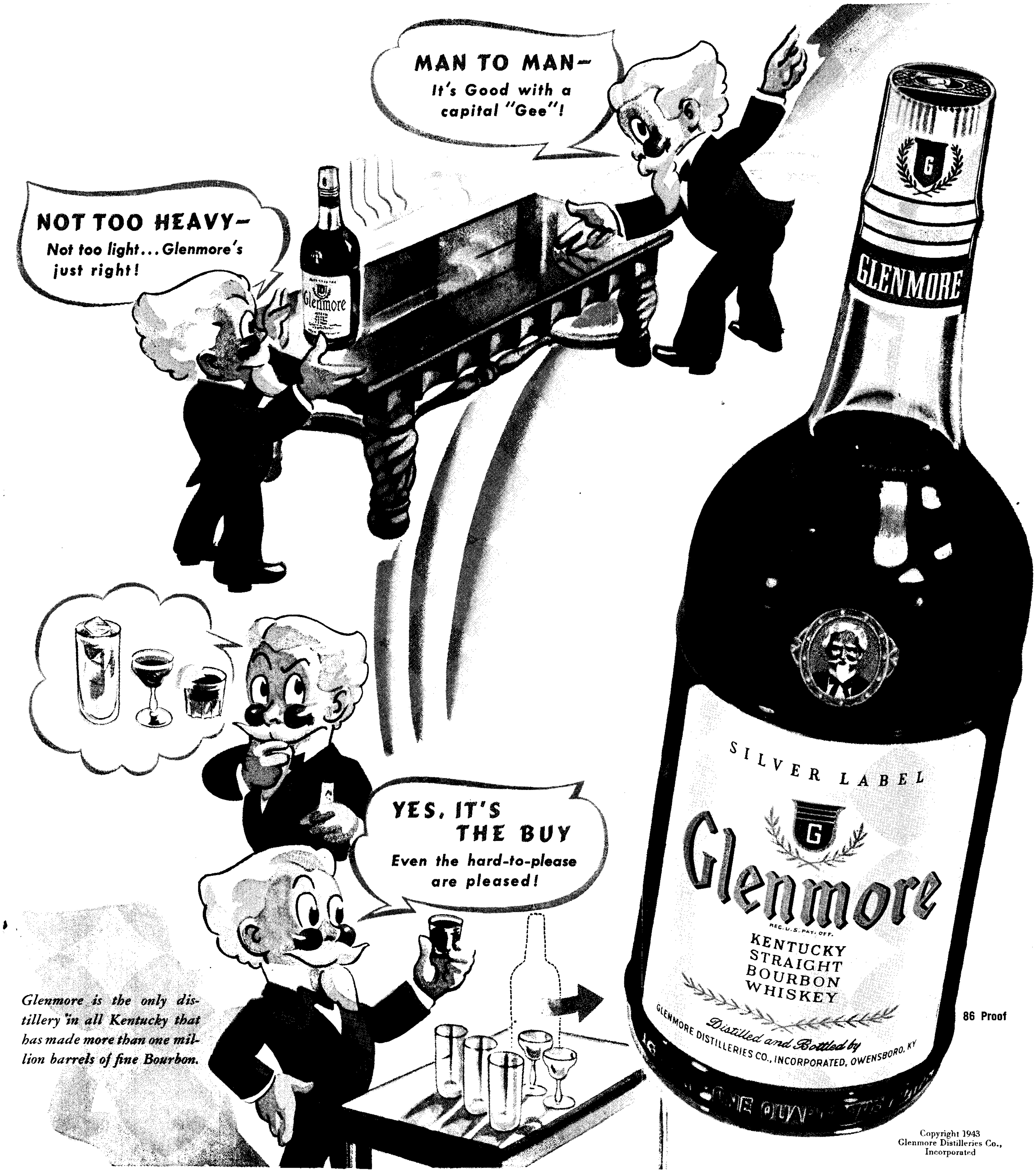
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So they work, these men, between the rigid, written demands of blueprints, and the even more inflexible rulings of their own consciences.

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plane," said Pam, laughing evidently just because it made her happy to talk of Kip. "Eve Kennedy, the famous English singer, was on the same flight and they evidently had fun. He couldn't tell me anything much in the cable except that he was there, and that about her, and that he was feeling very top-of-the-world. I think he'll like London, and maybe he'll be near there for a little while. It's his first trip."

"You've been there yourself?"

"Yes, we went abroad pretty often when I was a child. There and other places. Because of my father's job. I was in London last when I was seventeen. I haven't been anywhere since. And I certainly mustn't keep you here talking about myself."

"I'm interested," answered Hayes. "Some day when we've time I'd like to hear a great deal more about you."

"It's small stuff. It will keep. Thank you ever so much for looking around."

On the way back to New York, Hayes decided how best to make up for lost time. But once his mind drifted back to wonder why that fellow hadn't called up his girl when he had a day to spare. Was there more to that situation than appeared on the surface? He thought back over his impressions of Kip Galloway. He was a vigorous fellow, eager to get in the fight, so eager that he wouldn't hear of any influence being used to get him extra time for his wedding, as Hayes had suggested he would try to do. Was that, Hayes wondered, just because he wanted to get a crack at the enemy? Or didn't he want to marry that lovely girl?

WHAT Jerome Hayes learned or saw always stayed in his mind for use. So when, at a press conference in Washington a week later, a reporter called Curran asked him whether he believed that the women who were being taken into industry could make good on their new jobs, Hayes did not weigh his answer. He turned to the questioner with conviction.

"Why not?" he asked. "Anyway, what are you going to use for labor if you don't use women?"

"Some people think it's going to create a new social problem," said the newsman. "Do you agree with that?"

"My job is production," answered Hayes. "I'm not trying to solve that one. You go ask the experts about that."

"But your policy would be to employ women in large numbers?"

"The separate managements do their own employing," said Hayes. "I don't mix in that. I believe they all have taken on women."

"Still, your personal opinion is that women can take over the men's jobs if necessary?"

"My personal opinion is yes."

"Can I quote you on that?"

"Quote away," said Hayes, "and make it as emphatic as you like. I tell you this: I've seen women taking over skilled operations in factories lately with only eight or ten weeks' training. And the production of the plant has gone up."

"May I ask where that was?" persisted young Curran, who wanted this story to have some color.

"That was at the Metallo plant in Jersey."

Hayes had hesitated a little before that answer. But he couldn't see any reason for not being frank. It wouldn't do any harm to create a little interest and maybe competition.

"To what do you attribute the success there, Mr. Hayes?"

"Why," answered Hayes, "I attribute a whole lot of it to the factor that makes for success in any industry. The management."

"To any particular person? Cyrus Graves is president of Metallo, isn't he?" asked Curran, making a quick note.

That wasn't what Jerome Hayes had meant and he didn't want it to appear that way. He believed in spreading the credit among the people who should have it.

"I wasn't speaking of the administration of the board," he said. "Yes, Mr. Graves is president. And he's one of the most public-spirited men in the country. But I'm talking of management within the plant. There's a man called Hugh Salmon there who could give you the dope on what's going on up there. As a matter of fact, the women's organization has been built up to a large extent by a woman."

THE reporter was looking for personality material. He followed that up quickly. "Was she put in for that reason?"

Hayes said, "I couldn't tell you that. I guess she's been there some time."

"And she's doing exceptionally good work. To what do you attribute that?"

Hayes breathed impatiently. "To the fact she wants to win the war, maybe. Her young man's an aviator."

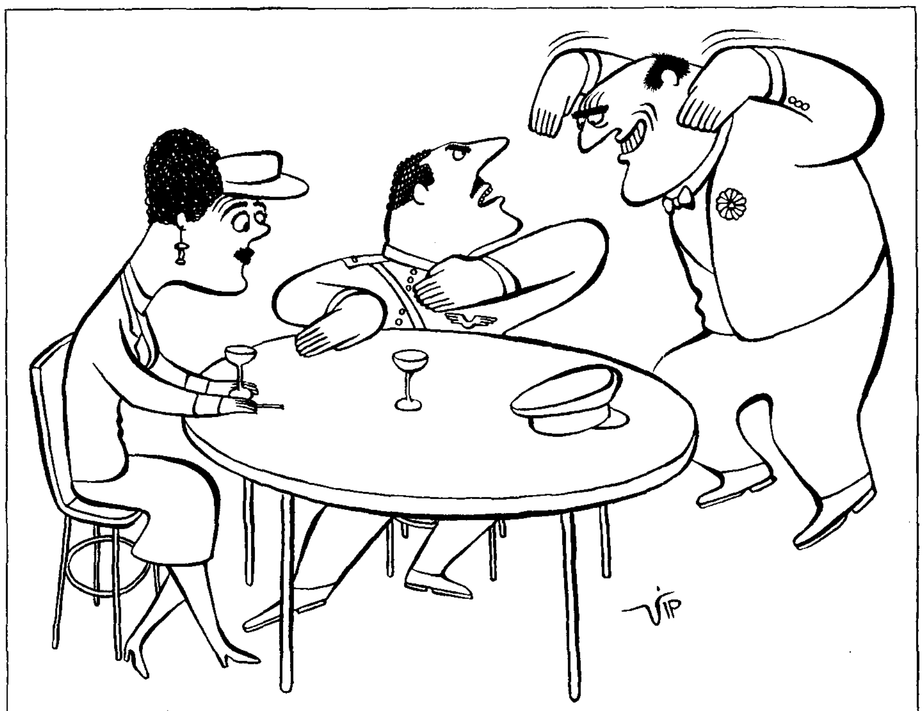
"Then she's a young woman?"

"I didn't ask her age," said Hayes, and picked up a question from another reporter about plane construction.

Young Curran wasn't sure that this was a lead worth following up. But it might be. He was reporting for a weekly, not a daily, and he was anxious for a new angle on the woman-in-industry story, one that would supply a feature studded with important opinions and personalities. This might be it, though obviously he wasn't going to get anything further out of Hayes on the subject. Curran telephoned his editor and was told to take a run up to Jersey to see what Metallo was doing, and to find out if there was a real story in it that could be led off by what Jerome Hayes thought of the performance of women in industry to date.

Curran thought so very well of what he found in Jersey that he telephoned for photographers to come over from New York and they took some pictures of the women on their jobs. Curran dealt first with Mr. Salmon, but his coverage of what Pamela was doing was quite complete before he got through. She didn't realize at the time how many pictures they were taking of her.

The only point of the story that Curran couldn't get much information about was concerning the man she was going to marry. But once he had Kip's name and knew he was a bombardier, he tracked down a few other things. It was a good story, especially with what was happening in Europe, and the bombardier was somewhere abroad. And a timely story.



COLLIER'S "I wonder if you'd keep your planes out of this" VIRGIL PARTCH

Also, it was a true story. Curran was that kind of news gatherer. There was not a distorted fact or a false picture. The only thing that startled Jerome Hayes when he saw it was the space it got and that he had certainly pushed Pamela into the limelight. Curran quoted the exact statements that Hayes had made, and the big man wouldn't have gone back on any of them. But four pages of pictures followed the statements and a great deal of informative text about the girls and women employed at the Metallo plant.

The figures of production were interesting and very impressive. The pictures were meant to hold the eye and did. There was Pamela in her office. There she was standing in the shop beside a girl welder.

"Looks just like her," said Hayes half aloud; "she certainly takes a good picture."

Even to him the article was informing. For there was a sketch of Pamela's background that told him things he had wondered about but not wanted to ask her. She was, he read, the daughter of an electrical engineer who had been sent to various countries to develop power plants. I've heard of that fellow, thought Hayes. He died some years ago, but I'm sure I've heard him mentioned. He was good.

Pamela had gone to college, but she hadn't finished her course. She left when she was nineteen. Then she had worked in the employment office of a factory in the Middle West, and later had been transferred to its plant in the East. The magazine kept emphasizing her youth at the time of these promotions. She had been with Metallo a year and a half.

ALEC FRASER, reading the article and looking at the pictures, knew that was accurate. She had been there just a year and a half. He remembered that he had heard that there was a new person in charge of woman personnel, because old Miss Crosby had gone to the hospital and wouldn't be back on the job. He heard about Pamela's good looks before he saw her, but he didn't search her out. Good-looking girls around in working hours were always in the way.

Then one day—one spring day—she had come into the shop, wanting to know if they could use a girl who had some technical training. She had been as impersonal as the breeze coming through the window, and as refreshing.

They had been friends after that. Alec took her out and found how well she danced and that she thought, as Alec did, that the country couldn't and shouldn't stay out of the war. Alec was deferred, and sometimes grim about it even then. He and Pam had been together the day Pearl Harbor was bombed, when the immediate magnitude of the war supplies that were now necessary stared them both in the face. She didn't know Kip then.

Kip had appeared three months later, in March. Alec hadn't realized that Pamela would feel about Kip the way so many other girls did. He looked at the picture of Pamela now and read, "There's an impetus when a girl is engaged to a bombardier on foreign service."

Pam interrupted his thought. She pushed his door open, a copy of the magazine in her hand and her expression was one of acute dismay.

"Oh, you've seen this terrible thing!"

"You're certainly breaking into headlines, sister."

"But it's awful. I never have been so embarrassed!"

"It's not badly done. Pretty accurate. You must have given them the figures or else Salmon did."

"I helped. I took that reporter around. But it's so full of me—that's what's so horrible."

"You'll sell the magazine," said Alec. "Now don't come around bleeding me of flattery."

"Don't be mean. I really feel queer about it. That about Jerome Hayes saying we were good."

"He said you were good, as I read it. Well, if he didn't he'll probably sue."

"They shouldn't have quoted him. He'll hate it."

"I doubt it. He's used to publicity."

"The girls are all terribly excited, of course. They think it's grand."

"You like it too, don't you?"

SHE burst into a little honest laugh. "I don't know. Maybe, a little. If it doesn't get under Mr. Hayes' skin. I think I'll send a copy of it to Kip. It will tickle him and show him how I do him credit."

"It certainly spreads the word about you two."

"Well, it's no news."

"No, but now the world knows it."

"Who'd care, or be even interested, except people who know us?"

There were such people who were interested even without knowing Pam. One of them was Mrs. Jerome Hayes, who heard about the write-up first from a friend of hers whom she met at the hairdresser's.

The friend asked, "Wasn't that an elegant picture of Jerry in The Hour this week?"

"I didn't see it," said Julia Hayes.

"You haven't? It's wonderful. And a long piece about what he thinks of the working girl. His special pet is very pretty. Photogenic anyway."

"What pet?"

"Oh, nothing serious, Julia. Just a girl in a factory. And she's engaged, so don't worry about your spouse, Julia. It was just fun to see that Jerome seems to have begun to realize that women can do things too."

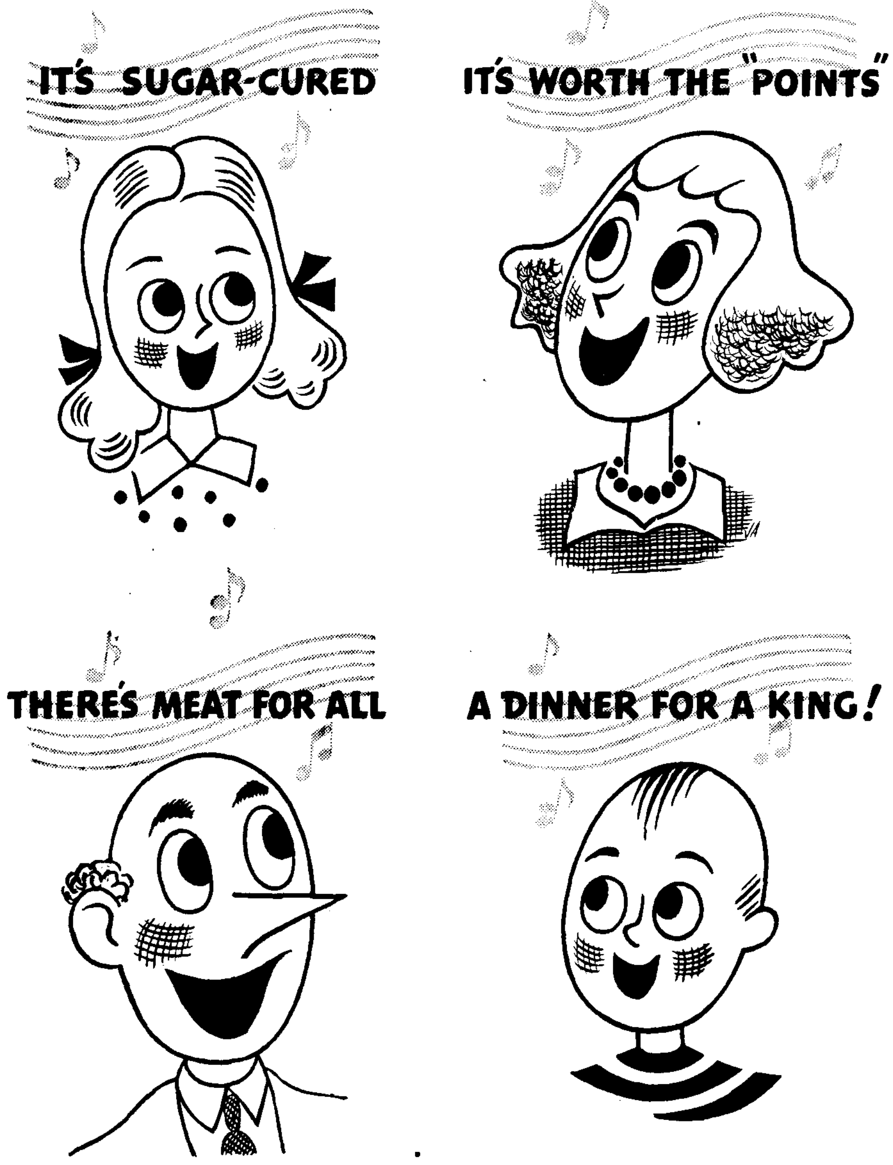
Julia Hayes had her hair done and her long nails enameled. Three coats of enamel made them brilliantly red, spectacular, useless. Then she went home and went into the library and lifted The Hour out of the pile of current magazines lying there, flipping the pages over.

She didn't have to turn far. There was a big picture of Jerome staring at her, looking energetic, determined, sure of himself. Looking fit, too. She knew that expression he was wearing and she knew other less-publicized ones.

Why did he have to single out one girl? She's very pretty, thought Julia, with a queer feeling of depression. She's quite young. And the man she is engaged to is away.

(To be continued next week)

When the Prem was opened
The four began to sing—



meat for 4

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TRY THIS: *Pan fry thin slices Prem. Serve with creamed eggs on toasted shredded wheat biscuits. Made this way: To 1½ cups seasoned medium white sauce add 2 sliced hard cooked eggs, 3 T. sweet pickle relish and ½ t. salt. Yield: 4 servings.*

Sound of Revelry

Continued from page 12

We got off a block from the apartment. It was one of those big, impressive buildings with a full admiral on duty at the door. We started for the elevator and he wanted to know who we were going to see. We said Major and Mrs. Hughes, and he gave us a look that could have meant anything, but certainly indicated that he had his doubts about the Hugheses being in on it. He made a gesture, and we stood there like a couple of dopes while he telephoned upstairs.

Then he said we could go up. He said it as though it hurt. I wanted to toss him a nickel for his trouble, but Judy stopped me. She thinks my sense of humor is heavy at times.

WE GOT off the elevator and stepped right into the Hughes foyer. Nothing else on that floor. Mrs. Hughes came to greet us, and I introduced Judy. Mrs. Hughes was a very gracious lady, about forty years old. Behind her was a short, stocky, well-built man in the uniform of a major of engineers. That was her husband. He gave me a good hard grip and led me into a little room that was piled high with men's coats and hats. He was treating me like a guest, not like a dancing teacher. I cottoned to him right away.

He took me into a cute little bar and mixed me a Scotch and plain water. He introduced me to a few other men who were standing around nursing drinks. He just said I was Mr. Harrison; he didn't say what I was. I always hate to be introduced to men as a dancing teacher. I suppose it's all right, but just the same, it has an effeminate sound.

I looked into the other room. Men and women were sitting and standing all over the place. A good many of the men were in uniform. Nice mixture. Several enlisted men and a few officers. That's how this war seemed to be: off duty, they were just good guys, and they knew one another's first names.

I saw Judy standing near the fireplace chatting with Mrs. Hughes and a couple of other women. She looked like she belonged there, and I found myself wondering if I'd ever be able to afford a layout like this—with her in it. Long as I've known Judy, she still does things to me. Maybe it's the gray eyes that turn green when she's angry; maybe it's the red hair. Maybe it's just Judy.

Something in a tight-fitting dress sailed into the bar. She said, "Steve!" in a loud voice that I didn't like, and almost knocked my drink out of my hand.

I said, "Hello, Babs." I had started to say "Miss Willard," but that wouldn't have been on the level. She had been Babs for a long time, and I wasn't putting on any act for the multitude.

This Babs Willard was an embarrassing person. For some reason she liked me—or said she did. Maybe it was because I played hard to get. Maybe because I really didn't like her. I don't mean that I disliked her, but I certainly didn't go for her. Drop her six rungs down the social ladder and you'd call her brazen. Being where she was—and backed up by plenty of money—she was called cute. She made an act of being flagrant. What she really needed was some big strong lad to slap her around.

She was slim and dark and vivid. She was fond of referring to herself as "the passionate type." Whether or not she was, I wouldn't be knowing. I didn't care for her, and I didn't care for the way she was trying to give the brush-off to the tall boy with the sandy hair who followed her into the bar.

She didn't pay any attention to this fellow. One of the men introduced him: "Mr. Harrison—Mr. Baylor . . ." and so forth. We shook hands. He was a pleasantly homely guy, and I liked him. I figured that he was nuts about Babs Willard and that there was nothing he could do about it. I was right—doubled in spades.

Mrs. Hughes waited until Judy and I had finished our drinks and then called the crowd together. She had the rugs rolled back from the polished floor of the huge living room, and there was a big phonograph in the corner. I walked to where Judy was standing and she said, "It was a shame to interrupt your party." I knew she was referring to Babs Willard.

I said, "Can I help it if I'm irresistible?" It wasn't very smart or original, but it was the best I could think of right then, and Judy couldn't answer because Mrs. Hughes was talking.

She told her guests who we were and why we were there. She did it the nice way, so that we sounded like big shots instead of hired help. She pulled a corny gag about it being fun for all and all for fun. Everybody laughed politely, and some of them thought it was good.

We started. They wanted some samba first, so we slipped a Brazilian record on the machine, and Judy and I showed them how it ought to be done. We did it the hard way, so they'd be impressed. Then we instructed them as a group. After that we tried a few individual partners. Finally we had 'em dancing with one another.

The samba didn't last very long. We went from that into a tango. Tango is a pushover for a man teacher, if the girl can dance at all. If he can sell her on the idea of letting herself go, he can make her look like a million dollars. I tried it first with Mrs. Hughes. The applause they gave her was genuine. Right away the females figured that I was a miracle man, Mrs. Hughes being no Pavlova.

After the tango, came some rumba. The conga is always saved for the last at a party like that. You can't ever get a crowd back to sane dancing after they've fed themselves a slice of conga. We did well with the rumba, though. Of course the way we dance it, it isn't Cuban rumba at all. But we like it because it gives every exhibitionist a chance to strut, and you'd be surprised how many exhibitionists there are in the average ballroom.

THEN came refreshments. Trays of neat little sandwiches which tasted as good as they looked. Coffee. Drinks—hard and soft.

I was tired. I knew Judy was, too. We'd both been teaching all day: Judy hadn't even had a break for dinner. I eased over to where she was standing and said, "Let's grab some fresh air on the terrace."

She said, "It's too cool."

"That's part of the scheme. We'll be alone."

She started to say No, and then I saw her eyes travel across the room to where Babs Willard was standing. She said, "With you in a second," and she was. We slipped through the glass door, closed it behind us, and started walking up and down. We were holding hands. Judy's hand was nice and warm. Maybe I've mentioned that I like Judy.

We were high up, higher than any of the other buildings around us. We looked across Central Park. It wasn't like it used to be, of course, on account of the dimout, but there's something about New York at night that gets me. I'm always wondering what's going on behind those windows which look like little yellow squares. Millions of 'em: millions of problems; millions of joys and sorrows. I'm a softy. Windows at night, in New York, bring it out, but good.

The house we were in was on a corner. We stood at the stone rail and looked down at the penthouse of the building next door. It was one story below us. There was a room we were looking down at—a living room, maybe; maybe a dining room. There was a light in it, but you couldn't see anything because the Venetian blinds were down. That dimout again, cheating me of my favorite pastime of peeking into windows.

We stood looking at that penthouse and all of a sudden Judy said, "I've been there."

I said, "You? How come?"

"That's where Jonathan Tate lives."

"No kidding? One man—alone—in a layout like that?"

She nodded. "He's nice, Steve. Really nice."

I knew what she meant. She might misunderstand about Babs Willard and me, but I never misunderstood about her and Jonathan Tate. She had told me the story too many times. Knowing the dance racket, it added up perfectly.

THIS Tate was about fifty years old. He evidently had plenty of money. According to Judy he lived alone, and she'd never met any of his friends. He had told her that he was a wholesale jeweler with an office on Maiden Lane. She said he had shelves of good books, a library of fine records, and one hobby—dancing.

Men get that way. He loved dancing, and yet he was one of those misfortunates who had been born with two left feet. He had met Judy at the studio, and I had seen him there, working like a truck horse trying to acquire rhythm. He never had a chance to become a dancer, but this much he did learn . . . he learned enough so that he could dance with Judy.

She was his teacher, see. She knew every mistake he was going to make before he made it. She knew how to lead him. She gave him confidence. And so months and months before, they had made a private, special arrangement.

Two nights a week he took her dancing. Evening dress and everything. Orchid or gardenia corsage for her. He'd never miss a dance, either—except maybe when they were eating. It seemed to be his only outside fun, his only companionship.

"He's the most perfect gentleman I've ever met," Judy told me once. "He knows he's hiring me. He knows I'm impressed by his wealth and his position. He knows I like him. But there's never been a pass, or even a suggestion of one. His conversation stays in the proper groove. I've gone to his apartment late and early, and nothing has ever been out of line. What I represent to him is the only person in the world with whom he can dance. It's pathetic, in a way . . . but nice."

So that was where Jonathan Tate lived. I looked down at the penthouse with fresh interest. Nothing personal in it. It had never occurred to me to doubt any portion of Judy's story. But then I lost interest in Tate. I had come out here to be alone with Judy, and I had ideas. I turned my back and lighted a cigarette.

I was facing the door leading into the Hughes penthouse. I saw it open, and I saw what was coming out. I grabbed Judy by the arm. "Duck," I said. "Here comes the bloodhound."

The terrace ran around three sides of the Hughes penthouse: north, west and south. I pulled her into the shadows on the south side. There was a structure there which held the machinery which helped to run the elevator. It was nice and dark in that corner. We could see the part of the terrace where we had been standing. We could see the terrace of Jonathan Tate's apartment, and the room where the Venetian blinds had been pulled down. We could see the park and the lights. We could see Babs Willard, but she couldn't see us. Nobody could see us. I was glad of that because it gave me a chance to put my arm around Judy. She stood for it, and that was a break.

Babs walked almost to the spot where we had been standing. She was looking for something. I think I could have guessed whom. She seemed puzzled. She had seen us leave the penthouse—or thought she had. She had followed us out. We weren't there. Magic. Or maybe she was wrong. Except that girls like Babs are never wrong.

She wasn't wearing a wrap. She looked up and down the terrace. She looked everywhere except toward the elevator shaft. And she couldn't have seen us even if she had looked there. Then she shrugged and turned around. She rested her elbows on the stone railing and stood staring down at Jonathan Tate's penthouse, one story below. She wasn't interested in Jonathan Tate. She wasn't interested in his penthouse. But she had to look somewhere, and that happened to be handy.

Judy and I were having fun. In a nice way. Not too nice—but nice. She was more responsive than usual. Maybe because Babs Willard was so close. That feeling of putting something over. Our battle of earlier in the evening was shelved for the moment. I hoped Babs would stay there a long time. She was having an effect on Judy, and I liked the effect.

I whispered, "How's your lipstick?"

She said, "Fine, thank you. How's yours?"

"I mean—is it kissproof?"

"Not yet. . . ."

I was feeling swell. Like a kid pulling something he shouldn't.

Then, all of a sudden, it came. It was very loud.

Judy jumped. She said, "Oh!" And then she gave a little giggle. "I'm silly," she whispered. "That was just an auto backfiring."

I was tense. I don't know why—but I was. I said, "That wasn't any backfire, Judy. That was a shot. In Jonathan Tate's apartment."

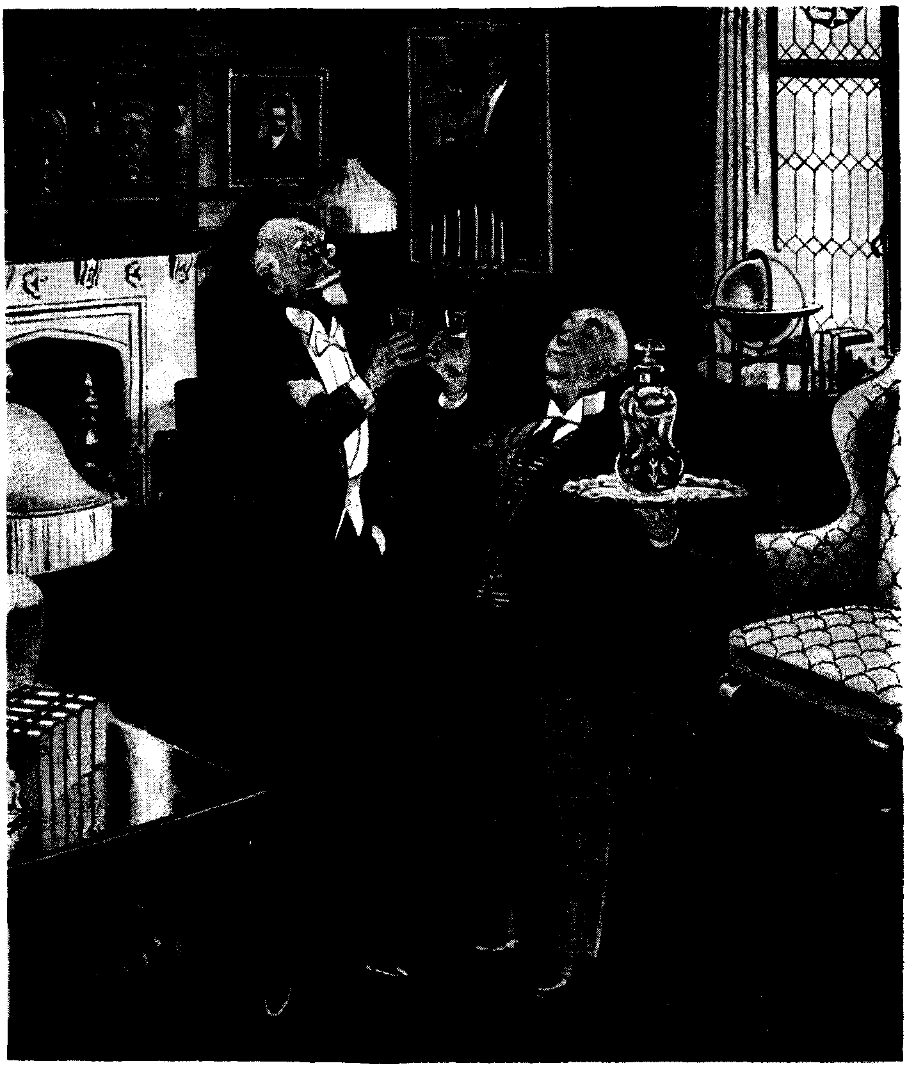
I TALKED confidently, as though I were an expert on the sound of revolver shots, when actually I don't believe I had ever heard one before. But something told me I was right, and I guess Judy thought so too, because she was trembling. She put her lips close to my ear and said, "Let's get away from here," but before we could move out of the shadows, something happened and I held her back.

Judy and I could see down onto the terrace of Jonathan Tate's apartment. It was pretty dark, except for the faint yellow glow which seeped through the Venetian blinds. But suddenly one of the windows opened. It was a long, French window which served as a door. Its opening cast a long, narrow rectangle of light across the tiles of the terrace, making a path of light which looked unusually bright because of the dimout blackness which had preceded.

A man walked out into that path of light. Judy and I could see him distinctly. He was about five foot ten, sturdily put together, and his hair was on the light side. He was wearing dinner clothes, the kind that looked expensive. He sauntered a few steps out onto the terrace, stopped, picked a cigarette out of his pocket and lighted it. The glow of his lighter gave me a brief, but clearer, glimpse of his face. He was a good-looking chap. I guessed he was about thirtyish.

He looked up and down the terrace. Then he glanced up to where we were standing. He couldn't see us, because we were still in the deep shadows. But he did see Babs Willard.

I thought he looked startled, but that was probably my imagination. Certainly nothing that he said or did furthered that impression. He took a few steps toward our end of the terrace and spoke directly to Babs. He said, "Did we frighten you?"



MANY MEN WHO OWNED BIG
MANSIONS USED TO SPEND TOO
MUCH MONEY FOR WHISKEY. BUT,
MISTER, TIMES ARE DIFFERENT!
MANY OF THESE MEN TODAY
MAKE NO SUCH
MISTAKE. THEY BUY
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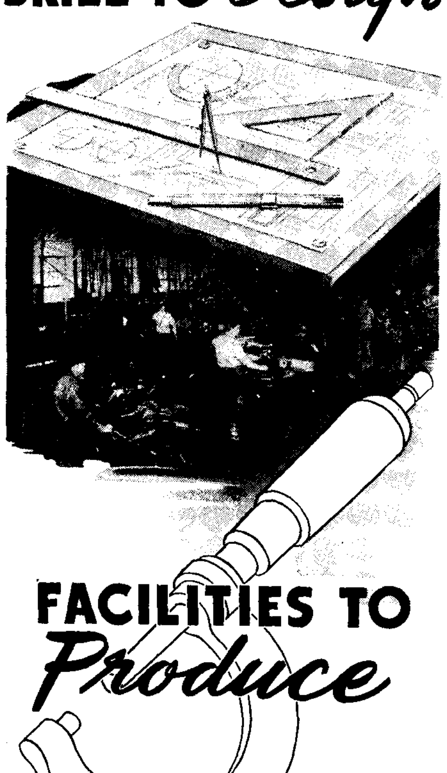

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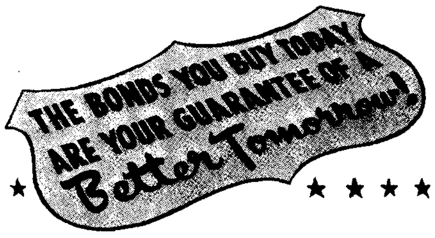
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ARE YOUR GUARANTEE OF A
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Babs said, "And how, you did. What was it?"

"I'm sorry." He was that kind, apologizing first and giving explanations second: "Same old story. The gun that wasn't loaded."

I whispered to Judy, "So it *was* a gun," and she said, "Ssssssh!"

"Wasn't loaded?" I could tell by the tone of Babs' voice that she had been shaken, too. "It made plenty of noise."

The stranger said suavely, "They have a habit of doing that. We were looking at it, and then . . ." He made a gesture. "Boom!"

I whispered, "Is that Tate?"

Judy said, "Don't be silly. Tate's fifty, at least."

Babs was pulling herself together. She said to the young man, "I almost jumped over the rail. You shouldn't play with guns."

"I know . . ." He faced the open French window and called out, "Claire" with a rising inflection.

Claire came out. I could see her plainly as she stepped across the sill, and she was something to see.

She was blond. But really blond. She had on one of those evening dresses you can't believe. You'd think it was part of her. She had the sort of figure young men dream about. Her voice had that husky, throaty quality which sticks in your memory. She said, "What's that, Bob?"

"We're frightening the neighbors." He pointed toward Babs with his cigarette.

The girl he called Claire looked up at Babs. She spoke calmly and pleasantly, "I'm sorry we annoyed you . . . but Bob had to show us something, and it went off."

Babs said, "Don't apologize. But it made a lot of noise, and I jumped half out of my skin."

THEY chatted back and forth for a minute: idle, polite talk that added up to less than nothing. Then Babs said good night and moved away. She walked along the west side of the terrace and disappeared around the angle of the penthouse. I figured she had gone to join the others inside.

I was getting chilly. So was Judy. We'd forgotten it for a few minutes. I said, "We may as well drift along," but Judy shook her head. She said, "I'll go first."

"Why?"

"It will look better. Why should we advertise the fact that we've been hiding in dark corners together?"

"I'm willing."

"Just the same, we aren't supposed to act like that."

"It isn't my fault," I said. "Blame it on biology."

The man called Bob and the woman called Claire were standing near the railing of the Tate terrace. Bob was finishing his cigarette, and he and the gorgeous female were chatting.

Judy squeezed my hand. "Stay where you are, like a good little boy, and give me a chance to get back inside."

"Right," I said.

She stepped out of the shadows and walked around the corner of the terrace. I waited, as she had asked me to do. Down below, the man and the woman walked back through the French window and closed it behind them.

About a minute later, I left the darkness near the elevator shaft and walked around the corner of the terrace. It was a long, wide affair, and it looked deserted. But it wasn't.

Just before I reached the doorway leading into the Hughes living room, somebody came around the north corner of the penthouse. It was Babs Willard. She walked to where I was, and took my hand. She said, "I've been looking for you."

I played innocent. "You haven't been looking very hard."

"Where were you?"

"Around yonder." I jerked my head toward the south end of the terrace.

She said, "It's prettier up this way. Let me show you the view."

I didn't want to see the view. I knew that Babs didn't, either. But an able-bodied man can't play coy. It isn't becoming. I walked to the other end of the terrace with her. We turned the corner and stood there. It was dark.

Babs said, "You don't like me, do you?"

"What gives you such a goofy idea?"

"It isn't goofy." She moved an inch closer. "Is it the redhead?"

"Judy? Where does she fit in?"

"That's what I want to know. Does she?"

"Not a bit of it. Judy and I are dancing partners, that's all."

"It's a good story, but I don't believe it."

"Why?"

"Because of the way she looks at me. She thinks I'm after you. She's right."

It was a stupid situation. I was flattered, but I felt silly. I said, "Let's don't play that way."

"Why not?"

"There's no particular reason. . . ."

She said, "I'm certainly not too unattractive. I like you. . . ."

"And I like you. Let's leave it like that."

"No dice. I'd rather leave it like this."

She put her arms around my neck. She pressed her lips against mine, hard; and held them there. She seemed to know what she wanted.

I could say I didn't like it, but I'm not a liar. Being kissed—that way—by a pretty girl, has a certain effect. I didn't ask for it, but since it was happening, there wasn't any sense kidding myself that it wasn't exciting.

She released me abruptly. She said, "Think that over, Steve. There's more where it came from."

She walked away. I waited until she had gone inside, and then I followed. I was feeling pretty good. I felt fine until I stepped into the living room.

Judy was standing near the door. The minute she looked at me, I could see that something was wrong. I could see that she was wise—and burning. I didn't get it until Major Hughes said, "The lipstick is becoming, but it isn't exactly your shade." He was laughing when he said it. He was a good guy. I turned away and rubbed my lips so hard I almost took the skin off. The major said, "It's gone. You may now face the world without shame."

The balance of the evening was not what you could call an outstanding success. Even the conga line which wound up the festivities wasn't anything to cheer about. Then the people started drifting. Mrs. Hughes didn't mention money. I liked that. I knew she'd mail us a check the next day. I got ready to go. I looked around for Judy. She wasn't there. Major Hughes told me she'd left a message. She had gone home.

Babs Willard showed up from somewhere. She had on one of those fluffy platinum fox jackets. She said, "You've been deserted. I'm taking you home."

I started to say "No," but then I changed my mind. I figured I'd been pushed around a lot, and I wasn't in the mood to say Uncle. If, when I tried to straighten things out with Judy, she was reasonable, why, I wouldn't have to mention that I'd let Babs drive me home. If she acted up, I could spring it. I was a little mad, too. This thing of convicting a man without giving him a chance to defend himself didn't sit well with me.

Babs' car was parked a few yards south of the apartment entrance. It was a long, low, nifty convertible, painted a light cream color. It was just the sort of car you'd expect Babs to have: rakish, bizarre, expensive. The top was up and we got inside, Babs taking the wheel. She started north and didn't turn at the corner. I said, "I live in the other direction."

"Yes, I know. But that's not the way we're going."

I said, "What's the idea, Babs? You've caused enough trouble already."

"I haven't caused half as much as I'd like to."

I said, "I don't want to go places."

"Okay. So we'll go places."

"Haven't you any pride?"

"Not a bit. When I want something, I go after it."

I tried to make it light, because I felt foolish.

"I hope," I said, "that your intentions are honorable."

"They're not," she answered calmly.

I said feebly, "Have it your own way. But I'm hard to get."

It wasn't a very brilliant remark, but it was the best I could cook up at the moment. All evening long, I'd felt absurd. I felt that way now. Whatever I said was wrong. If I didn't say anything, I knew I'd look like a little boy sulking. It was utterly ridiculous.

THE clock on the dashboard pointed to five minutes before two. We were moving north on Fifth Avenue, and getting fairly close to the end of the park at 110th Street. There wasn't much traffic, and what there was didn't interest me.

I didn't even notice the car that was moving along in the same direction, fairly close to our left rear fender. It wouldn't have meant anything if I had noticed.

When things happen, they happen suddenly. You can't really remember afterward, because you haven't gotten yourself set to remember. I wasn't thinking about outside trouble. I was feeling annoyed with myself for being sucked into this mess.

I didn't notice anything or hear anything until the shots sounded. I saw the other car alongside of us, and I saw two or three orange stabs in the night. The explosions came close together.

I heard a choking sound from Babs Willard. Our car swerved crazily, but I was too startled to do anything about it.

I heard the roar of a motor and I knew it was from the other car. It was moving away and moving fast.

I looked at Babs. There was blood on her face. Lots of blood. Her mouth was open. She slumped toward me, and without knowing how I knew it—I realized that she was dead.

And then I stopped thinking as we crashed into a lamppost.

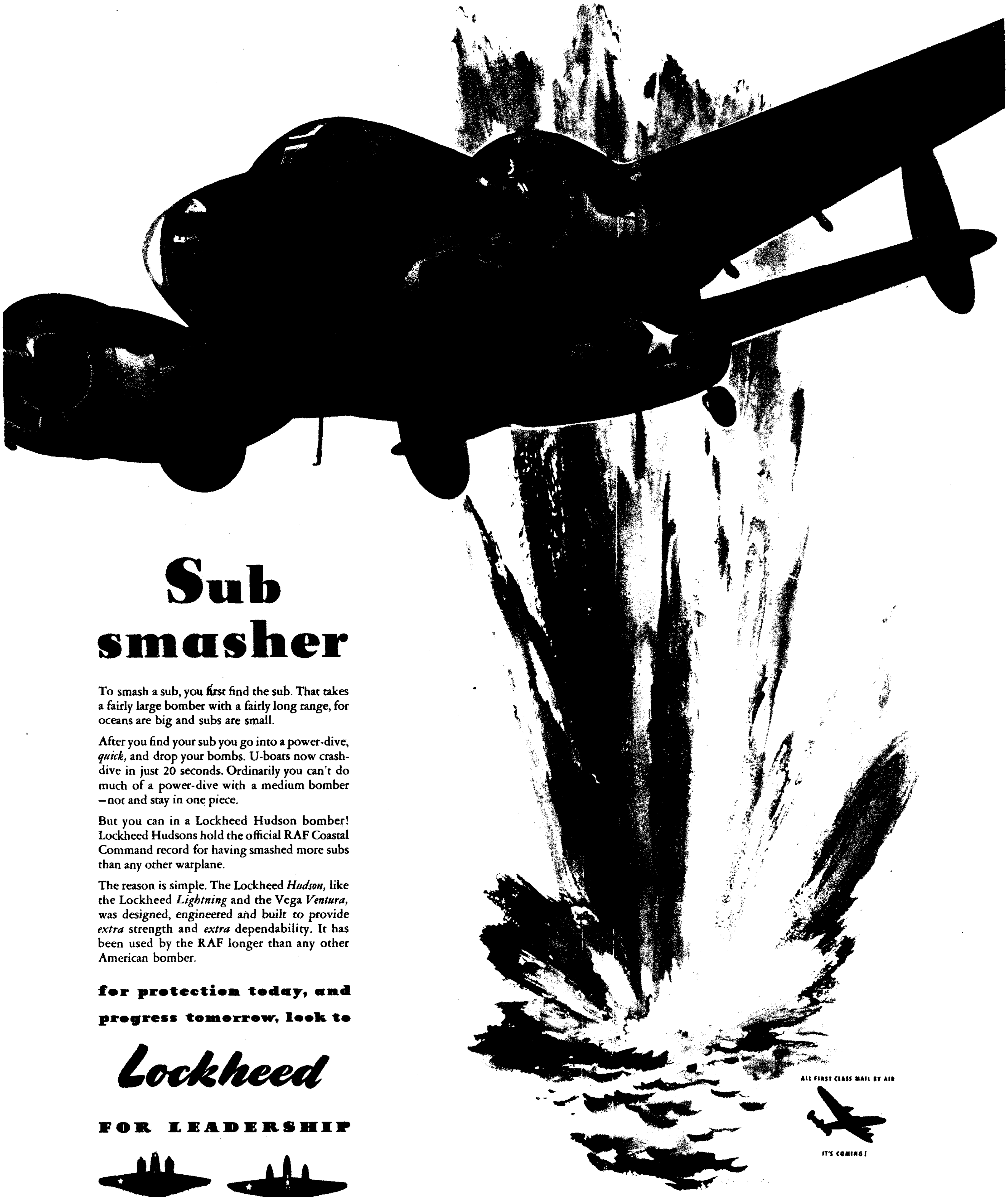
(To be continued next week)

While There's Life, etc.

The sun's iniquitously bold
To shine as gaily as of old.
The robin shows consummate gall
To sing his carefree song at all.
And apple blossoms, too, I see
Are lacking in sobriety,
While meadows, asterisked with clover,
All act as though the war were over.

Thus Mother Nature's bent on scorning
The sackcloth suitable for mourning,
And Easter hats likewise contrive
To frisk and smile and look alive.
My puppy and my little boy
Are bursting at their seams with joy,
And yet I don't intend to spank them.—
Indeed, I rather think I'll thank them.

MARGARET FISHBACK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Sub smasher

To smash a sub, you first find the sub. That takes a fairly large bomber with a fairly long range, for oceans are big and subs are small.

After you find your sub you go into a power-dive, *quick,* and drop your bombs. U-boats now crash-dive in just 20 seconds. Ordinarily you can't do much of a power-dive with a medium bomber—not and stay in one piece.

But you can in a Lockheed Hudson bomber! Lockheed Hudsons hold the official RAF Coastal Command record for having smashed more subs than any other warplane.

The reason is simple. The Lockheed *Hudson,* like the Lockheed *Lightning* and the Vega *Ventura,* was designed, engineered and built to provide *extra* strength and *extra* dependability. It has been used by the RAF longer than any other American bomber.

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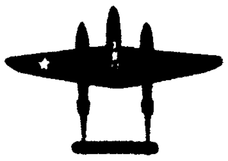
Vega Ventura
medium-range bomber



Lockheed P-38
Lightning fighter

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Meet "Lone Wolf" Jacobson, Ensign Harry Storts and others of the U. S. Coast Guard's immortal "sand-pounders." These boys get our invasion forces ashore

BEACH BOYS

By Frank D. Morris

PHOTOGRAPHS U. S. COAST GUARD

Uncle Sam's ferrying service—landing barges manned by the Coast Guard—carry load after load of American troops from the transports to the beaches of Guadalcanal

THE next time you hear that reassuring announcement, "The Marines have landed," it's safe to bet that Coast Guard surfmen landed them. The Coast Guard calls these surfmen "sand-pounders." Soldiers, sailors and Marines who have seen them in action call them wonderful. The Japs and Nazis who tried to stop them call them unprintable names.

A couple of years ago the sand-pounders had seldom been farther from home than the five-mile lonely beach beats they patrolled on the hoof day and night, watching for ships in trouble offshore and taking care of the trouble, from their surfboats, when they found it.

The sand-pounding was only incidental to their real job of handling boats in a sea, good or bad. It was usually a bad sea, of course, when they set out from shore to pick up the crew of a foundering vessel, so they had to know each breaker's personal habits intimately. They had to know just when to nose their surfboat through a collapsing wave, when to increase and decrease power, with oars or motor, just how far back to ride the crest of a sea so their cockleshell wouldn't "pitfall"—turn end over end—and spill its human cargo into shoal water. Years ago, a fear-calloused sand-pounder coined a grim slogan for his tribe: "You must go out, but you don't have to come back."

It was a hard, cruel school, but hundreds of its students have since graduated with high honors in such remote places as the Solomons and the North African coast. Now the Coast Guard surfmen slide their landing barges up on the beach and unload passengers—soldiers and Marines with full field packs on their backs.

A Landing in Morocco

Lieutenant Barney Scalan was in charge of one of these landing parties when it made a surprise early-morning visit to the coast of Morocco last November. His boat was stationed halfway between the transports and the beach, and Lieutenant Scalan was directing traffic. As each wave of landing barges approached, he told the coxswains which beach to head for and where to land their troops.

All the while, enemy shore batteries were shelling and machine-gunning the barges, and the men in Scalan's guide boat were returning the fire. It was well before dawn on a black night, and the shore batteries for a time had difficulty finding their targets until a powerful searchlight, mounted on top of a fortress on the beach, blazed on. Then the landing barges stood out like shooting-gallery ducks, and the marksmanship of the shore batteries improved accordingly.

Luckily the light didn't stay on long. Gun crews in Lieutenant Scalan's boat and other support boats concentrated their fire on the beacon and soon had doused it.

At dawn, Lieutenant Scalan's boat followed the other boats in. As it was being beached, a flight of low-flying enemy planes swept over in a strafing attack. The lieutenant and most of his men got ashore and under cover, but Chief Boatswain's Mate Lloyd Morris didn't quite make it. Seaman Bill Martini and another of Morris' shipmates saw him go down and, ignoring the strafers, they left their cover and waded out through the surf. Picking up the wounded, half-drowned Morris, they carried him ashore and up the bullet-pocked beach to a first-aid station which a doctor had set up in a shelter. The strafing was still going on, but their only interest was in getting their patient to safety.

After the planes had left, Lieutenant Scalan and his men returned to their barges and reported back to the transport. Later that day, they made another trip ashore and had just reached the beach when another wave of strafing planes opened up on them. Scalan spied a small towing tractor near by and crawled behind it. Two soldiers were there ahead of him, and the three of them huddled together until the planes had left. Then they came out and saw what the tractor was hitched to—a wagon loaded with ammunition.

Two of Lieutenant Scalan's men who had stayed behind to guard the landing barge were wounded. They were Boatswain's Mate Buckheit and Seaman Larue. There were no doctors on this part of the beach, so a couple of volunteers offered to take them back to the transport. Goldstein and Clark manned the landing barge and started out. On the way, Larue, the more seriously hit of the two, died, but a prompt operation on Buckheit as soon as he was carried aboard ship saved his life.

For the majority of these Coast Guard men, this was their first ocean voyage. Although they had years of sand-pounding behind them, their trips to sea were usually limited to the shore runs they made offshore in surfboats on rescue missions. There were Great Lakes men here, too, getting their baptism of salt water, and some of them on the way over had experienced something else for the first time—seasickness.

In peace or war, the Coast Guard carries out a hundred varied assignments. Two years ago, they took on another new job—manning landing barges. These newly developed boats were speedy and blunt-nosed, with a draft shallow enough to skim through shoal water and slide up high on a beach. Most of them were used to ferry troops ashore from their transports but others, tank lighters, were equipped with a ramp on the bow. When the tank lighters reached shore, the ramp was lowered, and baby tanks or jeeps rolled down it to the beach, ready for trouble.

Among the 500 Coast Guard surfmen detached from their sand-pounding beats just before Pearl Harbor and ordered to report to New River, North Carolina, was Vernon Suydam, a boatswain's mate from the Fire Island station off Long Island.

Suydam was an expert at making small boats behave in a surf. He could take a 26-footer out through choppy waters and bring it in all in one piece and occasionally he would skipper a 75-footer on offshore patrols. The work horse of the station, however, was the 36-foot motor lifeboat and this was approximately the size of the Higgins landing barge he had turned over to him in his new job.

Suydam was assigned to the U.S.S. Little, a World War I four-stacker destroyer. Two of her stacks and two boiler rooms had been removed, and the space saved was made into troop quarters for a company of Marines.

"Away landing force!" Countless times

Ens. Harry Storts' adventures, after an emergency landing in enemy territory, were crazier than a movie serial

Lt. Barney Scalan ferried troops from ship to shore in the North African invasion, under constant enemy strafing

Chief Bosun's Mate Vernon A. Suydam jumped off a disabled destroyer, swam 23 hours before reaching Guadalcanal

during those training months that word was passed. Then, last summer, the Little and her sisters left their training grounds and headed for the Southwest Pacific. Shortly after dawn on August 7th, Boatswain's Mate Suydam again heard that familiar order, "Away landing force!" and this time it wasn't practice. The Little was lying several miles off the coast of Tulagi, and all around her were dozens of transports and combat vessels.

"Shove off in the bow!" Suydam's boat was one of the first to get away with its load of Marine raiders and head for the beach. Overhead, bombing planes from the carriers were sweeping in to sound a premature reveille for the Japs while shellfire from cruisers and destroyers arched across the sky.

In a very few minutes, the Suydam landing barge was scraping the beach. Then its passengers splashed ashore, and the barge shoved off for another load. Suydam's boat made eight round trips that day. In succeeding days, he ferried in ammunition and supplies to the dockless shores of Tulagi and Guadalcanal.

A month later, however, his ferry service was interrupted. At one o'clock one morning, the Little and another destroyer, the Gregory, were heavily shelled by enemy cruisers.

"Abandon ship!" Suydam had barely reached topside after the General Quarters alarm sounded when a Japanese salvo carried away the Little's steering gear, and she began to circle around at full speed. With the half-dozen men in his deck gun crew, Suydam leaped over the side of the speeding ship, and the impact on hitting the water injured his back. He managed to stay afloat however and, finding one of the Little's officers badly wounded and floundering around with no life jacket, Suydam took him aboard his shoulder.

The seven men were huddled together in the water when a Japanese cruiser loomed up, and the machine guns killed everyone in the group except Suydam and the officer he was holding up.

After the cruiser had left, Suydam took a bearing by the stars and, still burdened with the unconscious officer, started to swim toward the shore of Guadalcanal. Six hours later, daylight showed him he was carrying a dead man, so the boatswain's mate then struck out alone. He was twenty-three hours in the water before he finally reached land at a deserted spot on the Guadalcanal coast. Injured, exhausted, he somehow managed a twenty-mile hike through a dense jungle and eventually dragged himself to Henderson Field, where he collapsed.

The Man Who Worked Alone

"Lone Wolf" Jacobson, a former sand-pounder from Mobile, Alabama, had only one complaint, a squawk that earned him his nickname; he insisted he couldn't do a good job unless he worked alone. Other people just got in his way. Watching the Lone Wolf take a boatload of supplies from ship to shore was a clinical study in individualism. Usually three men were needed to man one of these boats, but Jacobson, the minute he had taken on his load, personally cast off the lines from his parent ship, started the engine and took his place at the wheel. He was on his own.

As the boat neared the beach, he hurried forward to let down the landing ramp, then went back to the wheel, throttled down the engine and eased his boat up on the sand. When the unloading was finished, he threw the power into reverse, ran forward to crank the ramp up and, still on the gallop, again manned the helm and returned for another load. Paul McNutt, our manpower economist, would have loved seeing it.

The Coast Guard is no stranger to casualties—heavy casualties. During the last war, this service lost more men proportionately than the Army, Navy or Marine Corps. Its ships, operating continually in the danger areas, also sustained heavy losses. So far in this war, losses in the Coast Guard's relatively small fleet of ocean-going vessels have been three, the cutter Alexander Hamilton and two others, the Acacia and the Muskegat.

The Coast Guard has so many duties it would take the space of a mail-order catalogue to record them adequately. So we'll skip over the convoy escorting, the capture of an enemy vessel (first naval capture of the war) off the coast of Greenland, and the subsequent destruction of a Nazi shore radio station on that island, the daring rescues by its aviators of plane crews downed at sea and marooned on an icecap in Labrador, the capture of Nazi spies landed by a submarine on the Long Island coast, the evacuation of women and children from Singapore on the Coast Guard-manned Wakefield while Jap bombers turned on a deluge of death—and a thousand other examples of bravery.

Coast Guard sand-pounders were in the thick of it during the invasion of North Africa. Ensign Harry Storts was in charge of a tank lighter which was heading for the beach when a Messerschmitt swooped down and strafed it, killing one man and riddling the lighter's hull. Although the boat filled with water, its occupants made an emergency landing some miles from the place chosen, but in enemy territory.

The Bullet-Riddled Helmet

Storts got his men ashore and left them digging into foxholes while he and a radioman took a portable radio sender to the top of a hill to set it up and establish contact with their ship. While they were working, Storts took off his steel helmet and placed it on top of the radio. Just then, a flight of enemy planes appeared and began to strafe them, apparently trying to knock out the radio. With no time to run for cover, Storts rolled down the hill and landed in a clump of bushes at the bottom. After the planes had passed, he returned to the hilltop to find his radioman dead and the helmet still sitting on the radio set with four machine-gun bullet holes in it.

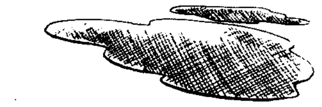
At half-hour intervals for the rest of the day, the enemy planes returned to strafe the landing party. After dark, Storts took four of his men and started out for help. They walked all night and through the next day, finally reaching an Army command post. A force of soldiers from the post was sent back to relieve the men isolated on the beach, and Storts went along to guide them.

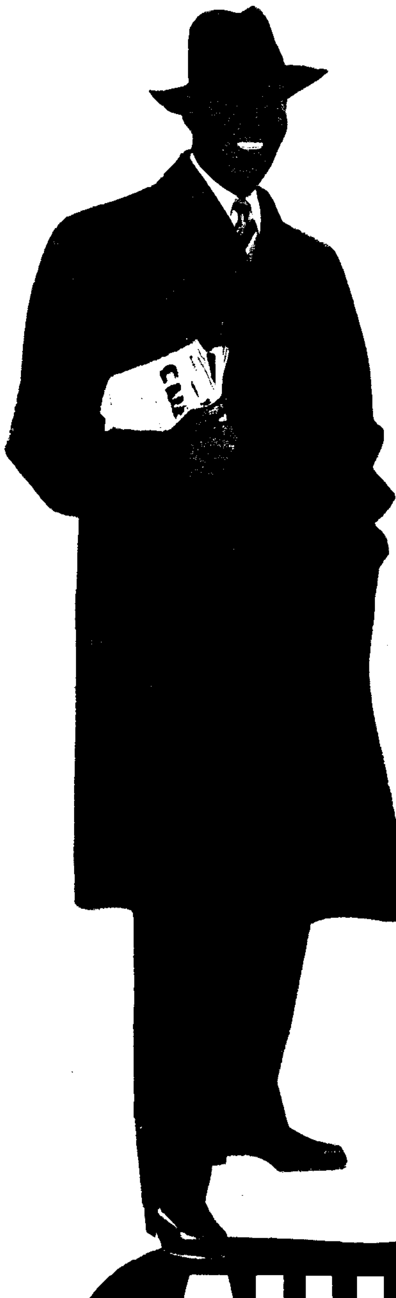
On the way, they surprised a detachment of French soldiers eating breakfast and took them prisoners. Some time later, Storts and his motley band were ambushed by native enemy troops, who opened fire on them, killing eight of the French prisoners and several of Storts' men. The rest of them were wounded and taken prisoner by the natives. Storts was placed in the back of an armored truck carrying an anti-aircraft gun and crew, and the truck started for a near-by town, Raliat, where he was to be imprisoned.

Before they had gone very far, low-flying American planes machine-gunned the truck, wiping out the gun crew and setting the truck afire. Storts and the driver, the only survivors, were taken the rest of the way in another truck. He was released the next day when news came through that Casablanca had fallen and the French had stopped fighting. Storts started back to his ship and exactly four days after the start of his wacky expedition he reported aboard, startling his commanding officer who had given him up for lost.

Ensign Storts has given the lie to that slogan of the Coast Guard sand-pounders: "You must go out, but you don't have to come back."

THE END





WALKING MORE

than ever before?

WEAR AN ALLIGATOR

and let it pour!

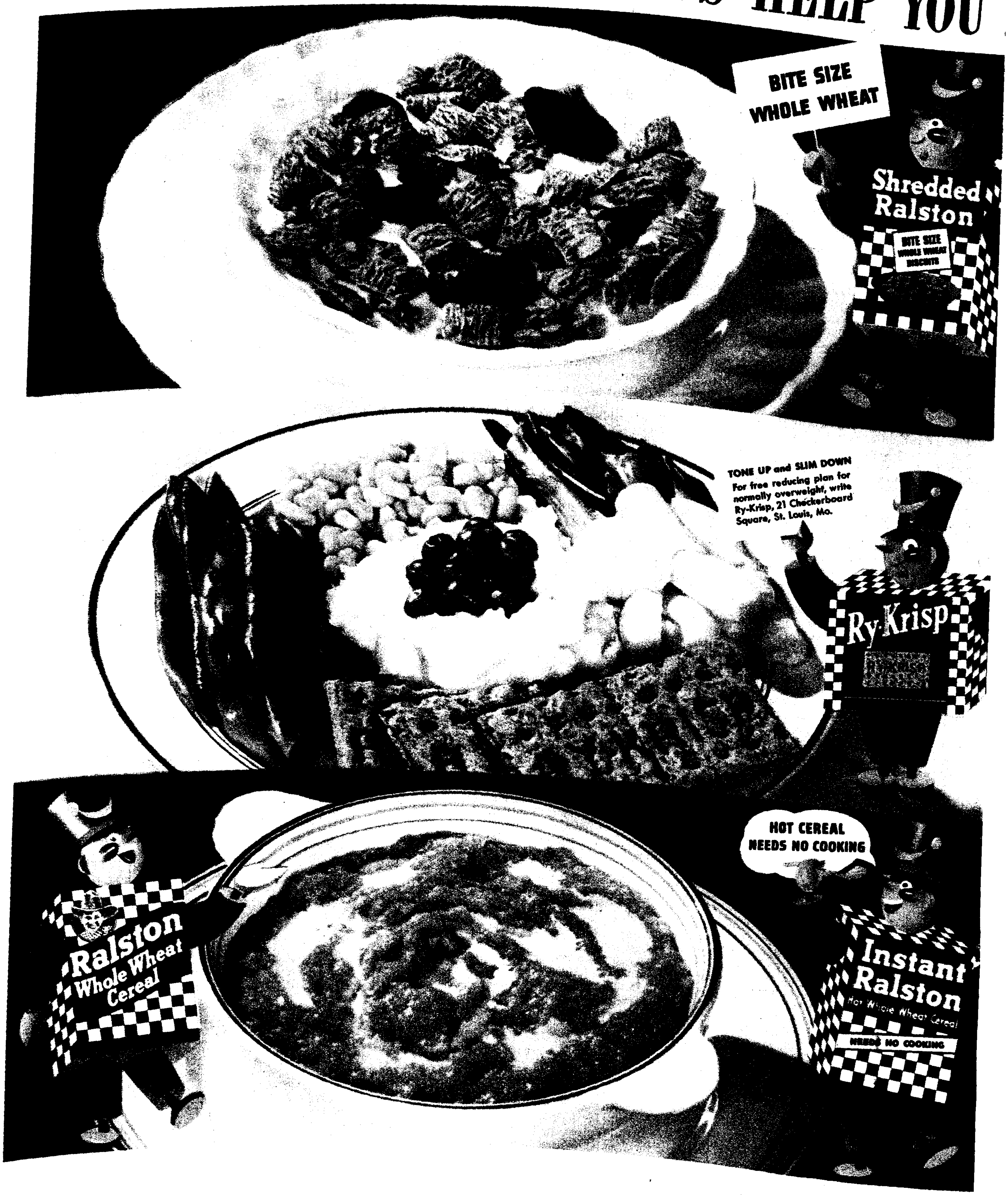
Today—more outdoor walking for all of us! But Alligator owners needn't worry. Your wisdom in selecting the most dependable of raincoats pays real dividends! You'll stay smart, dry, healthy in all kinds of weather. If you haven't an Alligator Raincoat, see your dealer today, as limited stocks are available.

Featured At Better Dealers Everywhere

ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR
because... IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles

THESE WHOLE GRAIN FOODS HELP YOU


BITE SIZE WHOLE WHEAT
Shredded Ralston
BITE SIZE WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS
Ry-Krisp
HOT CEREAL NEEDS NO COOKING
Ralston Whole Wheat Cereal
Instant Ralston
Hot Whole Wheat Cereal
NEEDS NO COOKING

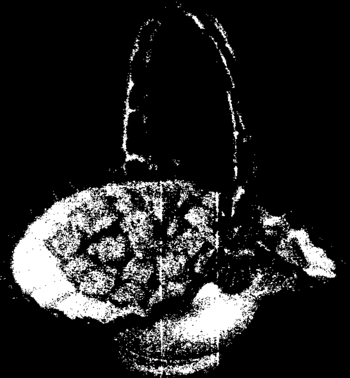
TONE UP and SLIM DOWN
For free reducing plan for normally overweight, write Ry-Krisp, 21 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

TO HELP THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE

THIS SHREDDED RALSTON BREAKFAST GIVES YOU ENERGY GALORE

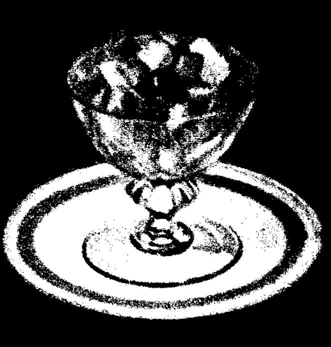
Made from natural whole wheat, these crisp, toasty biscuits supply an abundance of energy to help you stay on the job. Energy . . . and a hearty, tantalizing flavor that has made this bite size cereal a big favorite throughout the land. Enjoy Shredded Ralston with milk and fruit for breakfast and supper. Butter and salt it—like nuts—and eat it between meals to boost energy. Try it, too, in the other tempting ways suggested here.

WHOLE GRAIN FOODS ARE PLENTIFUL



DELICIOUS SUGARLESS CANDY

Honey-glazed Shredded Ralston: Put 2 cups Shredded Ralston in pan over medium heat. Cover with mixture of ¼ cup strained honey, 1 tsp. grated lemon or orange rind. Fold over gently until glazed—about 3 minutes.



SHREDDED RALSTON BETTY

Mix ⅓ cup melted butter ⅓ cup sugar, 3 cups Shredded Ralston, ⅛ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. grated lemon rind. Put in greased baking dish with 1¼ cups diced fruit. Add ¾ cup fruit juice or corn syrup and water. Bake 35 min. at 375° F. Serve warm or cold. Serves 6.

RY-KRISP 100% WHOLE GRAIN BREAD HELPS KEEP YOU TONED UP

This tempting every-meal bread combines the enticing flavor of rye with the nutritional goodness of whole grains. Baked into crisp ready-to-eat slices, Ry-Krisp serves as bread, toast, crackers. Convenient. Delicious. Remember, Ry-Krisp helps keep you toned up because it has the minerals and almost all the vitamin B_1 of whole rye, provides bulk to aid regularity. Popular in reducing diets because each wafer has only about 23 calories.

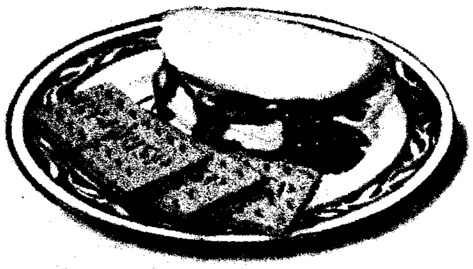
WHOLE GRAIN FOODS ARE NOURISHING

BRIGHT IDEA FOR DESSERT

Wedges of American and cream cheese topped with strawberry preserves and served with toasted Ry-Krisp. The crispness and tangy rye flavor of Ry-Krisp make it an ideal companion for cheese.

GRAND MEATLESS LUNCH

Omelet folded over hot buttered green beans and tomato sauce—served with toasted Ry-Krisp. Ry-Krisp is a whole grain bread baked into crisp ready-to-eat slices; eggs are an ideal alternate for meat; green beans supply vitamin A; tomatoes, A and C.



INSTANT RALSTON NEEDS NO COOKING, HELPS AVOID FATIGUE, WAR NERVES

Delicious hot cereal—saves time, fuel. Just stir into boiling water or milk and serve! Made from whole wheat with wheat germ added, Instant Ralston is rich in energy, protein, whole wheat minerals; *extra*-rich in vitamin B_1 needed to release energy, steady the nerves, help keep you going. Ralston Whole Wheat Cereal is like Instant Ralston except it cooks in 5 minutes. Count on these cereals for many nutrients once supplied by foods now rationed.

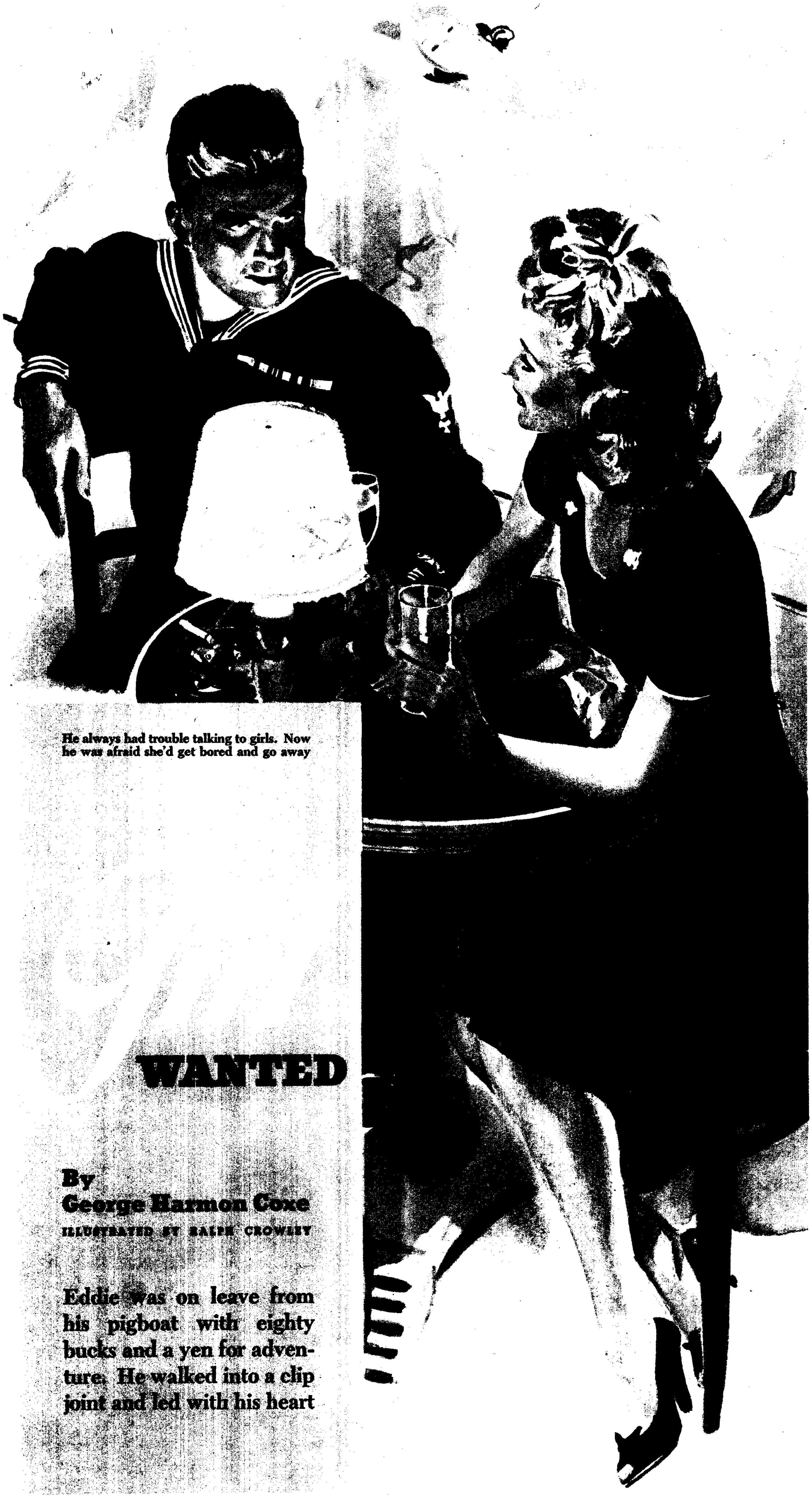
BUY THEM IN THE CHECKERBOARD PACKAGE

RALSTON MEAT-STRETCHER

Mix together thoroughly 1 lb. hamburger, 3 tbsp. finely chopped onion, [illegible] tsp. salt, [illegible] tsp. pepper, [illegible] cup Instant Ralston and [illegible] cup milk. Shape into 12 small patties. Cook slowly in hot fat, turning to brown on both sides.

EASY THRIFTY MEAT LOAF

Mix [illegible] lbs. ground beef, [illegible] cup finely cut onion, [illegible] tsp. salt, [illegible] tsp. pepper, [illegible] tsp. Worcestershire sauce, [illegible] cup Ralston Wheat Cereal, 1 beaten egg, [illegible] cup milk. Shape into loaf; dot with shortening. Bake 1 hr. at 350° F. Serves 6.



He always had trouble talking to girls. Now he was afraid she'd get bored and go away

WANTED

By George Harmon Coxe

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CROWLEY

Eddie was on leave from his pigboat with eighty bucks and a yen for adventure. He walked into a clip joint and led with his heart

EVER since the train sped across the Harlem River, the excitement had been building up in Eddie. It was good to be here in Grand Central and feel that you were part of the life and movement that flowed and eddied across the marble floor.

He watched the crowd delightedly until he saw that the clock said it was ten after seven; then he ran lightly up the stairs, a tallish, straight-backed boy, quite slender in his Navy blues, with a friendly glance and a touch of rust in his blond hair.

Dusk was rubbing the edges of Times Square when he arrived there via Forty-third Street. He felt a thrust of loneliness. But he was excited too, and let himself be carried northward to the next corner, where he turned right to look for a hotel that would not be too expensive. He found two facing each other across the street, narrow-fronted, gray buildings, weather-stained and drab-looking. He ducked into the one on his side without knowing its name.

There was a small lobby with red upholstered chairs and pillars and a thin red carpet. When he went up to the desk to ask about rates, a clerk came from behind a grilled window and surveyed him disinterestedly. "I can let you have something for two and a half," he said.

Eddie said that would be fine and wrote, *Edward Grant, Centerville, Iowa,* on the registration blank.

The room was swell. There was a bath, and by squinting between two buildings he could even see a thin slice of the Hudson River from his window. He hung up his things and washed and then he counted his money in his wallet. Eighty dollars, not counting the folded twenty-dollar bill he had tucked away in his kit for emergency money.

Eighty dollars and a week to do what he wanted. It was wonderful. Just being here in this room. He'd never stayed overnight in a hotel in his life; he'd never been in New York alone either.

He had dinner in a place on Seventh Avenue, sharing a table with a fat man with glasses and a folded newspaper. It was real dark when he came out and the Square was dark too. He let the crowd carry him along to Forty-second, crossed over and started north. There were lines in front of the ticket booths of all the movie houses, but he finally picked one he hadn't seen and eventually got in. The picture was swell and it made him forget he was alone until he came out on the street again.

The crowd was just as big as ever. There were a lot of sailors and soldiers too, but seldom alone. It was the same with the girls. Always in pairs, or with a fellow; talking, laughing, gay girls, some pretty and some plain but always with someone. Seeing them, a curious hollowness grew inside where the warm glow had been before and he knew finally that what he felt was loneliness, the one thing he had come to escape.

He moved a short distance down a side street to get out of the crowd and stood on the curb to light a cigarette. There were always, he knew, the dime-a-dance palaces. He had been to one with his pal Turk and it had been fun, but now it was different. There would be girls to dance with but that was not what he wanted. It had to be something more personal, more intimate. . . .

"Hello, honey."

He hadn't heard the woman come and it startled him to find her at his side.

"Hello," he said, not understanding yet.

"Lonesome?"

And then some light reflected on her thin, heavily made-up face, and he knew, and his face was suddenly hot with shame and embarrassment. She smiled and it was a friendly smile too, and though he knew what he had to do he hesitated because it was hard to be unkind. She misunderstood his hesitancy and slipped her hand inside his arm.

"Why don't we go down to my place?" she said. "We could talk and—"

"No," Eddie said, trying gently to disengage her hand. "I-I've got a date, Miss. I'm sorry but I—"

He did not finish. He saw her glance dart beyond him and then her hand was snatched away and she turned. Before she could take more than a step a gruff deep voice said, "Okay, Esther, let's take a walk."

The uniformed policeman had moved up behind them and now, as he spoke, he reached out and took the woman's arm.

"Let go," she said. "Let me go."

"Cut it out," the cop said. "I warned you once before tonight and this time—"

"Wait a minute," Eddie said. He felt a little sick and his legs began to shake. "She hasn't done anything wrong."

"No?" the cop said.

"I stopped her. I asked her if she could tell me where was a good place to get a drink and listen to some music."

For an interminable moment *(Continued on page 52)*

G-E Wartime Lighting Suggestions . . .

① **Clean** your way to more light. Rub a damp, soapy rag over the G-E MAZDA lamp bulbs (unlighted) and reflector bowl of reading lamps, and you'll add 25% to 30% to your light.

② **Keep** shade linings light. Brush silk shades frequently. Repaint the inside of parchment shades or reline 'em with white paper. You'll get more light to help you see better.

③ **Turn** off lamps you are not using. This simple flip of the wrist will make your G-E MAZDA lamp bulbs last longer, thus helping to conserve critical materials used in lamps.

④ **Let** two read by the light of one. Arrange your lamps and furniture so each lamp can, if necessary, serve two or more people. You'll conserve light and sight.

⑤ **Move** your lamp nearer and get more help from it. A few inches farther away may mean 50% less light. But be sure shades are deep enough to shield eyes from direct glare.

⑥ **Have** your eyes examined by a competent eyesight specialist. While good light does make seeing decidedly easier, it does not correct eye defects.

G·E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GE MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

To the man who has to miss his FISHING TRIP this year

1 ***We Didn't Put This Picture in Here*** to make you feel any worse about gas rationing and the fact that we all should stay at home these days. After all, there's some consolation in re-living the fishing trips you have enjoyed. But you can do a lot better than that. For instance . . .

2 ***You can Relax and get all the Sunshine,*** fresh air and exercise of a fishing trip right in your own back yard. Just start a Victory Garden. It's a real vacation. Raising food will help to win this war, and you don't need a ration book to get the vegetables you grow yourself.

3 ***You've Got a Date With a Dream . . .*** a dream of 1,000-mile trips in a day, 500 miles in a morning, fishing all those far off spots you've always wanted to . . . places you couldn't get to even once a year.

That's what you'll be doing . . . cruising all over the country in your own Family Car of the Air. And it will be as easy and natural to fly your Cessna as driving an automobile ever was.

Yes, dream about it. But it's no dream. It's real. Today, of course, we're busy day and night building planes for Uncle Sam. But the Family Car of the Air, the airplane *that you can buy and fly,* is ready to be built for you by Cessna as soon as peace is won.

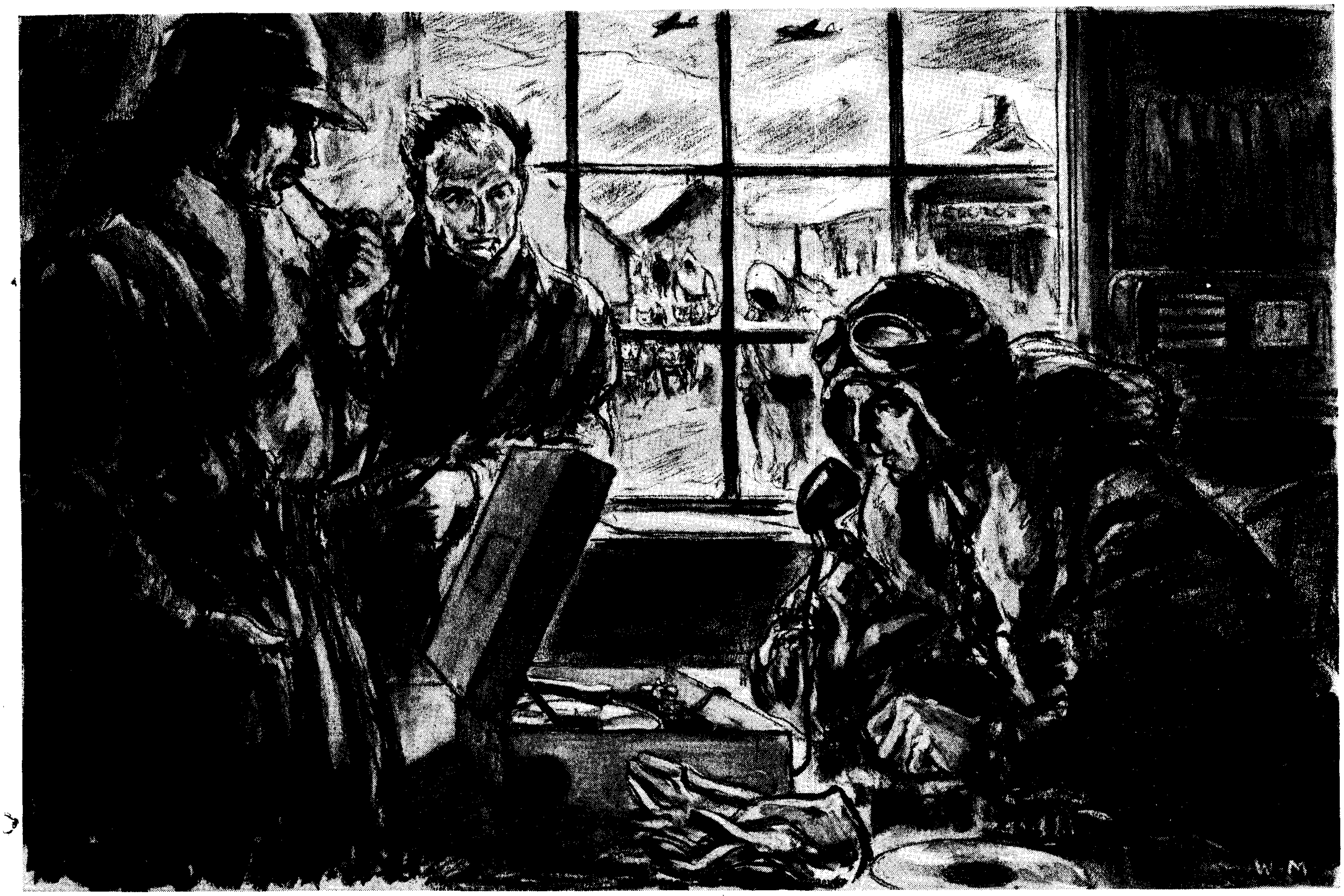
COPR. 1943, CESSNA AIRCRAFT CO.

Cessna

Priority Delivery by Buying War Bonds Now . . . Be one of the first to own a Cessna Family Car of the Air after the war. Orders are bound to exceed production. But you can get a preferred listing for early postwar delivery. No obligation to buy. Costs you nothing. Write us today for the simple priority plan. CESSNA AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Box 1616-C, Wichita, Kansas.

ARMY E NAVY

★ ★ ★ SYMBOL OF AIRCRAFTSMANSHIP FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS



One Thing in Common

By Corey Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

I RAN into Joe Stolnick on the street yesterday and right away I thought of Ted Martin. That seems funny because there's really nothing in common between them at all. In fact, you couldn't find two people with less in common. They never met each other, they never even saw each other; but while I was talking to Joe I kept thinking of Ted and I kept hearing Ted's voice.

Even now, I'm not sure which one of them this story is about. Maybe it's two different stories. Joe Stolnick is a defense worker in Bridgeport today, making airplane parts; and the last time I saw Ted he was flying with the Air Forces way up in Alaska, halfway around the globe from Joe. He was flying the kind of airplane that Joe is making parts for; but that doesn't mean they ever heard of each other, naturally.

Joe's maybe twenty-seven, twenty-eight; Ted was only twenty-five when I knew him, though actually he looked older than Joe. You get old in a hurry, flying in Alaska. Joe, of course, is just the opposite type—big and slow and easygoing, without a nerve in his body. He used to work in a garage in Bridgeport before he got this job in the airplane plant, and he has a wife Rose and a son Joe, Jr., three years old, on whom he thinks the sun rises and sets.

He used to carry a picture of Joe, Jr., around in his pocket all the time, and whenever I'd stop at the garage he'd take it out and hold it gingerly in his greasy fingers. "He's quite a kid, a'ready he can lick his old man. Last night he gimme a punch in the stummick it like to knock me cold. He's gonna be a boxer when he grows up."

I saw Joe yesterday after I got back from Alaska. I was walking to the station, and he stopped and gave me a lift in his car. He had a big car with brand-new tires and he was smoking a big cigar, and his wife and son were all dressed up and sitting in the front seat beside him. I was a little surprised to see him driving around in the middle of the morning. "Aren't you working today, Joe?"

"It's the kid's birthday," he said. "I'm driving him up to the country to his grammother's. It's his birthday."

The kid was just three years old today, Joe said; he kept telling me about the kid, but somehow all the time he was talking, I was thinking of Ted, and I could hear Ted talking to his own son: "Well, son, you're growing up pretty fast, you'll be a man before your mother, so I thought on your birthday today we ought to have this little talk together. . . ."

I was glad to see Joe was doing so well. He has a good job at the airplane plant, he told me; he was averaging ninety bucks a week, that was better than thirty bucks he was making before the war. This way, he was helping win the war, he said, and he wouldn't get drafted, and he could earn a good living and buy clothes and things for the kid. He let out a cloud of cigar smoke contentedly, and Rose said, "Roll that window down, Joe, you want the kid to get carsick?"

"He's all right!" Joe grinned, rolling down the window. "Maybe he'd like a cigar himself. Here, kid, have a cigar?"

You could see his son meant a lot to Joe. That was why he was taking the day off, he explained to me, so he could be with the kid. He never got a chance to be with the kid, just Sundays. Nights, by the time he got home from the factory, the kid was going to bed. Now the kid was three years old; he didn't want the kid to grow up and not even know his old man. He could afford to take the day off; he was making plenty of money.

I asked, "Won't they say anything, your not coming in today?"

"What can they say?" He shrugged. "Everybody else takes a couple of days off now and then, to sober up or else go to a ball game or something. I guess I got a right to be taking a day off to be with my own kid on his birthday. One day don't make any difference." He reached in his pocket and handed the kid a piece of candy. "He's quite a kid for three, don't you think?"

I could hear Ted's voice, the way I heard it in Alaska, a couple of weeks ago, talking to his son. "Be a good boy, son. Take care of Mamma"

"Don't give him any more," Rose said, "he on'y throws it on the floor."

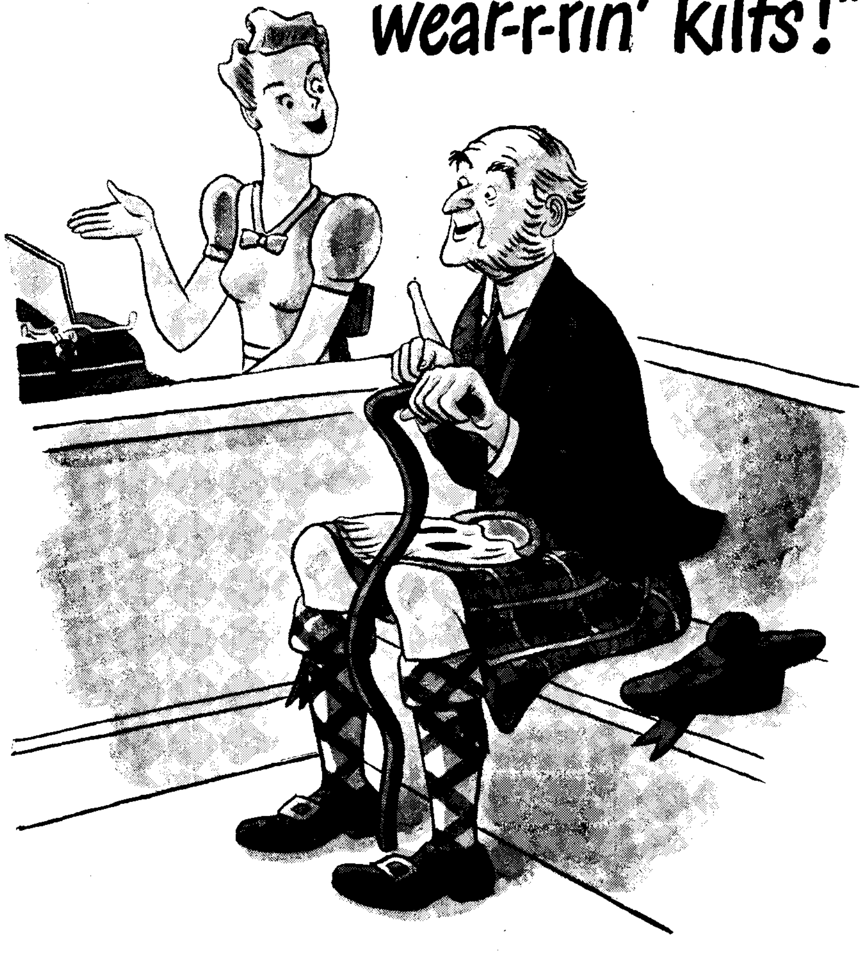
"He's gonna be a baseball player when he grows up," Joe said. "He's got a great pitching arm. Hey, kid, you gonna grow up and be Joe DiMag someday?"

I got out at the station and stood there and watched him drive away, and all the time I kept thinking of Ted. I could hear Ted's voice, the way I heard it in Anchorage, Alaska, a couple of weeks ago, talking to his own son: ". . . and you'll grow up, Teddy, and maybe you'll have a son of your own, and I hope he means as much to you as my son means to me. And I hope when you grow up, there won't be a war, and you can be with your son, instead of way off here in Alaska somewhere. I've never seen you, son. You were born after I came up here. But I hope I'll be home someday. . . ." There was a long silence, and we could hear the steady scratching of the needle, and then Ted's voice said very quickly, "Be a good boy, son, take care of Mamma . . ." just as the record ended.

The man in the phonograph store in Anchorage asked us what to do with the record. Ted had come in and made the record just before he left for the Aleutians, and the man wanted to know what he should do with it, now that Ted wasn't coming back.

We never found out what happened to Ted. His plane crashed against a mountain in the fog; that was all. He was a good pilot, but of course they had to fly any old crate they could lay their hands on. There weren't enough planes. Production back home had been a little slow. . . .

We paid the man in the store for the record and we mailed it back home to Ted's son. We thought that was what he would have wanted. That was one thing Ted had in common with Joe Stolnick: His son meant a lot to him, too.



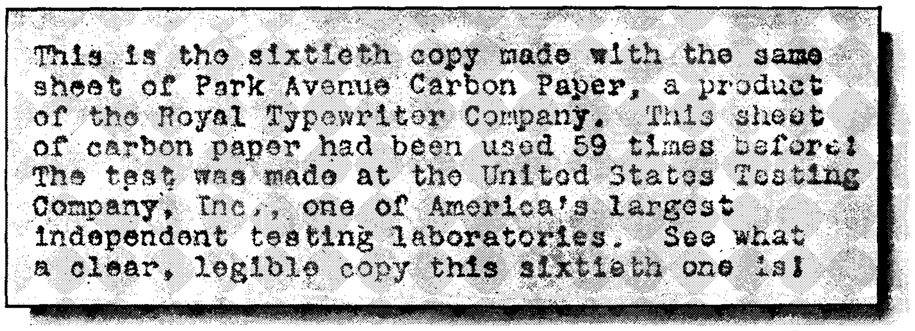
"Lassie—ye should be wear-r-rin' kilts!"

ANGUS: *I've been watchin' ye, gur-rl, and I'm impressed by yer frugal ways. 'Tis the thur-rty-sivinth time today ye've used the same piece of car-rbon paper.*

TYPIST: That's nothing at all. I generally use the same carbon as many as *sixty* times!

ANGUS: *A lassie after me own hear-rt. No matter if the copies look fuzzy and hard to read, as long as yer economical!*

TYPIST: Nonsense! My copies are *never* hard to read! I use Roytype's Park Avenue Carbon Paper. It's made by the Royal Typewriter Company and one sheet of it can be used up to sixty times cleanly and clearly. Here, look at this test copy . . .



This is the sixtieth copy made with the same sheet of Park Avenue Carbon Paper, a product of the Royal Typewriter Company. This sheet of carbon paper had been used 59 times before! The test was made at the United States Testing Company, Inc., one of America's largest independent testing laboratories. See what a clear, legible copy this sixtieth one is!

Laboratory test No. 36092-NY, issued October 6, 1942

ANGUS: *Can these auld eyes be deceivin' me? It must be a trick I dinna ken!*

TYPIST: No trick at all! You see, Park Avenue is *deep-inked* by a special process that soaks the ink right down into the paper. And notice Park Avenue's extension edge . . . it lets you reverse the sheet, top to bottom, so that all the areas of the paper can be used.

ANGUS: *Ah! Yer a tr-rue Macleod! Tomor-r-row, I expect ye'll be wear-r-r-in' kilts to the office!*

Complete line of carbon papers

THERE ARE MANY different carbon papers in the Roytype* line, made by the Royal Typewriter Company. One of these . . . it may be Park Avenue, or it may be another . . . will exactly fit your needs, depending on the particular type of work done in your office. Your local Royal Typewriter Representative will gladly show you the whole price range of Roytype carbon papers and help you choose the weight, finish, and quality best suited to your requirements.

ROYTYPE
Carbon Papers and Ribbons
made by the
ROYAL
TYPEWRITER COMPANY

*Trade-Mark Registered U. S. Pat. Off.,
Copyright 1943, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.

Born Lucky

Continued from page 16

"That's what's worrying me," he says. "You'll be too easy pickin's." He goes round and lifts up Bessie's near hind, and studies it careful, till the veins in his head get all curly and full.

"Okay," I says. "I'm a hick. Maybe I'm just a rube that never went further from home than Portland, but I wasn't born yesterday."

He said it seemed like yesterday to him.

"Why," I says, "everybody knows Edie Tuttle had her hooks in me last winter, but did she get me? No. I guess if I can handle Edie, there's not a girl in Rockingham County I can't handle."

"Well, I ain't talking about Rockingham County," he says. "I'm talking about foreigners. They're different. They get round a man. They got ways. You can't trust 'em."

"Skip it," I says. "You don't have to worry about me and women." And right then that durn' Bessie nips me, just playful, on the ear.

Gramp didn't get a word in edgewise all the way to the depot after that, what with Ma telling me to be sure to eat up good and be careful and all. He wouldn't've had another chance, only we went to the men's washroom.

"Cheer up, Gramp," I says. "I'll be back. I was born lucky."

"Where you're going the place'll be thick with 'em," he says.

"Thick with what?"

"Foreigners," he says. And he shakes his head at the floor.

Then the train comes, and Ma and the girls have got to kiss me goodby, and Ma starts to bawl like I'm dead already.

I got aboard, and all the way to the city in the train I kept thinking about Gramp. You see I knew what he'd had in mind all the time he'd been going on about foreigners. He'd been thinking about Ishmael's wife. That's what we always called her—just "Ishmael's wife.". . .

So in Africa, flat on my back in the hospital, I got to thinking about her again. Whenever Sheila wasn't there, I felt pretty low. So I thought a lot about home and about Ishmael. He was my great-great-grandfather. They even named me after him, but thank the Lord they called me Pete. It seems we're the only two in the whole Deane clan with straw-colored hair. Old Ishmael and me.

He was born right under the broadside guns of a privateer, and he lived near all his life on the sea. Except those two years. . . .

The first I heard about those two years, I got red in the face. Gramp told me the story, and he says I took it so hard, you'd think it was some terrible family disgrace that happened yesterday.

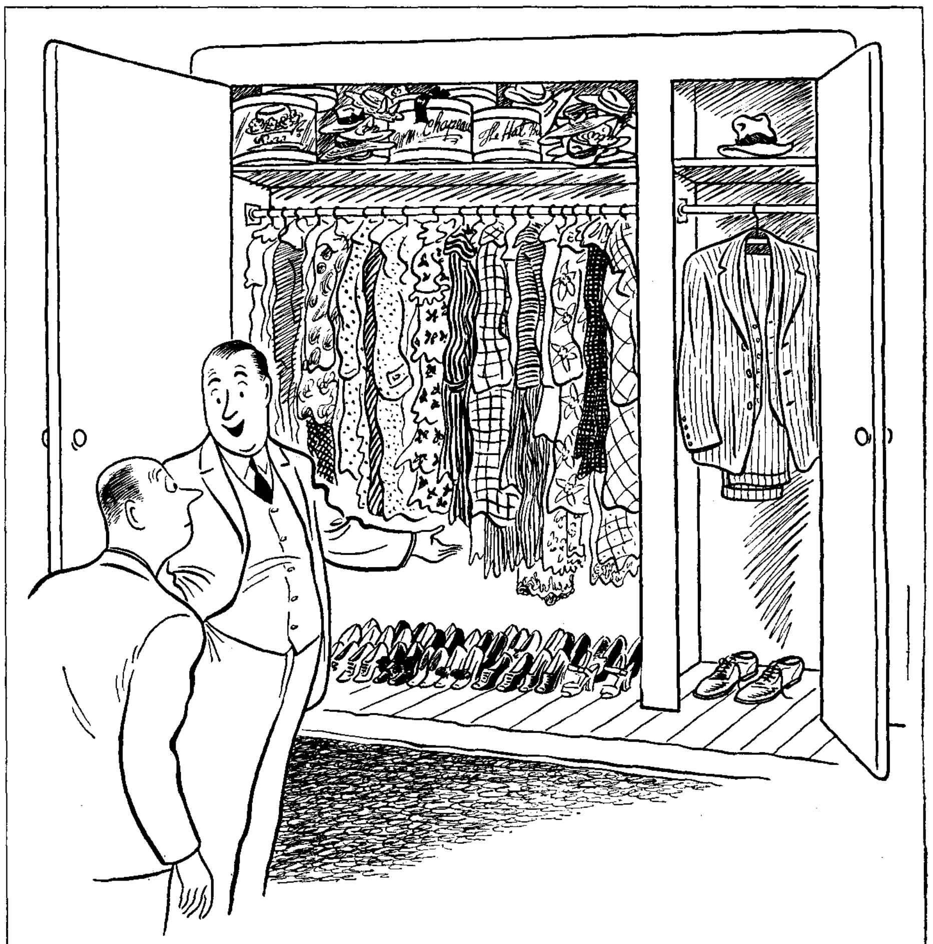
WELL, it still burns me up to think of my own ancestor sold for a slave. Sold right on the block. Looked over by those Moors and Arabs for points, like he was a steer or something. It's the kind of thing that gets under your skin. It makes you ashamed, especially when you're a kid. You never forget it.

It seems he'd been aboard the brig Anne, out of Newburyport bound for Lisbon, when this mob of Algerian pirates captured her, stripped the crew, sailed into Algiers, and threw them into prison. When he couldn't raise a big enough ransom, they sold him for a slave. Those Barbary pirates did a big business in ransoms.

Ishmael hauled stones with the rest of the Christian dogs (that's what they called them), and he brought home scars from where the lash caught him.

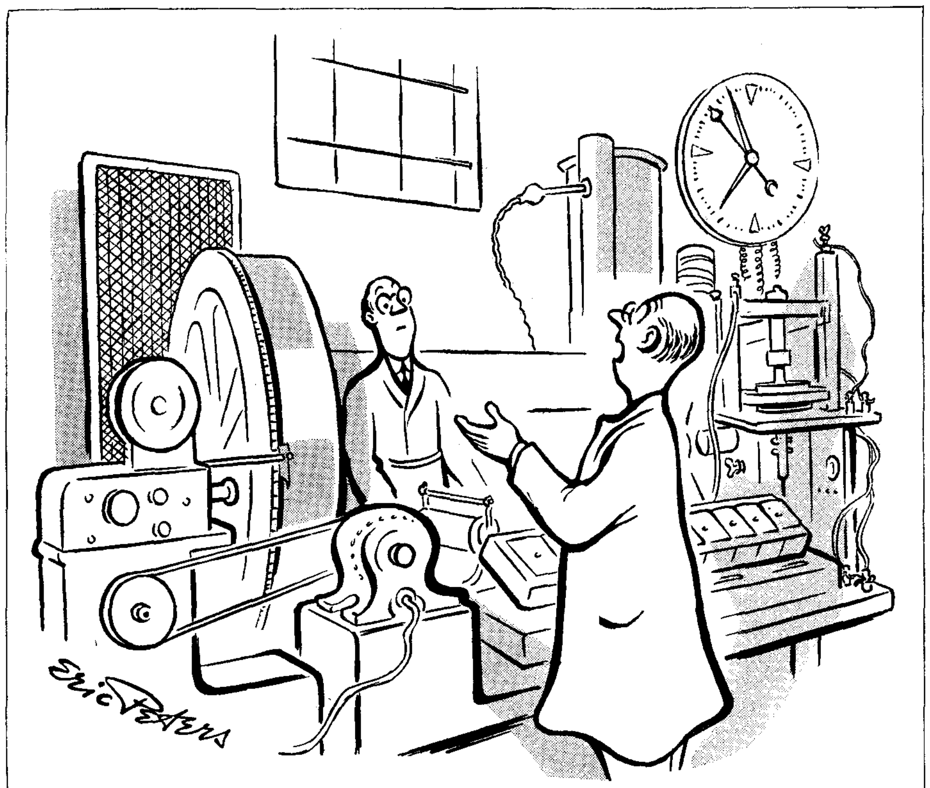
I'm not making it up. It's gospel. You can read about those Moors in the books. But Ishmael didn't come out of any book. Gramp had told me so many yarns about him that he was ten times more alive to me than, say, my Uncle Chet. And as for Ishmael's wife . . . I guess I was in love with her when I was fifteen.

Ishmael saw her first on a ship bound for Cadiz, when the government had finally paid his ransom and he was headed



"Here's a nice feature—we each have our own clothes closet"

COLLIER'S BILL O'MALLEY



COLLIER'S "... And it all happened in one ten-thousandth of a second, although at the time it seemed like a second" ERIC PETERS

for home. She was just seventeen then. Her parents were dead, and the people who had charge of her were sending her to Cadiz. She was supposed to be met by some nuns there and taken by them to enter a convent.

But they didn't figure on Ishmael being aboard that same ship. I guess it was love at first sight. Anyhow, by the time he got home at last, and drove up Front Street in the carriage, there she was sitting beside him, and them married four months already.

Her portrait hangs over the sideboard in our dining room. Maybe she wasn't beautiful. I wouldn't know. All I know is that she didn't belong in our house. Any more than some pretty, wild bird belongs in a cageful of tame pigeons. Even a kid could see that.

I guess the whole town felt the same way. She never really belonged. She knew it herself. But she stood it for ten years, while Ishmael made a fortune with his privateer. And then one night she stowed away aboard his ship.

Nobody knows what Ishmael did, when he found her. Whether he was angry or glad. Because the ship went down with all hands somewhere between Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Canton, China, and was never heard from again.

WELL, maybe New Hampshire seems a long way from Algiers, but I'd been raised on all sorts of yarns about far-off places, and lying there in the hospital with a fever I got the crazy feeling I'd been there before, myself, just because Ishmael had.

Of course, that second operation didn't help much, either. I got a lot of queer ideas coming out of the ether. But the old brain must've been ticking okay when I looked up and found Sheila smiling down at me.

There was something about that look she gave me that flipped my heart right over. It made me think of Gramp, too, and how he'd told me to watch my step with foreigners.

"You know," I said, "you're a dead ringer for my girl back home." I wasn't taking any chances.

She quit smiling, like a light going out. "Really?" she said. "What's the girl's name?"

"Mavis," I said. It's wonderful how fast you can think, when you have to. I must've read that crazy name in a book.

She asked why hadn't we written her yet, and when I said, what was the rush, you should have heard her, the way she lit into me. From then on we'd write her every day, she said.

I started to tell her Mavis was funny about letters, didn't care if she got them or not, but she stuck a thermometer in my mouth, and that shut me up.

When she took it out and read it, she looked scared to death. But I didn't need that. I knew all along I had one lulu of a fever.

SHEILA got the nurse, who asked me how I felt. Fine, I told her. I wouldn't have told that nurse if I was passing out. She should have been a riveter, the way she went to work when she was changing dressings.

"Why," I said, "in a couple days I'll be back in my ship."

She yanked up the covers. "In a couple of days you'll be aboard a ship all right," she said. "You'll be in the sick bay of a hospital ship bound for England. It's all arranged."

At first I didn't get it. Then I hit the ceiling.

"Why, they're *crazy!*" I said. "I'm not sick! I feel swell! I feel—"

She pushed me back in bed, and said if I didn't behave she'd get a doctor. I told her to go ahead. Here I was just getting set for some action, and now this fool woman was trying to tell me that I was through.

By the time the doctor came, I felt like I was on fire. It was Sheila's father. He sat on me, practically, to hold me down while he took my pulse. And he had his reasons, I guess, because, for the next couple of days I was out of my head—crazy delirious.

Once I thought I was back home hauling herring. Once I shot down a Messerschmitt from the deck, and once I was swimming like mad, with planes strafing us in the water. I must've been a regular circus.

When I came out of it, Sheila told me I'd talked to Gramp and called Ma in the night. When she said that, I felt like crawling under the bed. She said wasn't it funny I never called for Mavis, and I said it certainly was.

It seems I gave them pretty near my whole life history. I must've even dragged in Ishmael's wife, because the third day, when the fever was down, Sheila asked me about her.

So I told her . . . how they still talked

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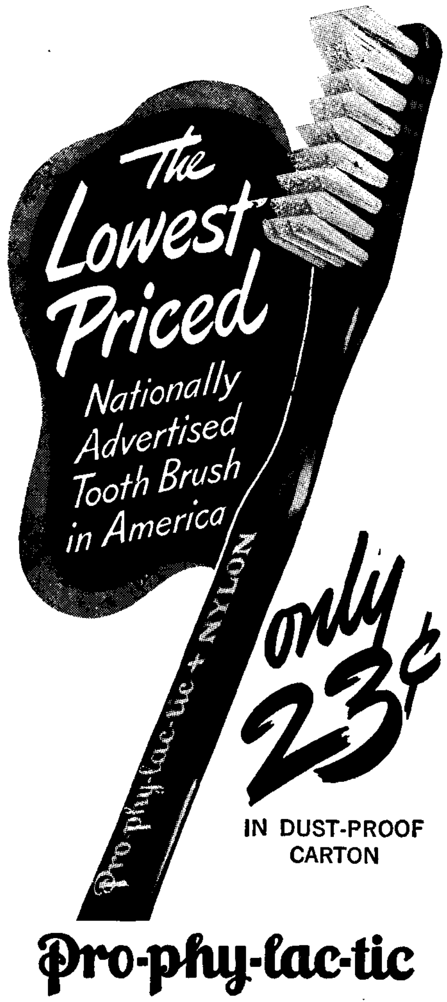
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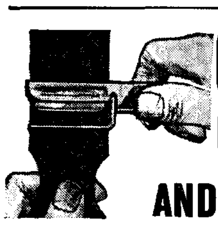

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about her at home, how she had dark red hair in the portrait, like Sheila's, and how she must've struck that prude town like a tornado.

"No," she said, "like the Northern Lights.

"She had color, and mystery and strangeness. She was everything those New England women didn't understand, so they were afraid of her."

"The women, maybe," I said, "but the men weren't afraid of her. They say at least three never got married at all, on account of her. If they couldn't have her, they didn't want anybody. She must've made the other women look sick."

I told her how my folks had lived by ships so much they knew their way round the streets of Singapore better than Boston, Massachusetts.

When I told how they'd put chains on Ishmael, and thrown him in the Kasbah right there in Algiers, she didn't believe me.

"But he was an *American!*" she said.

"So what?" I said. "Why, as late as 1800 some of these sultans over in Turkey had never even heard of us. We were just a bunch of fresh kids. The puniest nation you'd want to see."

And when I heard myself say that word, I began thinking how I'd let old Ishmael down. The family had been big shots once, but now we were through. The only times anybody ever heard of me was when it was in the paper about me catching the big tuna, and the time I boxed at the state fair. I won, but it was just one of those lucky right crosses that happened to connect.

I thought of my room at home, with the walls full of pictures of the clippers and schooners my people had sailed round the world.

I said, "Those old boys that sailed the clippers had the life. Never a dull moment."

SHE had started to make my bed, with me in it, which is something, but at that she straightened up, and put her hands on what hips she had, and kind of snorted. "*Well,* you didn't sound exactly *bored* when you were delirious! You were shooting down bombers in your sleep all last night."

Then a doctor was calling her, so she ran off. I thought, last night? And all at once I remembered!

For two days I'd been bats, and that nurse had told me I'd be in a hospital ship in two days bound for England. That meant they might be coming for me any time now. Probably the very next morning!

So I had to get out of there. I knew I had to get away if it was the last thing I did. I got so excited I felt like I was burning up again.

Sheila stopped by my bed on her way home that night. She had a cape thing over one arm, a long white affair with a hood. She called it a burnous, and said the natives wore them, and she was taking it—and a pair of red pantaloons she had with it—home to their houseboy.

I thought fast. "I've got another chill," I said. "Could I have a blanket?" She went to get it, and left the burnous and the trousers on the bed. I hid them under the sheet.

Then everything happened just like I hoped it would. She put on the new blanket, plumped my pillow, said good night, and went off without her burnous and pantaloons.

I waited till the ward was asleep. After a while the nurse on duty went out into the corridor. Somehow I got into those Arab pants. Then I put the burnous on, pulled the hood over my head, and stood up. After a second the room quit swaying, and I could walk. I got out of the ward, and then I heard somebody coming behind me. My stomach sort of shriveled up. Then whoever it was turned a corridor, and I was alone—just me and my noisy heart.

In about two minutes I was out on the street.

Nobody was around except a bunch of rags that got up and came over—probably one of those guides that want to show you the hot spots.

"Beat it, bud," I said. "I got work to do."

I kept walking. The streets got narrower. Before long I was in the Arab quarter. It was cold.

I walked under an arch, and thought, maybe old Ishmael'd walked under this, too. There were shut-up shops—sooks, they call them—all along the walls. Once the moon came out and shone white on the minaret of a mosque. Then it was dark again. I've always thought there was something cockeyed about a moon that's on the wane.

So we made a good pair—that moon and I.

All of a sudden I was so dizzy I had to sit down. I leaned back against the wall of a house, and either I fell asleep or I blacked out, because the next thing I knew the sky around the mosque was pinkish, and there were people walking in the street.

A donkey went by, and a yellow dog came and looked me over. I got up and began to walk. I was cold, but I felt wonderful.

A little man in rags was weaving down the street and singing. I thought he was drunk till I got closer, and then I saw it was one of those half-wits Sheila had been talking about. From the size of him and the colored rags he could have been the same one we'd seen from the hospital balcony. A Marabout, she'd called him.

I followed him till he came to the top of some stairs. The city's built on such a steep hill that it's got a lot of these stone stairs.

The Marabout was jabbering. He looked happy, and crazy as a loon. He started down the stairs just as three big Arabs started up. They were climbing in step and abreast, and they took up the whole stairs.

They saw the Marabout, but they didn't see me. I waited for one to step behind the others so he could pass, but they weren't having any. Then, all at once, the biggest of the three shoves out his foot. The little guy trips on it, and crashes down those stairs headfirst.

Well, it made me so sore I couldn't see. I started down myself. The little half-wit was getting up, but it wasn't their fault he hadn't broken his neck.

I kept coming down, and they kept coming up. Nuts, I thought, am I supposed to flatten up against the wall just so these big birds can walk three abreast? Who do they think they are?

They were almost up to me. I stood still, just waiting. I said, "How about it, boys?" Then all at once, I saw red. You'd think these were the very same guys that had chained up old Ishmael. I backed up three steps fast. I planted one foot on the chest of the one that had tripped the Marabout, and shoved. He let out a yell and pitched backward.

"Okay," I said, "who's next?"

THE way I felt then I could have taken on all the corsairs and pirates old Ishmael ever saw. I had just time to topple the second one, when the third one grabbed me. We rolled down the stairs, first him on top, then me. He was a big guy, and strong, but I was crazy, and that helps.

Then we were down the steps and slugging away in what seemed to be a sort of market place. Suddenly all hell broke loose.

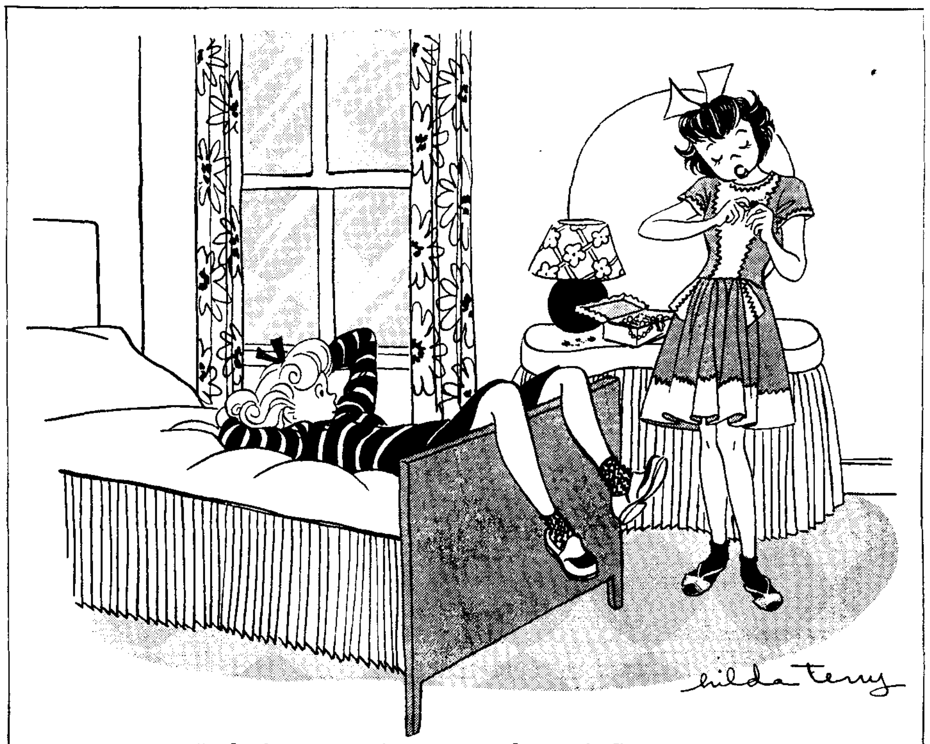
We crashed into a shop full of fresh bread. A sheep bolted and began climbing up a pile of vegetables. Arabs started screaming at one another. Chickens squawked, kids yelled, and dogs tore for cover with their tails between their legs.

I was jabbing and feinting my Arab with lefts, but still I could hear the noise and see the show we started. Then I saw my man reach inside his burnous for a knife or a gun, as I figured. For that one second he was wide open. So I let him have it—the sweetest right cross you ever saw. The same one that stopped the pro at the state fair. Somebody had dragged the other two over, and there they lay, the three of them, all in a row, each one cold as a dead cod.

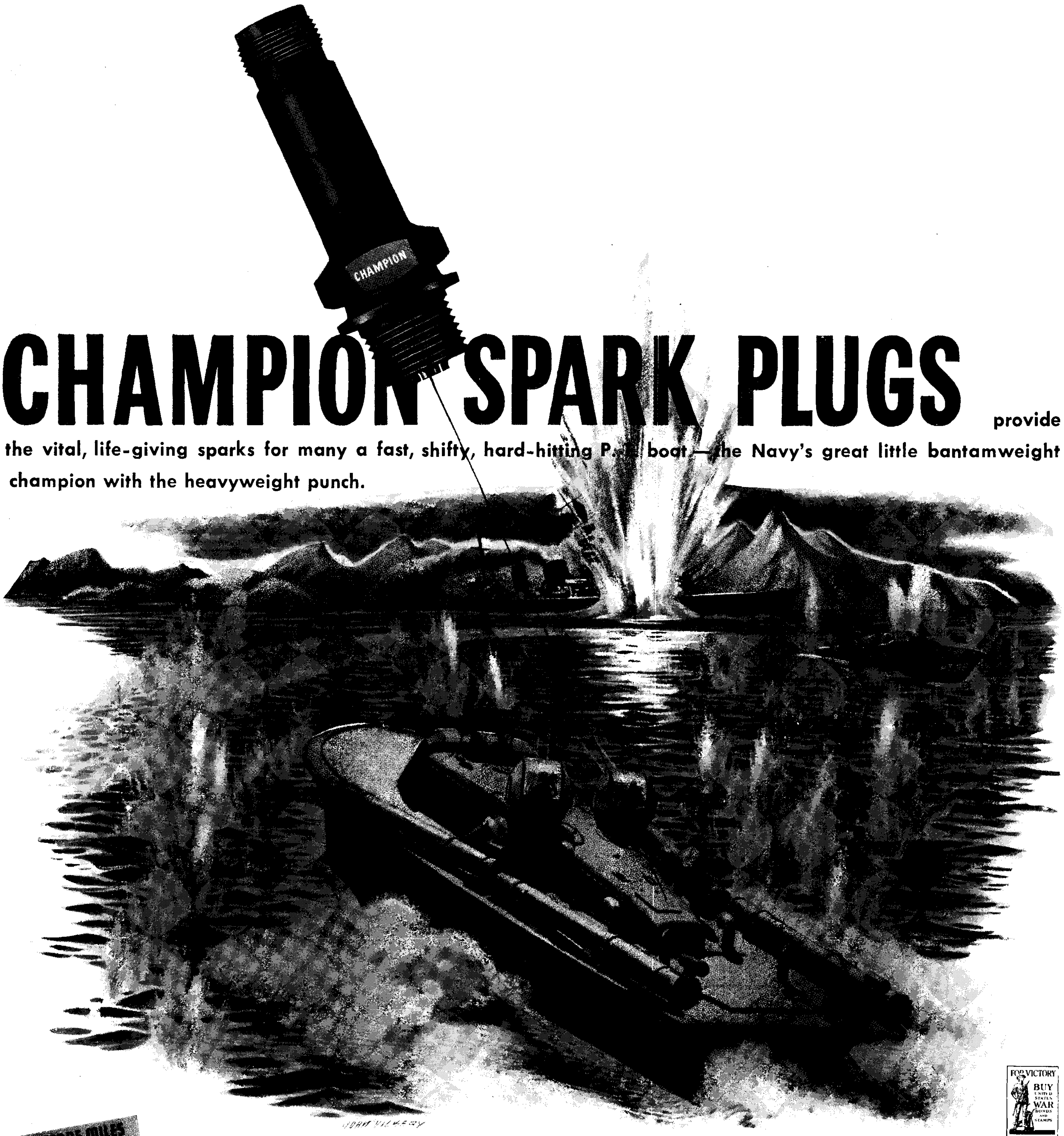
"Americano," I said. "Me—Americano!" By that time I was so far gone, it's a wonder I didn't put one foot on them, and cross my arms over my chest.

Then somebody must've called the riot squad, or whatever it is, because a couple of M.P.'s came tearing in. I got all set to take them on, too, but something hit me on the head from behind, and I blacked out. . . .

It was the pain in my arm that brought me to. I was back in the hospital, with one arm strapped to my chest. I couldn't figure



COLLIER'S "I don't suppose it matters whose pin I wear tonight. They all belong to the same fraternity" HILDA TERRY



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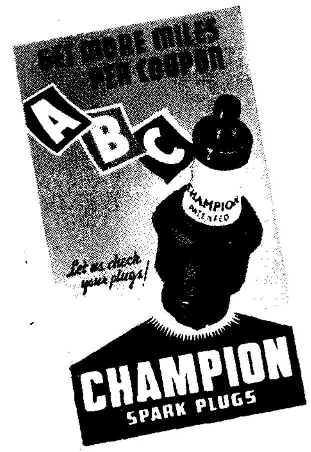
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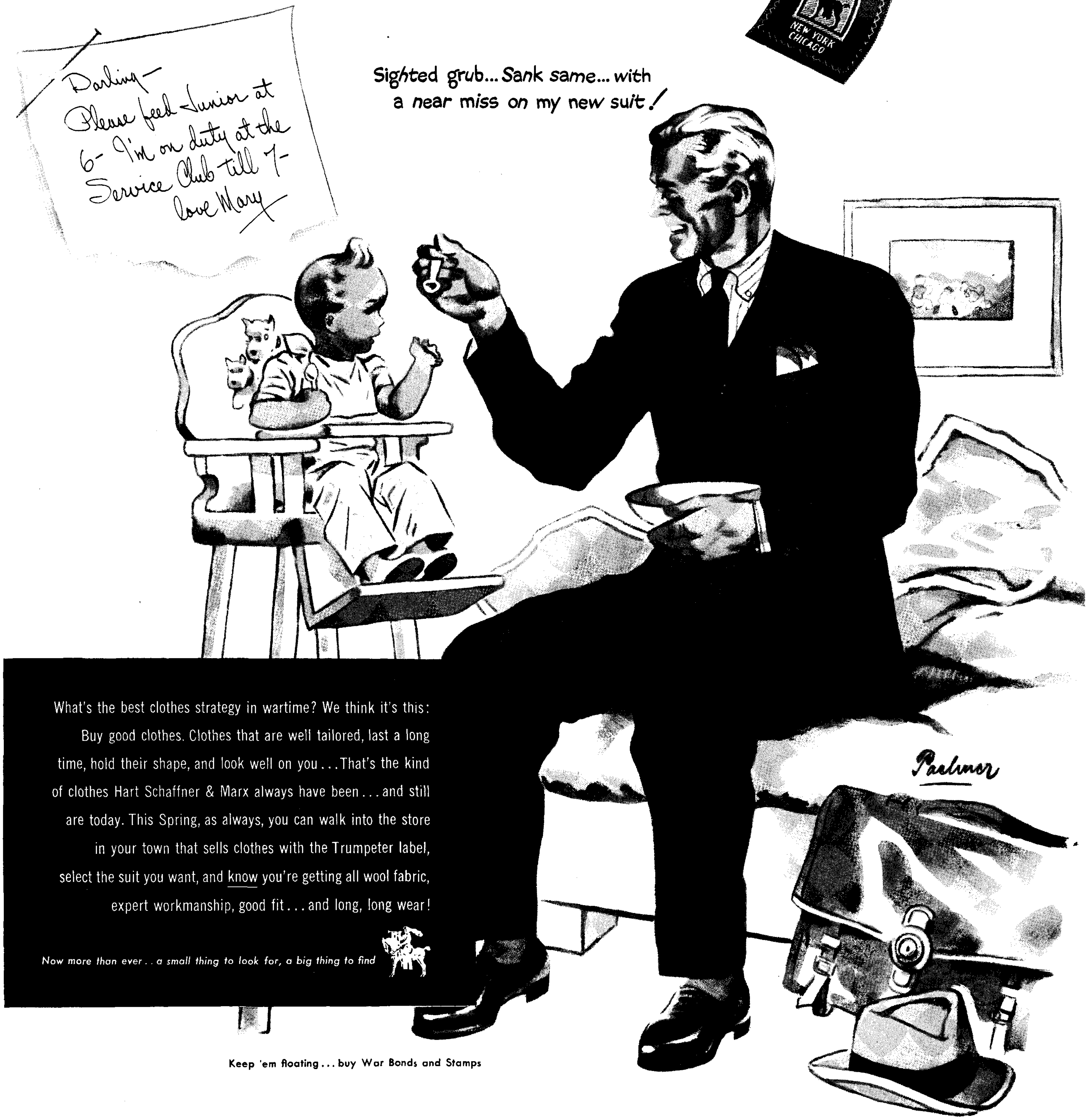
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Please feed Junior at 6- I'm on duty at the Service Club till 7-
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Sighted grub... Sank same... with a near miss on my new suit!

What's the best clothes strategy in wartime? We think it's this: Buy good clothes. Clothes that are well tailored, last a long time, hold their shape, and look well on you . . . That's the kind of clothes Hart Schaffner & Marx always have been . . . and still are today. This Spring, as always, you can walk into the store in your town that sells clothes with the Trumpeter label, select the suit you want, and know you're getting all wool fabric, expert workmanship, good fit . . . and long, long wear!

Now more than ever . . a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Keep 'em floating . . . buy War Bonds and Stamps it out. Sheila's father was coming up between the beds, so when he got to me, I said, "What's the big idea? My arm was okay yesterday."

He gave me a funny look. "But that was yesterday," he said. "That was before you put on your big show in the market place."

"Who—me?" I said. "What show?" I looked around the ward. "I'm in the wrong bed, too. Mine was nearer the balcony . . . Say, what's going on round here? Did I walk in my sleep, or something?"

He almost dropped a bottle of medicine. "Good Lord, don't you remember *anything?*"

"Not a thing," I said.

THEN, as he talked, it began to come back, a bit here and there, even details, but not all, and not consecutive like I've told you just now. He said I'd picked a bad time for a fight, just when we were trying to show the natives what good friends we were, and nice guys. "What the devil got into you?" he said. "Three harmless Arabs going quietly about their business, and you come along, and out of a clear sky, you sail into them, and beat them to a pulp. Just what did you have against them?"

Right then I didn't know. "Not a thing," I said. "I think the natives are swell."

He sighed. "Then you were drunk. Well, Sheila, your patient'll live. The brawl's cured him. Now all he's got to worry about is the court-martial." I turned my head.

She was standing on the other side of the bed. She gave me that smile of hers, only more so. "Tell him why you did it," she said.

"I'll bite. Why did I?"

"Please be serious," she said. "Father will testify to your fever and try to prove you were delirious, but you'll have to tell them the rest."

I said, what did she mean—the rest?

Then she blew up. Did I *want* the court-martial to convict me? What was wrong with me? Why wouldn't I at least *try* to defend myself?

"Skip it," I said. "If I beat up some Arabs, I'll take what's coming to me."

She was so mad she couldn't talk. She just looked at her father, and he shook his head. "You're in deep, lad," he said. "You'll need these extenuating circumstances, whatever they are."

I watched a fly clean its wings, and wondered which of us was crazy, Sheila or me.

Her eyes looked like they'd strike sparks. She clenched her fists, and you could even hear her breathing hard. Then, all at once she whirled round on her father, like he was to blame for the whole thing. "If he won't talk," she said, "I will! . . . He did it for Ishmael! You said he was drunk. Well, he *was!* Drunk on . . . on . . . ancestor worship. They made Ishmael a slave, when the U. S. A. was a little, puny nation, so Lucky—so Mr. Deane had to show them things were different now. He couldn't help it, don't you see? It goes back a long, long way . . ."

I looked at her father and tapped my forehead to show him she was cracked. I thought, Lord, if they ever let her get mixed up in this, I'll land in the nut house instead of jail.

They left me then, and I had a while to think it over. I thought how it might be in the paper back home about the court-martial. Talk about letting the family down . . . I was sure doing a swell job. It seemed like our family and Africa didn't mix so good. Maybe it was in the cards that my luck should run out where Ishmael's did.

All the same I wished he could have seen those three big birds laid out in a row on the stones. It would have made Gramp feel better, too.

For some reason they moved me back to my old bed. I'd been lying there in the dark a couple of hours, when, all of a sudden, I remembered something. I remembered how those Arabs had tripped up the little holy man, or whatever he was, and how it'd made me so sore that I couldn't keep my hands off them. But Sheila had told how the natives let idiots alone. "I never saw a Mohammedan deliberately hurt a crazy man," she'd said. Yet those three Arabs might have broken the poor little guy's neck, the way they'd pitched him downstairs.

Things began to dawn. For instance, I wasn't the only foreigner that those burnous affairs would fit. What if . . .

Then I saw Sheila coming up the ward. The room was dark, but there was a light on the nurse's night table, so you could see how she stopped when she came to the bed I'd been in all day and saw it was empty. She stood there a minute, very still, and then all at once, she sat down hard on the edge of the bed and began to cry.

I forgot about the Arabs. I called her, low, so as not to wake anybody. She spun round like she heard a ghost. She saw me back in my own bed, and started running. "Oh, Lucky, I thought they'd taken you away already!"

But right then she did a funny thing. She froze right up. She handed me some water, and she said, "Here's a glass of water. Will you trust my word that it's not poisoned?"

Her hand was shaking. I took the glass, and stared at her. "What's the gag?" I said. "I don't get it."

She sort of tossed her head. "All day you let us go on worrying about a court-martial. You wouldn't trust even Father. All day you went on pretending you didn't know—"

"Didn't know what?" I tipped up the glass to drink.

"That they were Germans." I choked.

EASTER HYMN

If in that Syrian garden, ages slain,
You sleep, and know not you are dead in vain,
Nor even in dreams behold how dark and bright
Ascends in smoke and fire by day and night
The hate you died to quench and could but fan,
Sleep well and see no morning, Son of Man.

But if, the grave rent and the stone rolled by,
At the right hand of majesty on high
You sit, and sitting so, remember yet
Your tears, your agony and bloody sweat,
Your cross and passion and the life you gave,
Bow hither out of heaven and see and save.

A. E. HOUSMAN

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She thumped me on the back and went on talking. "They've got them as prisoners in the native hospital, and they're not only Germans, they're high-ranking officers. Father says they were caught in the city at the time of the invasion. They've been hiding, disguised as Arabs . . . some of them would fool even the natives. That's why I *don't* see how *you* knew."

I took a long breath. "Just genius," I told her, and I grinned. It was the wrong thing to do. Her face crumpled all up. She grabbed her handkerchief and started to cry and talk at the same time. From what I could make out, she'd been looking for me all the night before with their houseboy. "All night long," she said, "we hunted and hunted. But we couldn't find you anywhere. Till I began to think you were dead!"

Then I reached up and pulled her down so she sat on the edge of the bed, and she sobbed so hard the whole bed shook. I held her the best I could with my one good arm. When she calmed down, I said, "Remember all that build-up about me knowing Clark Gable? Well, Clark Gable wouldn't know me from a hole in the ground. I'm just a hick. I've never been west of Vermont, even."

"I know," she said. "I nurse another American now, and when I told him how you knew so many movie stars and all, he said, 'Listen, sister, you tell that big bum to lay off. Let him kid the other nurses. They're strictly from hunger, but you—you're a doll that's right out of this world.' Is that a compliment?"

"It's not an insult." And then all at once I was kissing her.

She stopped crying. We sat there in the dark, and after a while I thought: Gramp, that certainly was a lot of hot air about foreign girls. Because there's no such thing. Ishmael's wife and Sheila here—they're just the same, and being in love is the same in all languages, too.

I kissed her again.

She stood up. "Mavis wouldn't like this," she said.

"The devil with Mavis."

She looked down at me. "Tell me one thing—why did you make her up?"

Well, it took a second for that to sink in. "You mean to say you've known she was a phony, and yet all this time you've kept pestering me to write those darn' letters?" I started to get out of bed. "Why, you . . . little . . ."

She backed off. "You were *scared,* that's why! Don't you dare get out of that bed! You were scared of *me.* Are all Americans afraid of women?"

"Afraid!" I let out a croak that was supposed to put her in her place. "Go get your pad," I said, "and take a letter." But I didn't wait for the pad. "Dear Ma," I said, "how is everybody back home? I am getting along fine. Things are pretty quiet here, so there is no news, except I have got a girl. Well, it is late, so I will close. Your loving son, Lucky. P.S.—Tell Gramp now he can relax. I squared things for old Ishmael. He's quits with Africa, now. I know it's late to be paying off, but better late than never."

SHE was just standing there, and you could tell from the sniffs she was going to cry again. "Could I have another drink?" I said.

Soon as she brought the glass, I pulled her down to sit beside me. I could feel the water trickling from the glass through the sheet onto my ribs. It was chilly, but I didn't care.

She was whispering something. "Ishmael's wife . . ." She kept saying it over, very low, like it was poetry or something. "Some day I'll be Ishmael's wife, too."

"If it's okay with you," I said. "Maybe I should've asked first."

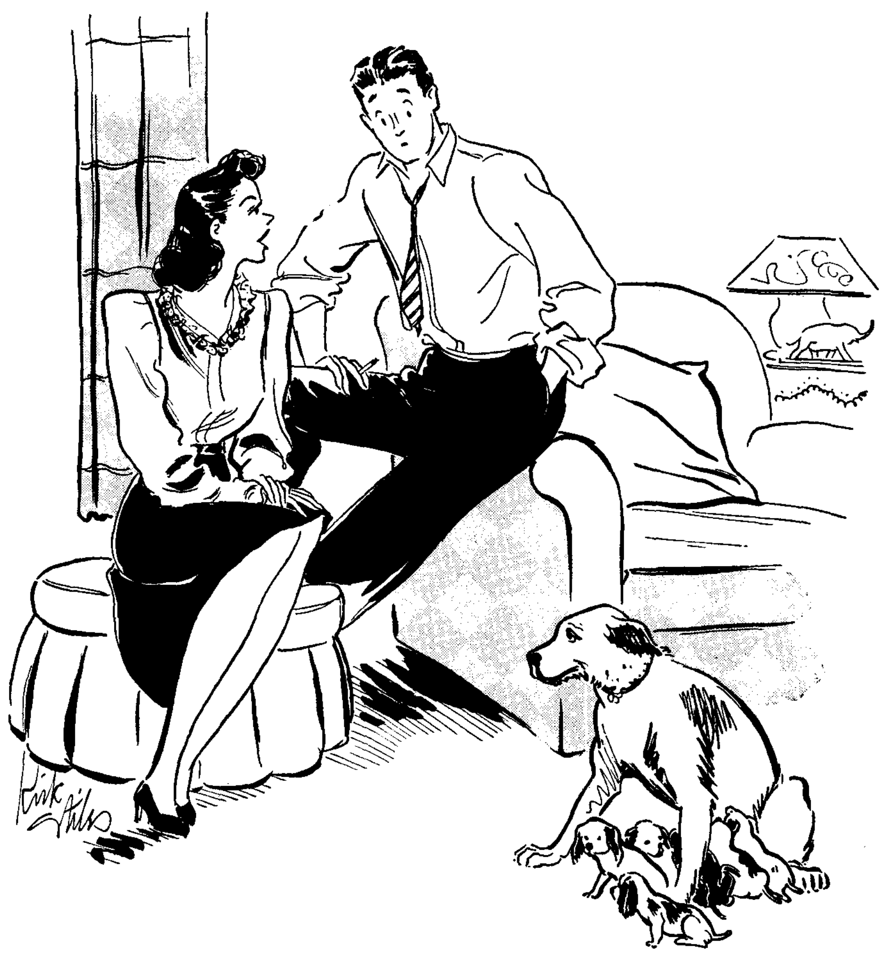
She turned her face away, and I stopped breathing. I was cold all over. I thought, I must've been crazy to think a girl like her would look at a hick like me.

Then she was rubbing the back of my good hand against her cheek.

And she was saying, "It's okay . . . oh, my darling, it's very okay with *me!*"

So then I started breathing again. I thought: It certainly is a wonderful thing how my luck holds.

THE END



"I had to promise all my friends I wouldn't give them a puppy"

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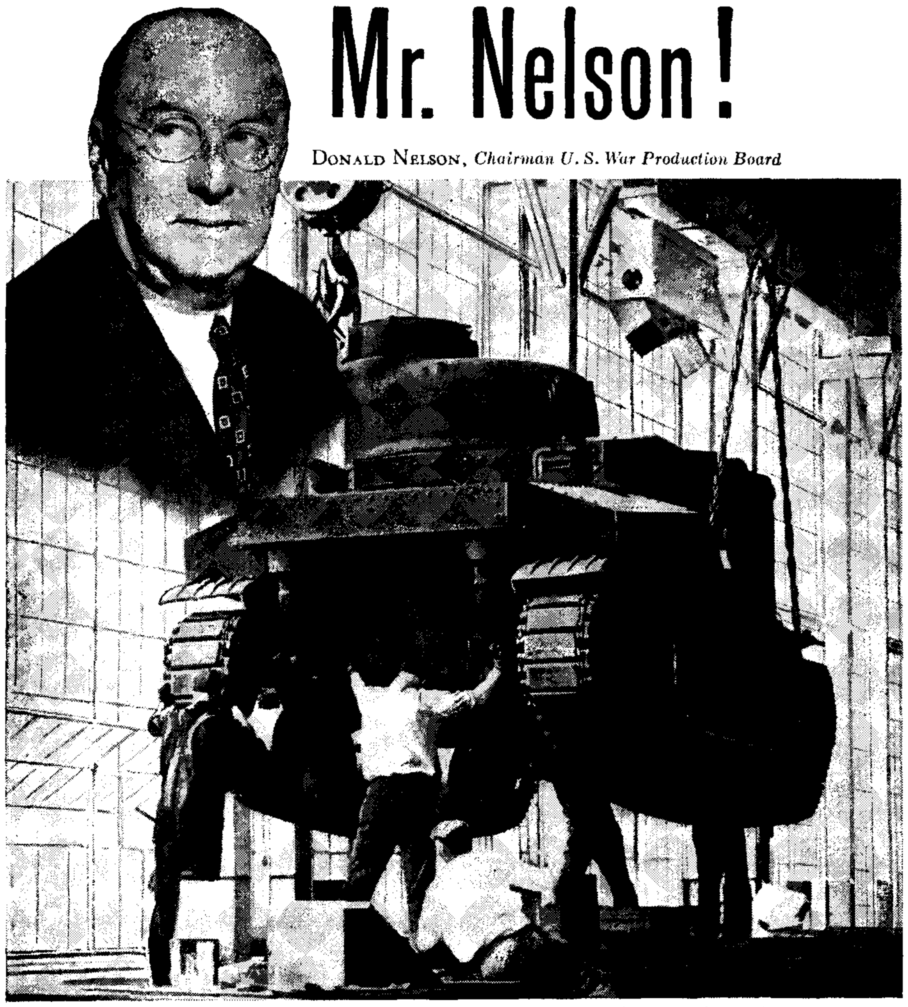

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EATON'S OF CANADA

A NATION-WIDE RETAIL ORGANIZATION WITH DEPARTMENT STORES IN ALL LEADING CANADIAN CITIES

Girl Wanted

Continued from page 42

while the sweat broke out on Eddie's face the cop just looked at him. Then he shrugged. He let go of the woman's arm.

"That's your story and you're going to stick to it, huh? Okay . . . beat it," he said to the woman and together they watched her hurry away, high heels tapping and her arms hugging her thin coat about her.

Eddie began to breathe again but his legs were still shaking. The cop looked at him. "Don't get the idea you're kidding anybody, sailor," he said, "it's just that tonight I don't feel like arguing. Come on."

They went back to Broadway, Eddie and the cop. They turned left, crossed the street and kept walking. Eddie was still wondering what it was all about when the cop pulled him to a stop on the curbing.

"You want a place to get a drink and listen to some music? Okay." He pointed diagonally across the street. "Club Tropical. Floor show and everything. A little expensive, but they won't clip you."

"Thanks," Eddie said. "And thanks for letting her go."

He thought the cop was going to say something and the cop almost did. But he was a kindly man himself when he had time for it, and he saw no point in shattering Eddie's illusion. He grinned and nodded. "Have fun, sailor," he said, and moved away.

Eddie crossed the street. He was still a little shaken and his legs were not yet steady when he climbed the carpeted stairs. There were three hat-check girls waiting when he turned off the landing, but before he surrendered his cap he took a look. What he saw was a large room, an orchestra of eighteen or twenty pieces, a floor show in progress featuring at least a dozen girls, and, sitting around watching, a couple of million people. Overawed by the very size of the display, he looked at the hat-check girls and fled.

Out on the street, the air felt good and the crowd did not seem so thick. Not knowing where he was going, he turned off Seventh Avenue and presently he saw a sign—a small sign over a small ground-floor door. It said EDDIE'S, and when he approached it he thought he heard, faintly, the sound of music.

Eddie Grant grinned and opened the door. Four steps led down to a landing where, behind a little counter, a girl took his cap. He could hear the guitar now, and a man singing, and he went down four more steps on his right to a long, narrow, dimly lighted room with a bar on the right and a tiny dance floor at the other end. There were benches along the walls and little tables, perhaps a dozen of which were occupied. A waiter motioned him to a space along the near-by wall.

THE Negro with his guitar finished his spiritual and there was a bit of applause and then the lights went up a little and a five-piece colored orchestra took its place and talked things over. The waiter dusted the ash tray, arranged a card so Eddie could see it, and presented a menu.

Eddie read the card. It said, *Minimum Charge—$2.00. On Fridays and Saturdays—$2.50.* Eddie said, "Beer, please," and felt good because he had money and didn't care about such things as minimum charges.

The waiter went away and Eddie watched him and that's when he saw the girl. From where he sat she seemed small and neatly modeled, with hair the color of ripening cornsilk curving softly over her ears. She was sitting with another girl, a blonde, and they were talking with a dinner-jacketed man who looked as if he might be the boss and stood with his back to the bar. Even without seeing her eyes or her smile, Eddie knew that this was what he had been looking for, and as he wondered what to do, the man said something and the blonde got up.

She came toward Eddie, smiling, and he realized that these two were hostesses of some sort. And that was all right, except this was not the right girl, not the right one at all.

"Are you in the mood for company?" she asked.

Eddie felt his face get hot. "Sure," he said, "if your friend will come too."

She didn't seem to mind. "You know what you want, don't you?" she said, and went back to her table.

Eddie watched his girl get up and saw that he had been right. He liked the way she walked and held her head. He was glad she wasn't wearing an evening gown the way they did at the dime-a-dance places. Just a plain black dress that molded exquisitely her small, slender figure.

"Hello." Her voice was pleasantly low, but casual. "Jean said you wanted to buy me a drink."

"I'd like to," Eddie said, and found his throat was dry.

THE waiter brought his beer and the girl said, "Scotch, Leon." Eddie gave her a cigarette and she pointed to the dolphins on his sleeve. "Does that mean you're in the submarine service?"

Eddie said it did. He said the propeller on his arm meant Machinist's Mate and the single chevron said he was third class. The waiter came with her drink. He was a sallow-faced fellow with a thin, hard mouth and cold, indifferent eyes. He spilled the drink when he mixed it but the girl did not seem to notice.

"Good hunting," she said, and took a swallow. "Have you seen any action?"

"A little," Eddie said. He wanted to tell her about the Pacific and how they'd been banged up and how he and some of the others had been shipped east to get a new sub. He didn't know how to start and it scared him. He'd always had trouble talking to girls but he had thought it would be all right once he met the right one. Now he was afraid she'd get bored and go away.

"You sound like you're from the West," she said.

"Iowa."

"Your folks have a farm?"

"Yes," Eddie said. "My uncle. I lived with him."

"It must be nice out there. I guess you'll go back when the war's over."

Eddie shook his head.

"No," he said, "I like it up in Connecticut. I'd like to have a little place like Mike's folks have—"

"Mike?"

"Mike Donovan. He's my buddy." And then it happened just as he knew it would, and he was talking like a guy should talk, without embarrassment or self-consciousness, telling her how Mike's people had a little farm in Waterford and how Mike's father and brother built submarines at the Electric Boat Works and how they helped Mrs. Donovan with the vegetables and the chickens.

"I like motors and engines and things like that," he said. "And I'm learning a lot. When I get out I can get a job somewhere up there and then I'd like maybe an acre and a little house and a garden and chickens like Mike has. I like country like that, with hills and valleys and woods and streams. It's—well, it's not so big and wide open as Iowa—it's more friendly."

She was smiling now, her brown eyes so soft and wistful that he wondered why she needed so much mascara and shadow. "You mean it's more friendly than your uncle's place," she said. "You make it sound nice." She started to push back her chair. "Well, thanks for the drink—"

Eddie's heart gave a sickening flip. "Do you have to go?" he said quickly. "Can't you stay and have another? Please—I have money."

"You earn it the hard way too, but—all right." She shrugged. "Only if you're having another why don't you order a drink? I hate to see anyone pay eighty cents for beer."

"Eighty cents?"

"For everything. You might as well get your money's worth."

Eddie thought fast. He didn't like whisky but he didn't want to be a dope. He thought of something Mike ordered sometimes. When the waiter came up he said, "Another Scotch and a Tom Collins."

"Why did you come here?" the girl said. "You can get a bigger drink for half the price down the street."

"It was the name," Eddie said. *"Eddie's.* That's my name. Eddie Grant. I'm staying over at the Woodley and I was walking past." He hesitated, his grin tentative. "I was lonesome."

The drinks came and he found he liked the Tom Collins. He asked her what her name was. She said it was Dawn. Dawn Lucas.

"It's pretty," Eddie said. "It just fits you."

She wasn't looking at him. She was drawing circles with the bottom of her glass and he saw the weariness at the corners of her eyes. He wondered about them because she was so young, he wondered about her work here but he was afraid to ask. He finally asked her if she'd always lived in New York.

She said no. She said she came from a little coal mining town in Pennsylvania. "A place you never heard of, Eddie." And somehow Eddie was glad she came from a small town, too.

SHE finished her drink and put the glass down and before he could think of anything to say the waiter came up.

"Mr. Carlson wants to know if you'll join him," he said.

Eddie had seen the three men come in and now he saw Dawn looking at their table. When she hesitated and glanced at him he said, "I guess you get paid on the drinks, don't you?"

"My drinks," she said, "and a percentage of the checks. It's all right, though."

"No. Go ahead," Eddie said. "I'll wait."

"I wish you wouldn't." She rose, her glance friendly again. "It may be quite a while."

"I don't care," Eddie said. "I'd like to wait."

He watched the orchestra after that, feeling warm and comfortable and somehow secure when he remembered that this was only the first night. After a while the waiter came back.

"Mr. Carlson wants you to have a drink," he said. "What do you say? Another Collins?"

"But—I haven't finished this one."

"So what?" the waiter said. "Drink up." He came back with a fresh one and Eddie raised it to Mr. Carlson's table to acknowledge the favor. The three men and the blonde were smiling at him. Dawn was drawing circles with another glass.

After that Eddie lost track of time. He finished both drinks and felt mellow and unworried, knowing that Dawn would come back when she could.

"Hello," she said when Mr. Carlson finally left. "You stuck it out, didn't you?"

"I wanted to," Eddie said. "I didn't mind at all. Would you like another drink?"

"All right."

The waiter brought another Tom Collins when he brought the Scotch, and Eddie tried to figure how many the girl had had. It worried him and he asked her about it.

"I'll tell you a secret, Eddie," she said. "The Scotch I get comes from a bottle that is three-fourths water. When I've had four of these, at eighty cents a throw, I've had one drink. And this is the last one—with you."

"But you'll be here tomorrow night?" Eddie said anxiously.

"Probably."

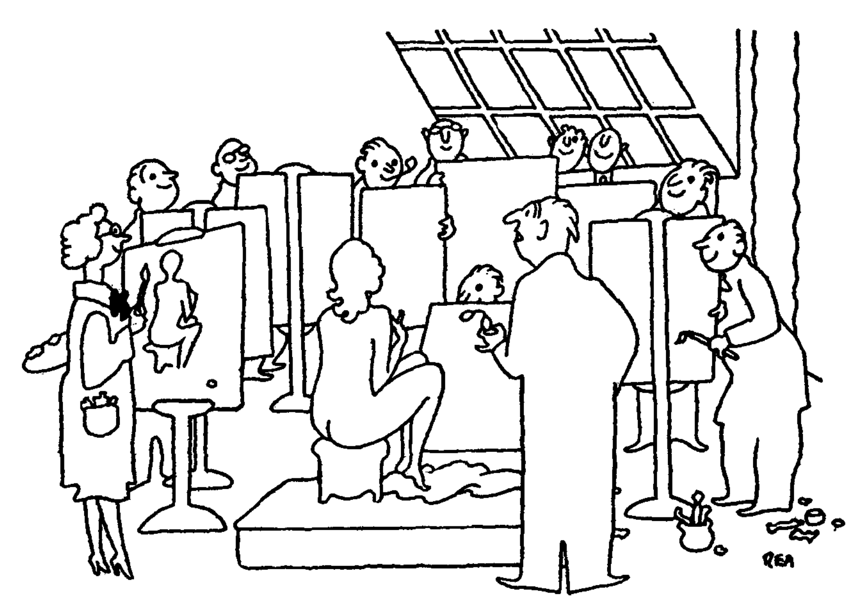
"Because I've got a week," Eddie said, and it was wonderful to think about, to know there was someone to come to tomorrow night, and the next. He wanted to reach out and take her hand but he didn't dare, not right out in the open.

And then, somehow, she was talking. He hadn't asked her what else she did but she was telling him how she worked afternoons modeling dresses for somebody on Seventh Avenue, and how she started to come here evenings because Jean, her roommate came, and because it was friendly here and she could make a little extra money.

"Why don't you ask me why I don't get out and do something worth-while?" she said presently. "Like work in a defense plant. Because it isn't easy to break away once you make a couple of friends and finally get so you can make a living and are comfortable. I guess that isn't much of an excuse, is it?"

"I don't know," Eddie said and he was a little bewildered.

"Or maybe it's because when you're alone you're afraid to take a chance. It doesn't seem worth-while, just for yourself, so you drift along." She paused, then



"Now remember, tomorrow's a study of apples and pears—and I'd like to see somebody here besides Miss Wilson"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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A war-time shipping suggestion: Prepare your shipments carefully—pack them securely—print the address clearly—and when possible ship them in the early hours of the day. Thus, you will help to speed up handling and delivery.

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said, "I ran away from my uncle too."

She said other things but Eddie found it hard to follow them now. He was watching her face, and he found that it was blurring a little. He finished his drink to see if it would clear things up.

He remembered the waiter putting down the check, and getting out his wallet, but he dropped it, and when he picked it up things began to get bad. He put it on the table and asked Dawn if she would pay the check for him. "I'll be all right," he said, "if I can just put my head down for a minute. I—I guess I'm not much of a drinker."

EDDIE GRANT awoke with a headache and a thick brown taste in his mouth. A shaft of morning sunlight sliced across one wall and he watched it absently a moment, remembering where he was but wondering how he got here. Then it all came back—Eddie's and Dawn Lucas and the drinks he had taken.

He remembered vaguely that someone had brought him here in a taxi and it seemed to him that it was the girl. Yet the only thing he was really sure of was that he had put his head down on the table, and thinking of this now, he was ashamed and sick at heart because she had been so nice to him. What made it worse was that since he did not know where she lived or worked, he could not apologize until tonight.

A cold shower helped a little. Then he went over to his trousers and got out his wallet to see just how expensive last night had been and to make some kind of budget so he'd have money enough to last. He opened the wallet and there wasn't anything in the bill compartment and it was just as if someone had kicked him in the stomach. He sat down quickly, the wallet dangling from one hand.

It was a while before he could get up. He wasn't even angry at first, just numb all over. Finally he searched his pockets. He found two dollar bills and some change; he got out the twenty-dollar bill he had hidden in his toilet kit. His anger, when it came, was halfhearted. He thought of notifying the police and then he knew it wasn't any good. It didn't help the ache inside him any. He'd asked Dawn Lucas to pay the check and she had brought him home and there wasn't any other way it could have happened.

Well, you sort of asked for it, he thought. It's happened to better guys than you. You wanted adventure and you got it, so quit crying, Eddie. Maybe she needed it worse than you. . . .

It was nine-thirty when Eddie walked down the narrow stairs and started for the table he'd had the night before. There wasn't anyone else in the place except the waiters and bartenders, not even the orchestra. The waiter he'd had before came over.

"So," he said, "you want to try again, huh? Boy, did you tie one on last night!"

Eddie looked at him, finding both his face and his manner unpleasant. "Beer," he said. "When does Miss Lucas generally come in?"

"Whenever she gets around to it," the waiter said.

Eddie waited. It had been the toughest day of his life, but he knew what he wanted to do. He wasn't angry now, or ashamed, or resentful; he didn't care what had happened, he only knew he had to see her again and watch her smile come and listen to her voice. He had to tell her it was all right, that it didn't matter.

She seemed surprised to see him when she came in a half-hour later. She came right up to his table, wearing a cute dark green dress with a little white collar and a lot of buttons down the front. And seeing her now, the sweet curve of her throat, the warm depths of her eyes that mascara could not touch, he was glad he had come.

"Hello," she said. "How do you feel?"

He said he felt fine and watched her sit down. He said he was sorry about last night and asked if she had taken him home.

"Yes," she said. "It's lucky you told me where you were staying."

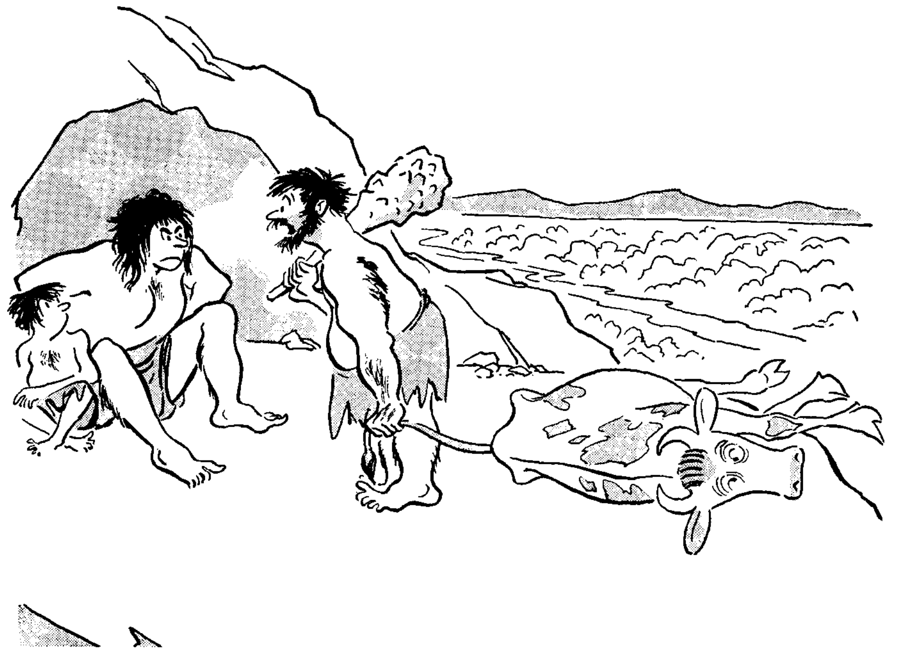
"I'm sorry I was so much trouble for you," Eddie said. "I appreciate your looking after me."

She took off her gloves and put them on top of her purse; then she watched him for a moment, her eyes concerned. "Why did you come back?"

"I told you I was going to," Eddie said.

"But that was last night."

"It's more important now. Last night I thought I had all week and now I know I haven't." He took a breath, not daring to look at her any more, but plunging ahead: "I was going to wait until you knew me better but I guess this is my last night and so I have to say it now. Maybe I won't say it right, but I thought a lot about it, and it seemed to me I'd know when it happened because she would be small and pretty and I'd be able to talk to her and feel she understood just what I mean. I guess that's why I came to New York, and when I saw the sign last night and came down and found you—"



COLLIER'S "Now don't get sore, dear! I couldn't *find* any horse meat!" JOHN BAILEY

"Don't, Eddie," the girl said. "You don't know what you're saying."

"Yes, I do," Eddie said. "I know."

She shook her head, not looking at him but pulling at her gloves. "You haven't been around much," she said, "or you'd know a phony when you see one. Even the name, Eddie. Not Dawn Lucas—Donna Lukaski."

"Please," he said, his throat tight now and an ache in his chest. "I want to finish. I have to ask you if you could get off a couple of days—so I could take you to meet Mike Donovan's mother. There's lots of room and she'd be awfully pleased to have you and I'll be there too because I've got all week. I won't ask you to stay. Just for a couple of days, to see if you think you could ever want to live in a place like that. I'll bring you back. I've got some money in the bank—and enough in my pocket to get us there."

HE STOPPED, not knowing what else to say and terrified because he hadn't convinced her. She had her head down and he couldn't see her eyes. When she finally spoke, her voice sounded muffled.

"You wouldn't want to take me up there, Eddie," she said. "You wouldn't want to take a girl to Mrs. Donovan's who hangs around traps like this and makes a living bumming drinks."

"I want to take *you*," Eddie said. "It isn't what you do, it's what you want to do. I don't care about the money; if a guy is dope enough to get drunk, that is his—"

She looked up quickly and Eddie stopped, held by something in her face he had never seen before. For a long moment she stared at him, her eyes wide open and deeply disturbed. Then, very quietly, she said, "What money?"

"Why—you know, last night. The money I had—"

"Eddie." She leaned forward, her voice still controlled. "How much did you have this morning?"

"In the wallet?" Eddie said. "Why—nothing." And suddenly he was cold all over. He'd never seen her face so white and tense. "But I don't care. It's okay. Honest. I just—"

SHE got up before he could finish. She strode over to the fellow in the dinner jacket Eddie had noticed the night before. Eddie couldn't hear what she was saying but he saw the boss scowl, and he saw the girl's white, set face, the tension in her back. Then the boss reached out and took her arm and she tried to pull free. Eddie got up fast and started for the bar.

She hadn't raised her voice but it carried, low and hot. "I know how much he had," she said. "I paid the check for him and I took him home. I guess they'd like to know about this over at the police station."

"You're off your nut," the boss said and when she tried to turn away he grabbed her with both hands.

"Let her alone," Eddie said.

The boss hardly looked at him. "Sit down," he said. "Keep out of this, punk." And then he looked because Eddie kept coming. "Leon," the boss said. "Frank."

The two waiters who had been listening stepped up. The boss let go of Dawn and the three of them turned to Eddie. Eddie swerved and backed against a table, and without taking his eyes off them, reached behind him for a glass carafe. The boss stopped.

"Wait a minute," he said. He glanced anxiously over the room. The few people down by the dance floor weren't paying any attention to this part of the show. "Relax, sailor," he said. "Now give it to me again. How much did you come in here with last night?"

"Eighty bucks," Eddie said.

"And the check was around six dollars," Dawn said, "and there were seven tens left in the wallet and I tipped Leon and—" Suddenly she stopped and turned on the waiter Eddie didn't like. "You took him to the cab," she said fiercely. "While I got my things. I put his wallet back in his pocket and you—"

"So I put him in the cab," Leon said.

"He could have been clipped at the hotel," the boss said.

Eddie was watching the girl and the ache was in his chest again because she looked so small and proud and unafraid. "They didn't," she said. "I went all the way to his room."

The boss was looking at Leon, his eyes half shut, and that worthy began to stammer and protest. The boss took one of his arms. "Come on, Frank," he said, and Frank took Leon's other arm and presently the three of them walked through a door Eddie hadn't noticed before.

The bartender, who had watched all this with interest, went back to polishing the bar. Eddie looked at the girl. He spoke to her but she kept her head averted.

"I wouldn't have had this happen for the world," he said. And then he just stood there miserably until the door opened and the boss and Frank came out, followed by Leon who now wore his hat and coat, also a mouse under one eye and a split lip. The boss was grinning and counting money.

"Here," he said, and gave Eddie sixty dollars and then added another ten from his own pocket. "I'm glad I found out about it. Nobody gets clipped in here—except by my prices. Sit down, you two. The drinks are on the house."

EDDIE reached for her arm and when she didn't draw away he led her to the table and held her chair. She sat down and opened her purse and took out a handkerchief while he slid down on the bench. She would not look at him but he saw her eyes were full and he felt terrible, he felt awful.

"Please," he said, his throat husky. "Don't be angry with me."

"I—I'm not angry."

"But you're crying," he said, and when he got no response he said other things. He said he was ashamed. He said he guessed he was a heel for ever thinking she could do such a thing; he said he hadn't come back because he wanted the money, he hadn't intended even to mention it.

"I know," the girl said, blinking hard and dabbing at her eyes. "That's just it. You thought I'd taken your money and still you wanted to—to take me to Mrs. Donovan's."

"Why—sure." He reached out and took her hand and her fingers were limp inside his own. "Maybe I was a little sore at first, but then I thought, 'What's the difference, Eddie? That's what the money was for—to find someone like her, and now you've found her—' "

"Oh, Eddie." Her fingers tightened hard and then let go. "Let's not talk. Let's just get out of here."

She was on her feet then, picking up her things, and she was out the door before Eddie could catch up with her. He heard her running up the stairs but he paused a moment to answer the boss, who had started toward him.

"Hey," the boss said. "When is she coming back?"

"I don't know," Eddie said. "Maybe never."

She was walking slowly along the darkened street and Eddie came up and slipped his hand inside her arm. He hadn't realized how small and slender she was until now and he knew she was still crying a little and he knew it would be better if he did not try to talk.

Just walking, feeling her beside him was enough for now, for the thing he'd dreamed about had happened, as he'd always known it would some day. He was not sure what happened next but he knew that if he could not sell what he had to sell in the five days he had left, he did not deserve a girl like this. He looked up and found the stars were out again. He watched them as he walked along, feeling humble and exalted. Finally, thinking how different it would be the next time he went to sea, he smiled.

THE END

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SHELBY, MICH.
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ALL AMERICAN TEAM-1943
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SCOTTSDALE, ARIZ.
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NINE men usually make up each crew of those big American bombers that fly so far and hit so hard — and cost a quarter-million.

Pilot, co-pilot, bombardier, navigator, engineer, radio man and three gunners are picked and put together as carefully as their plane — to form a superbly trained and co-ordinated team.

Read the home towns of a typical team, around the rim of the picture above. Here are *United* States in action. *Here's a real All-American team!*

Not just because of geography, either. You've got to be *good* to play on this team. Competition is tough. You're on your own. Doesn't matter who you are or where you're from. Pull won't help. Only brains, ability and energy can make you the boss of a bomber.

That's the way the Air Force works — and the way America works. That's one of the big things we're all fighting for — the right to live our own lives and make our own careers — the opportunity to work and save and get ahead.

That system made Americans independent and made America strong. It encouraged invention and research. It built the big industries that are arming the United Nations for victory. It created the electric companies that power most of America's war plants and produce far more electricity than any nation has ever known before.

Let's make sure that our All-American teams find this same freedom of opportunity when they come back from the Big Game.

Let's hold fast the system of business management under public regulation that has worked so long, so well.

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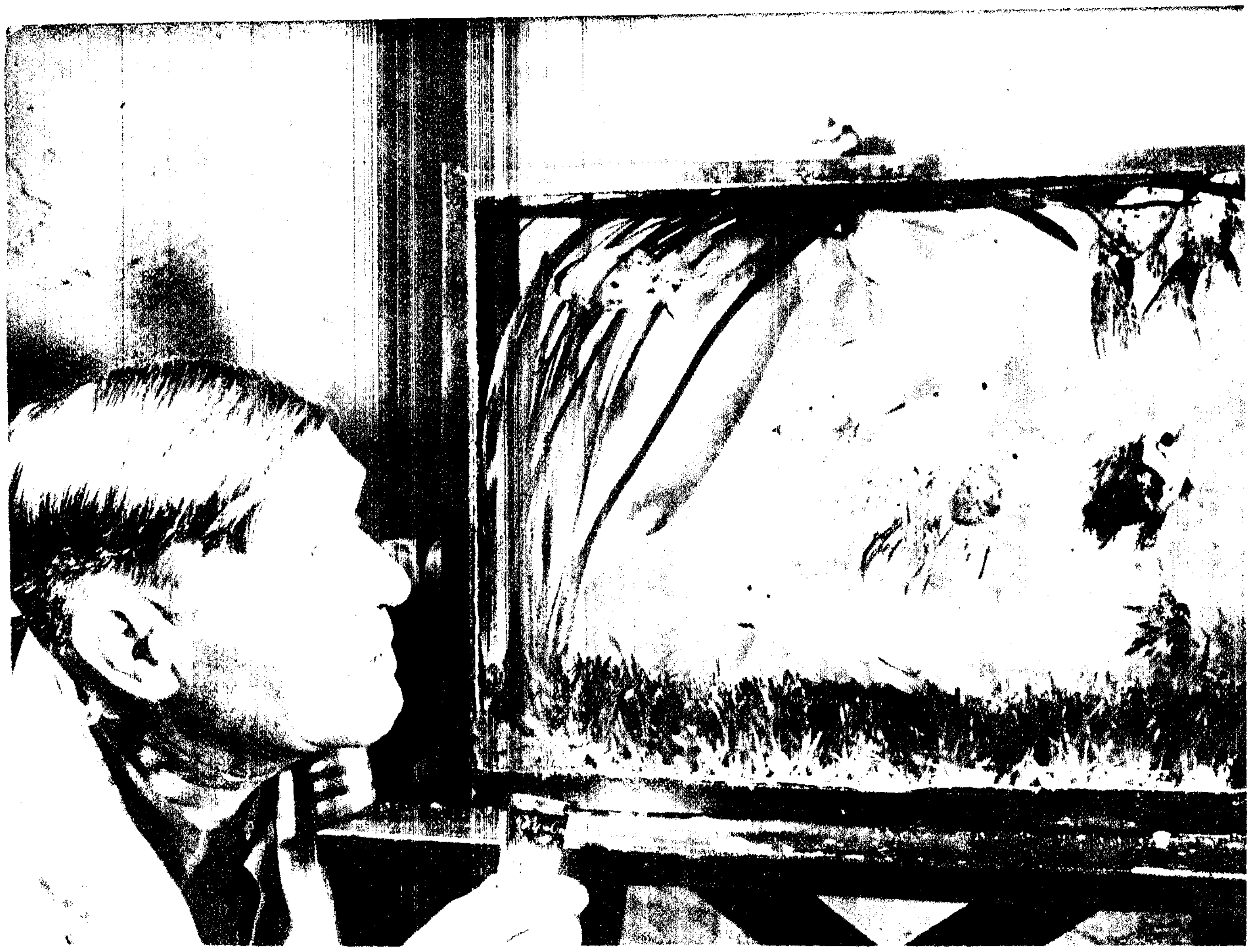
NAME YOUR FISH

BY THEODORE PRATT

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BALKIN-FIX AND BOB LEAVITT



Aristocrats of the Baker pools are the rare and colorful calico fantail goldfish. The picture at left shows Baker feeding them carefully to avoid startling them

Want a fish with red, white and blue fins? Or one with a mug like a circus clown's? However improbable, it's a cinch for Carroll Baker, whose fantastic crossbreeds sometimes astonish their own mothers

I WANT a fish with a blue tail, pink fins, a red nose, and horizontal black stripes." The ordinary reply to this request would be, "Brother, there ain't no such animal."

But you can give such an order to C. Carroll Baker, of Lake Worth, Florida, and some time later get your fish according to specifications. It won't be any mounted affair. It won't be a picture. It will be a live fish, and its colors will be its own. It will be the first of its kind as far as color scheme is concerned.

Baker doesn't do this with mirrors, but by special selective breeding of different kinds of tropical fish. He keeps 175 varieties in 114 outdoor pools and 200 indoor breeding tanks. In his nine-room house he has a fish bowl in every room and a pool in the patio. Rarely does he have less than a quarter of a million fish on hand to work with—quite a palette for any artist.

Baker is a stocky man of sixty, who looks like a well-battered welterweight. Society women from nearby Palm Beach, when visiting him to pick out exotic fish, at first think he must be one of the lower type of hired help around the place. They are greeted by what appears to be a pug-faced roughneck, clad in a faded, slime-splattered slack suit and wearing woebegone shoes which will stand wading into the pools.

They soon get over the idea when they see Baker handling, with the delicate touch of a woman, a rare cockeye pilot or a head-and-tail-light, which are the actual names of fish. He is so enthusiastic about his fish that when he gets talking about them, the only way to stop him is to walk away. Even then he'll follow you down the street, explaining the mysterious breeding habits of some unusual specimen he has probably thought up himself. He is fond of making, proudly and rather shyly, such statements as this: "Yesterday I became the father of eight thousand babies."

His outdoor aquarium is open, free, to the public, including the school children who visit it daily. It's supposed to be operated both as a business and as a hobby, but the hobby part interferes with Baker making any money out of it. Recently he turned down an offer of a New York tropical fish dealer for 1,500 fish to be shipped every Monday. Baker knew he wouldn't be able to keep his mind on such a regular order when he had dozens of experiments going on in as many pools, turning a cream-colored fish into a green fish or adding a bright yellow nose to a heretofore altogether brown fish. In addition he says, "I'm no guppy breeder."

Baker has been close to fish all his life. As a boy, in Columbus, Ohio, he bred his own minnow goldfish for live bait to fish upper Wisconsin waters. He shipped these to the family fishing camp in January, and by summer they had grown to be of excellent size to entice muskellunge and other battlers.

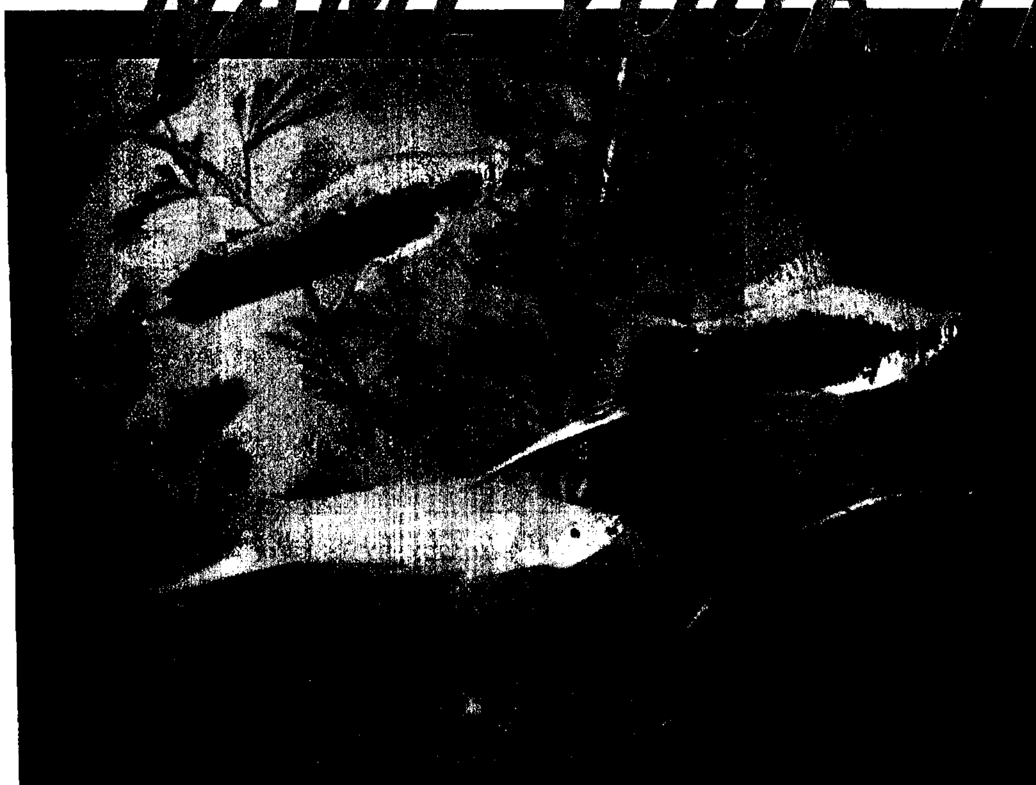
He kept up this practice during the twenty years he operated music stores in Columbus, taking two months off each summer to fish. At one time he held the record for the smaller type tiger muskellunge catch, at 32 pounds. He was something of a champion in the music-store business, too, having given the largest single order ever known for player-piano music rolls, 100,000 of them. That year his business grossed $350,000. A good deal of this was drummed up by Baker's innovation of installing a long soda fountain in one of his stores, with a pipe organ in back of it. While prospective music customers sat at the fountain sipping sodas, they listened to records they wanted to hear played on the organ.

In 1925, Baker saw that radio was replacing the kind of music he sold and that he would soon be left dispensing sodas only. Besides, those mere two summer months for fishing weren't enough. He retired and went to Fort Pierce, Florida, where he had heard the fishing was good.

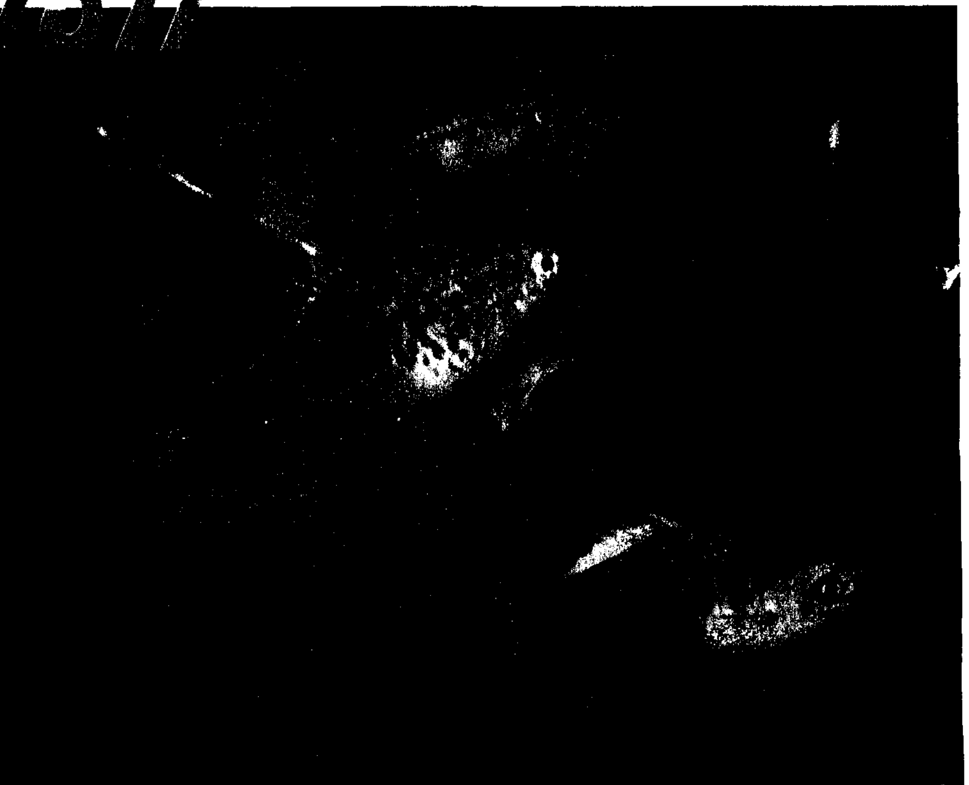
It was. Bake, as he came to be called in Florida, soon discovered the giant jewfish, which is the largest sea bass. He specialized in catching these and soon was known locally as the Sea Bass King, bringing in monsters weighing up to 750 pounds.

At first he obtained the services of an auto-wrecking car to transport his catch from the dock. Finally he rigged up his own angle-iron frame with a block and tackle on the front of his car. People who didn't know him believed him insane when he explained this was to lift and carry fish. He gave away his catch to the poor in the vicinity, and in later years, during the depression, it was frequently all some people had to eat.

In Fort Pierce, besides sea bass, Bake met his wife, Blue, whose name comes from that of the doctor who attended her mother at her birth. Eight years ago, the Bakers moved farther down the Florida coast to Lake Worth. Here, for a birthday present to his wife, he gave her two pairs of tropical fish. It was a case of Papa giving trains to the baby and then playing with them himself. When they bred, Bake became so interested in the



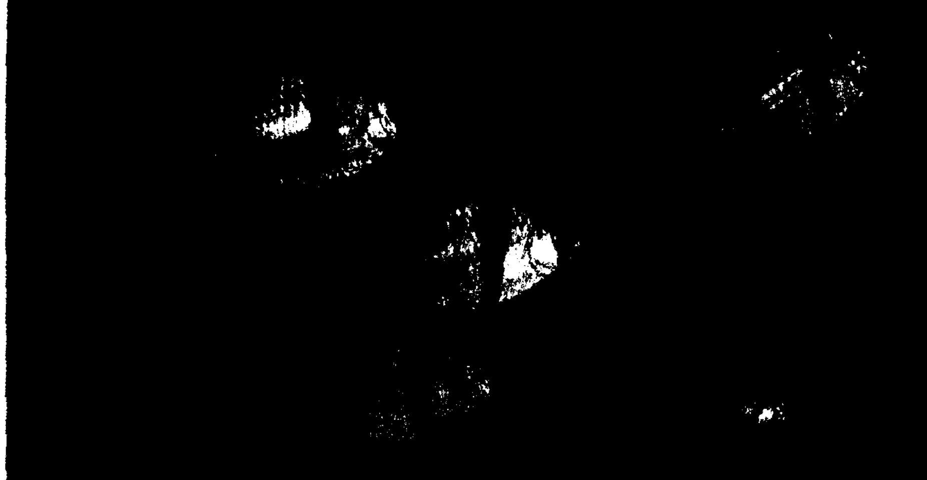
New variety of swordtail is the hybrid at the bottom of this tank. It's the result of crossbreeding between the female at top left and the male in the center



Top fish in this tank is a new variety of platy. It resulted from crossbreeding of the differently marked parent fish below it, and will be used to produce other variants

Hard to breed are the friendly albino sailfin mollies. The bulging female in this picture gave birth to her live young the day after this photograph was made

The pugnacious Siamese fighting fish come in almost every color and will kill each other on sight. Baker once succeeded in breeding a solid orchid variety of this fish



A variety of the [illegible] with young, newly imported from the Indian Ocean. Tropical fish enthusiasts in the United States are not generally familiar with this fish

The sleeping cichlid above, a baby specimen, is an Amazon River fish and is difficult to breed. When it's tired it sensibly lies on its side and goes to sleep, as above

The [illegible] kissing fish spend their lives in an osculatory daze, kissing each other for hours at a time. They are also fond of kissing their reflections in mirrors

Near approach to the famed "invisible Brazilian goldfish" that packed in the suckers in Gay Nineties sideshows is the highly transparent glassfish. These are young ones

These are mixed platies, or moonfish, the result of crossing golden, blue, black and red females with males of other solid colors. Almost any color varieties can thus be bred

Prize fish of the Baker aquariums, which seldom contain less than 250,000 fish, is this female angelfish. Specimens as large and as perfect as this are extremely rare

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tiny fish that he acquired other varieties and bred them too.

He built an outdoor pool. He built another as the fish became more numerous and his enthusiasm grew. Finally the whole spacious front and side lawns of his property were occupied with fish pools, and the special breeding house for tanks he had erected began to overflow too.

A next-door acre of ground, shaded by mango trees, giant bamboo, hibiscus, and other tropical vegetation, was acquired, and today this is also wholly occupied with fish. The largest pool measures forty feet across. Others are round, oblong, square, or in the shape of a small stream. One is an enormous wagon-wheel shape divided into twenty-five compartments with walkways between each leading to the center. You can stand here, completely surrounded by bright-colored fish, and look until you get spots before your eyes.

Though Baker has put thousands of dollars into his unique aquarium that he can never hope—or want—to get back, he has commercialized his hobby to an extent, at least when he can remember to attend to orders. He wants others to have curious breeds of pretty fish, and for them to be on display publicly.

He has supplied and arranged the aquariums of the exclusive Everglades Club and most of the other clubs and hotels in Palm Beach. Nearly 200 of the wealthy resort homes, including those of Atwater Kent, Mrs. Jessie Woolworth Donahue, and Charlie Munn, have his version of fish. Mrs. Sam Riddle owns Man-o'-War and some of Bake's tropicals. Walter Reisinger is a director of Anheuser-Busch, Diesel Engines, and a bowl of fish. Some of these customers order special color variations.

Bake's greatest worry was what people would do with their fish when they went away in the summer. He solved this by opening a hotel for fish, boarding them until their owners' return. A common goldfish obtains room and board for twenty-five cents a month. This goes up to a dollar for a pair of rare breeding angelfish.

Bake has more fun with less spectacular displays. At a cost price of $1.50 he makes up what he calls his "Hospital Bowl," which is given to patients just before the female fish are about to have their babies. When this happens in a local hospital, the bowl is carried about the place to the extent that it has been known to disrupt the entire routine. Doctors recommend watching his fish as a therapeutic measure. Dentists put them in their waiting rooms to take the minds of patients off what is beyond the door.

Recently, Bake gave a bowl of fish to an Army company located at a near-by camp, and the soldiers adopted the lively fish as their mascots. When Bake called around one day to put a new plant in the bowl, he was told the company, fish and all, had moved on to the South Seas. He's still chuckling over that one, because some of the fish will be returning from where they came.

An Artist in Fish

Bake is happiest of all when he is painting fish, as he calls his developing new kinds of colors in fish. He claims that he can put about any stated color into most fish that normally have none of this color. Some of his achievements appear to bear out the boast; for instance, his black-tailed moonfish.

In natural life the moonfish has a yellow tail. Bake found one with a streak of black in it. This is called a "sport" and is the basis of most fish painting. By mating the sport with a virgin, he obtained a few more fish with black in their tails. By continually mating those with the most black, he finally had moonfish with entirely black tails.

The bright male swordtail has a long, sharply pointed spike for a tail, with that of one choice variety being edged with black. A customer wanted one of these with a completely black tail. Bake is now working on this and, after a year, is coming along so well that a few more fish generations of eight months' each should produce the desired result.

His pets for painting are the brilliant Siamese fighting fish, which in Siam—now Thailand, and temporarily Japanese—are fought like fighting cocks. Bake had seen about every color in these except solid orchid. He wanted an orchid Siamese fighting fish. It took him four years to get the exact shade of orchid he sought, but finally he obtained it. He figures he could now do it in two years.

Putting colors in tropical fish where they've never been before isn't simple or easy. Elements of climate, diet, and the chemical content and temperature of water enter into intricate breeding.

A large part of fish painting is to make the subjects as healthy as possible. The finny babies are treated just like human young, even to the extent of feeding them baby-formula spinach and cod-liver oil. Epsom salts are one ingredient in a diet which includes ground beef, pork, liver, salmon, shrimp and lettuce.

Like everybody with a passionate hobby, Bake is a nut on at least one subject connected with it. His is water. Except when it has already become polluted, he says, fish should never have the water in their bowls changed.

"That's just like poison to a fish," he states, "especially when it's city tap water that has been chlorinated."

Bake's idea of proper water for fish is water at least five years old. He doesn't regard water under two years old as fit for fish, particularly for color-breeding purposes. One reason for this is that infusoria, microscopic life on which many newly born fish must feed, forms in old water and is not present in new.

Spare the Water . . .

He adds new water sparingly in his pools and tanks, only enough to replace what has evaporated. Cleaning is done by scraping off the deposit around the sides of the tanks with a razor blade and wiping the surface of the water with a cloth. Scavenger snails do not clean but consume surplus food which otherwise would sour. Proper plants furnish oxygen, balance the alkaline and mineral content, and absorb carbon-dioxide gas. Fish fanciers are divided between those who aerate water and those who don't. Bake says it is unnecessary except in an overcrowded tank.

After showing you the fish he has painted and those he is currently working on, Bake will introduce you to his kissing fish. They have thick, recurved lips they use for kissing one another by the hour, or, if a mirror is placed in their tank, ardently kissing their own reflections.

He'll show you something like them in the cichlids, which, to make love, have the Spartan test of locking jaws and having a vicious tug of war. If one gets frightened and gives up before the other is satisfied that its adversary is brave enough to be a parent, it is killed by its prospective mate.

The female Egyptian mouthbreeder takes as many as 100 eggs in her mouth, hatching them there. Even after swimming on their own, the young will dart back into the mother's capacious mouth to safety at the slightest sign of danger, continuing this until too large to crowd in.

Bake will show you the Liberty molly, which has red, white and blue dorsal fins, very popular right now. He'll show you clown fish with colors like the make-up of a circus clown; glassfish, through which you can see as clearly as through a windowpane; convict fish, which have black stripes; pencil fish, which look like their name; and neon fish, which look like tiny sections of a neon tube. Talking catfish make a grunting noise. The armored cat has thick protection on it, and its name in German seems directly out of the war, being *panzerwels.*

Oddities in the Pool

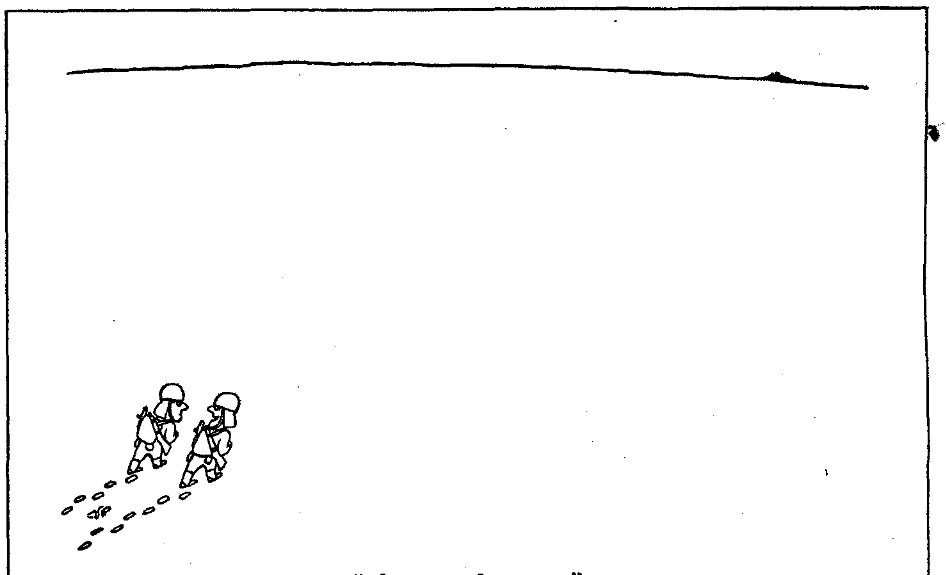
Many a Montezuma female, after giving birth to live young, soon finds herself turned into a male and doesn't seem surprised a bit. There are two kinds of fish that get out of water and walk on land. The climbing perch has spines on its gill plates by which it is able to propel itself on land and will search out a new pond if its own goes dry. The mudskipper uses strong fins to climb up on a rock, where it stares with protruding eyes.

The young of labyrinth fishes drown in water, their eggs having to be laid in bubbles of air prepared by the male. The *Copeina ärnoldi,* which should be ashamed of itself for having no common name, lays its eggs out of water on a sloping ledge. The pair clasp each other closely by the fins, leap out for ten seconds to lay and fertilize eggs, keep this up for half an hour, and then slap water onto the eggs to keep them wet until hatched.

When Bake is through showing you these things, he'll take you to his prize performers, the archerfish. These are five inches long. They circle their pool ceaselessly, their noses near the surface, looking out at the air as if wishing they lived in that element. Suddenly one of them stops. It has seen an insect clinging to a blade of grass a foot above the surface. Methodically, the archerfish puts its mouth out of water, takes careful aim, and lets go with quite a respectable stream of sticky goo. The insect, engulfed by this, falls to the water and is devoured.

"Very accurate," Bake says proudly. "They never miss."

THE END


COLLIER'S "I know a short cut." VIRGIL PARTCH

Nijinsky in Jive

Continued from page 24

is spare time must be spent chewing pium or better, in some exotic lair.

Actually, he is the son of a New Bruns- ick, N. J., pharmacist, and the closest he ver got to a Hindu temple was a copy of e National Geographic. He lives in one ectacularly cluttered room in a West ide hotel in New York, dresses like a ell-tailored ragamuffin, reads books, eats eaks (when he can get 'em) and speaks glish—tirelessly. There is nothing in his utobiographical chatter about a little rass shack in Bali, but he does like to rag about his maternal grandfather, an ish tugboat captain who was wont to ome home at clockwork intervals drunk s a goat and invariably bearing as a peace ffering a big fish, with which his wife ould hit him over the head.

Grandfather, as Cole recalls him, was ne of the pleasanter features of a child- ood marred by his parents' divorce (his eal name is J. Ewing Richter; Cole was is stepfather's name, which he adopted) nd by an accident which left him blind one eye, and cross-eyed.

The Ugly Duckling's Revenge

This affliction made him feel ugly and nwanted as a boy, and he determined to e a dancer. That was to "show" everyone ho had slighted him, because he believed ancers to be the most beautiful people.

He was seventeen and a bright student t Columbia University when he went to iew the Christmas dances starring Ruth t. Denis and Ted Shawn. "Miss Ruth," s he still calls her, fascinated him. He ttended every performance for two eks. Then he went back to New Jersey nd informed his mother and stepfather hat he was dropping everything to dance. t was a crushing blow to them. In their tratum of society, a male ballet dancer vas something you'd heard of, but never ad in the family. They didn't actually ast him out into the snow with his baby, ut that was the general idea.

He discovered immediately that the ourse at Denishawn House cost about he same as several years at a 14-karat inishing school for millionaires' daugh- ers, so he quit college and went to work o earn the fee. He landed a job in the oreign exchange department of a Wall treet banking firm and turned out to be stunning success at large-scale finance. n eight months, he had saved enough to ecome a Denishawn pupil.

Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn picked lancers chiefly for their looks, with em- hasis on physique. Young Cole's defec- ive eye was more than outbalanced by the ymmetry of his body, so they selected him or a scholarship and the debatable honor f being Shawn's valet.

After only two dancing lessons, during which he all but knocked himself out try- ng to learn everything at once, he became art of the Denishawn concert company.

He found he had much to overcome in he way of provincial inhibitions. His in- tial assignment was to the ensemble of an American Indian dance in which his cos- tume consisted of plenty of feathers on the head but nothing at all over the rear—just a string around the waist and a little flap in front. At the first performance of that ballet, he was so self-conscious that he made the girls leave the wings or he wouldn't go on.

Eventually he got used to brevity in costumes, but he thinks the nudity he encountered with the Denishawn group was what drove him, in sheer reaction, to doing East Indian dances when he struck out on his own. He wanted to wrap himself in as much material as possible.

His road tour with Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn was polka-dotted with explosive incidents. Jack would lose the keys to Shawn's trunk, necessitating a midnight trek to a country locksmith's, or he would burn a hole in one of the master's Italian glove-silk costumes, or forget to mend a tear in some vital spot. Once he rebelled at an ugly and uncomfortable costume he and the other boys were given to wear in a Brahms number to make them look "manly." When he finished sweating through one performance in it, he took it and tore it up into rather small pieces.

"If you're a man," he told Shawn, "you dance like a man. You don't have to go around like a sex maniac all the time to prove it."

Despite these altercations, Cole's recollections of Shawn strike a tender note. "Ted was difficult," he sums it up, "but he tried to be likable. It was just that you never knew whether it was his day to be a good guy or not."

Three quarters of the way through the road tour, Jack was struck with the sudden conviction that Shawn's dancing was pretty humorous and he began to laugh at it even while he assisted it. One Middle Western reviewer noted this and described Cole as "a healthy young man who seemed to think the whole thing was very funny."

In due time, our hero left the auspices of Miss St. Denis and Mr. Shawn because he had encountered a wealthy lady from Bronxville who had a daughter who wanted to dance.

The lady from Bronxville engaged a studio in the East Sixties, a rather magnificent affair. The daughter of the lady from Bronxville ran things, and Cole and a young lady from the South taught—or would have taught, had there been any pupils.

It was not a long-lived venture. In a high-flown moment, Cole had named the dancing school The Parnassus, explaining to the lady from Bronxville that that was the place were the Muses used to hang out in the old days. That satisfied her until she got her hands on an encyclopedia which reported that in the old days, orgies had been held on Parnassus. With this as evidence, the benefactress decided the whole thing was improper and took her money and her daughter back to Bronxville.

With no funds and no place to get his head in out of the rain, Jack went to Doris Humphreys and Charles Weidman, who even then were dancers of some note if not great fortune. They let him sleep on a mattress in their studio for a while, then took him with them to Broadway in School for Husbands.

Hitting the Big Time

Then he teamed up with Alice Dudley, a slim, frail blonde who had also been with the Denishawns. They began with concerts and progressed to a job at the Embassy Club, a super-swank night spot then run by Dutch Schultz. This lasted a week. Coming up to work one night on the subway from Greenwich Village, they read in a tabloid that the club had folded while their backs were turned.

But Alice and Jack survived, modeling for artists and dancing odd jobs of dancing, until they landed at Radio City Music Hall, where they soon got to be standard stuff and came to the attention of the austere Rockefeller staff. They performed at the opening of the Rainbow Room and were a great success.

After a few minor engagements, Jack and Alice broke up in a friendly way because, as he explains, "we didn't want to go on being sex maniacs, and that was all anybody ever hired us for." He went back to the concert stage and then formed his own dancing group.

Always a fellow with a fine flair for uncommon situations, he found himself at one point doubling between Billy Rose's Casa Mañana and Adelphi College in Brooklyn, where he taught young ladies the history of the dance. He commuted between Brooklyn and Times Square in the subway. Between shows, he used to sit in his dressing room in a sarong and correct examination papers.

One afternoon, he was instructing a class in East Indian movements when one of the students came in with a record of Raymond Scott's Dinner Music For A Pack of Hungry Cannibals. During a rest period, they put it on and, strictly for laughs, Cole began doing slightly improper Hindu movements to the swing music. The combination of the two art forms, ancient and new, proved oddly satisfying to his sharp sense of the exotic, and he decided to experiment with it. That was how his current dance patterns started.

In night clubs, he always makes the routines extremely decorative, so that customers who don't get it that they're funny can at least recognize their beauty. His version of a French picnic, done to Strauss waltz music, was a great hit. Those who didn't understand applauded because it was so pretty; the hep ones realized it was gentle satire on the romanticism of the ballet. His Wedding of a Solid Sender, a jitterbug number in which he wears a chartreuse paillетted zoot suit and a shocking pink shirt, is clear to all comers.

Slave to Perfection

Cole has been known to give his notice because a trumpet hit a sour note while he was dancing, and once he quit because there weren't enough saxophones in the band. When the girls in his troupe missed a beat or a gesture, he would give them holy what for and go stamping off to his dressing room with the bells on his feet jingling in anger.

He still does that. The girls don't mind very much because they are aware of his slavishness to perfection. When he is not exploding with artistic outrage, he is the soul of kindness, patience and good humor.

Without being a publicized Broadway wit, he is a well-turned "character." He is 27 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 146, and is 1-A in the draft. His right eye is still blind, but as a result of an operation a few years ago, it is no longer crossed. He wears extravagantly informal clothes, notably blue denim dungarees which he had built by a famous Chicago tailor, from material he bought from Sears Roebuck. When he dances he soaks his hair with castor oil, to give it the black, wet look that so many people think is paint until he tells them, "It's my own switch."

His best girl is Loretta Jefferson, dance director Robert Alton's assistant, known as "Jeffie." After hours, he takes Jeffie dancing in the rumba joints. He says he likes dancing the rumba better than life itself. Right now he is in the pleasant, rather dreamy state of having no new goal to make, no far-flung ambition to fulfill, because he is waiting for Uncle Sam to tap him on the shoulder.

When that happens, the Broadway scene will be lacking one of its 10 P. M. thrills, but the gentleman with the whiskers will have one rookie who can cross a drill field in double-quick time, even if he does it in rumba rhythm. And if the boys at Camp Dix awaken one morning to a hot jive version of the Kashmiri Love Song, they'll know that Cole has got to the bugler.

THE END

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Message to the Athenians

Continued from page 20

"They're lost," the professor stammered.

"You son of an unmentionable mother," Chiurazzi began. Then another idea came to him. "Laughing at me, eh?" he said ominously.

"No," the professor assured him hastily. "I'm not laughing."

This Greek had already delayed him too long. "Laughing, I said," Chiurazzi snarled, letting his temper boil over. "All you Greeks. Even the boys in the streets. I've had enough of it. Saying we Italians didn't defeat you . . ."

He raised his pistol. The professor saw a possible chance. "I realize that we Greeks are conquered," he declared hurriedly.

"Eh? What's that? You admit that we Italians—*Italians,* I say, have conquered you Greeks?"

TO THE professor, in comparison to saving the food, it was relatively unimportant whether the Nazis or the Italians had defeated the Greek armies. He nodded, hoping that the effect would be as he surmised. It was. Chiurazzi's tension left him. He felt a warming glow of triumph. You could almost see him swell as he put up his pistol.

"You've saved yourself a bullet for breakfast, old man. We Italians, descendants of the ancient Romans, are just," he announced grandly. "We also know how to be merciful." He made a sweeping gesture of his hand, like a conqueror dispensing largess. "I give you your life."

The professor bowed, murmured a word of thanks and turned away. His hunched-up shoulders felt wide and vulnerable as he crossed the street and entered the Hodos Buronos. But no shot came.

When he reached the little square around the twenty-four-hundred-year-old monument of Lysicrates, the professor, weary from his long trip, paused to rest a moment and reflected that, if he had been sensible, he would have accepted that post in the Nazi-controlled government and be sleeping comfortably at this moment in his home in the Hodos Homerou. But there had been his grandsons to consider. Atha and Ianni wouldn't have understood that their grandfather was "co-operating," not of his own choice—indeed, all he had ever asked from the Nazis was to be left alone—but because, he, as a historian, knew that, a hundred years hence, it would make no difference to the main current of events whether he took that post or not. No, they would have thought him a Quisling. So would Xenia, his daughter. So would her husband and the boys' father, Basili Konteleon, who, over a year ago, had slipped off to join the guerrillas in the mountains. It was the comprehension of how all of them—and especially the boys—would feel which had caused the professor to refuse. A week ago, when Herr Bötticher of the Gestapo had dropped in at the hovel to see if near-starvation had changed the professor's mind, he had declined once more.

Had he been wrong? the professor wondered as he shuffled on again. His mind didn't—couldn't approve of the uncompromising resistance of men like Basili, not when that resistance was obviously futile. Yet something within himself didn't like being compelled to submit as he had been compelled by that posturing Italian, a short while back. If the Nazis would only leave him alone. But they wouldn't.

The professor knew why. It was not that he, Vassos Kavvadias, was so important. But a professor's word always carried weight in Greece, particularly if that professor had a reputation for aloofness from politics and for dispassionate objectivity. If Professor Kavvadias could be induced to endorse their regime publicly, it might influence a number of his countrymen.

His reflections had brought the professor to a point close to the narrow lanes and twisted alleys huddled under the northeastern cliff of the Acropolis. They were still in shadow. He turned and plunged into the maze. With a slackening of caution he picked his way through the garbage heaps and over or around the occasional body of one to whom hunger and pestilence were no longer of concern. And then, not five minutes from his house, just as he reached a place where one lane ended and another began, he heard a sound.

It was only a feeble moan. But it made him look. There, in the angle close to the wall, a child was lying—a girl child.

The professor averted his eyes. He walked on. He told himself that the child was only one of scores—no, of hundreds—dying all over Athens and Greece. You came on them in corners. You saw men and women and children drop in the streets. You beheld them laid out in rows, ribs protruding, cheeks cavernous, mouths open, staring sightlessly at the sky.

That was what happened when a country was conquered by barbarians. And it was happening here and now. Not in the distant past to the Incas when the semi-savage Spaniards conquered them, not to the faraway people of China—but here, right now, in Athens.

Yet one must retain one's objectivity. You couldn't feed all Athens. Your job was to keep your grandsons alive. You had to be selfish. That child—probably she was past help.

The professor groaned and stopped. He went back and, shifting his bundle, picked up the child. She moaned and curled into his shoulder, starvation-light. A little later, both arms burdened, he kicked at the door of his home.

HE HAD to kick twice. His daughter, Xenia, opened. But the boys weren't behind her! The professor knew panic as he stumbled in. Had the Gestapo taken them while he had been away? Putting the child down hastily but carefully on the cot under the window and dumping the bundle of food on the rough table near the stove, he turned to his daughter. She was barring the door.

"The boys?" he demanded, his voice rising in spite of himself.

She came close. Even in his agitation the professor wondered at the brightness of her eyes.

"Basili!" she whispered.

"Here!"

"Yes. In the back room. He came last night. An hour past midnight."

"What brought him?"

"He heard about the Gestapo evicting us from the Hodos Homerou—and why. He was afraid for the boys—for all of us."

"What can he do to help?" Before Xenia could answer, the professor thought of something else. "How did he find his way here—to this house? He must have inquired. That's dangerous. If the Gestapo—"

"The Gestapo won't hear. Basili says no one guessed who he was. He's back—and safe." She paused and went on as if to herself. "Safe—that's so good to know. Just to see him—touch him."

The professor was abruptly conscious of the intense, vibrant joy in his daughter's voice and face. It seemed vaguely indecent to him—almost as if he had found her undressed. To cover his embarrassment he drew Xenia's attention to the child.

"I came on her in the street," he said. He paused and then, as his daughter, her face changing swiftly from joy to compassion, moved over to the cot, he went on apologetically, "I know I shouldn't have. But—so little—so thin—I couldn't—"

"Of course you couldn't," Xenia told him. She gathered the child in her arms and arranged her more comfortably. "Poor little starved thing," she said in a deep, pitying voice.

"If only we had some milk," the professor said.

"We have," Xenia informed him over her shoulder. "Evaporated milk. Basili. Off the Italians. Food, too." She walked over to where the food was kept in a hole under the rug in the corner. "Preserved fruits," she went on, taking out a can of milk. "A leg of mutton. A whole package of stuff." She moved over to the table. "Oh, you did get something. Splendid." Xenia proceeded to open the can. "Basili thinks of taking the boys with him when he leaves tonight," she added casually as she began to heat the milk on the stove.

IT TOOK the professor a stunned moment to comprehend fully what had been said. Those boys whom he had been trying to keep safe!

"That's absurd, of course," he commented in a carefully controlled voice.

"Basili doesn't think so."

"Ianni, thirteen. Atha a couple of years older. Boys, both of them. Surely you told him that it was impossible?"

"Basili thinks they'd be safer."

Basili—always Basili. It was as if in all these years he had never really known his own daughter.

"Safer!" he repeated scornfully. "Shot at. Chased. Living with the guerrillas! They may be a little pinched for food here now and then—but they aren't in danger of their lives every moment. I'm surprised at you, Xenia. Where's your common sense?"

"Basili says they're old enough to fight."

This time the professor wasn't able to restrain his fear and anger. "The crazy fool!" he exclaimed. "The idiot! Just because he himself—" He paused. "Why doesn't he take you, too?" he asked with an edge to his voice.

"That wouldn't be sensible," Xenia told him calmly. She poured the warm milk into a cup and went over to the child. "Who would look after you?"

As if it hadn't been himself, who for the last month— The professor pressed his lips together firmly. This was a matter which, evidently, must be settled between him and Basili Konteleon.

He left Xenia and walked slowly through the center room. When he stepped into the room at the back, Konteleon was on the low couch with a son in the crook of either arm. To the professor, who had come to regard these boys as peculiarly his own, it hurt to observe how little attention they paid to him as he exchanged greetings with his son-in-law and how quickly they turned back to gaze at their father with worshiping eyes. He sat down, feeling old and useless, and looked at his son-in-law with unfriendly eyes. Basili Konteleon was a big-boned, burly man, though the life in the mountains had put a gaunt air upon him. There was, too, a certain grimness about the eyes and the mouth which had not always been there.

"Something I want to talk to you about," he said abruptly and added: "Something Xenia said."

Konteleon knew what he meant. He glanced at his father-in-law, a man who in his opinion sat and quibbled with words when what was needed was action. On the other hand he had a certain respect for Kavvadias' learning. He removed his arms from the boys.

"Run along," he said. "Tell your mother to get some food ready."

The boys went, reluctantly. Both men watched them go—Atha, tall and dark and intense like his mother; Ianni, square of build with an open, unthinking face. You could tell that both men loved them, though that love was likely to be expressed in different ways. The professor turned to Konteleon.

"What's this foolishness about the boys going back with you?" he asked in a hard, level voice.

Konteleon looked at him. "They're old enough to fight," he said briefly.

"Nonsense."

"Old enough to hold a rifle. I've seen shepherd boys—"

"These boys aren't shepherds. They're city-bred. Besides, why should they fight? You know yourself that this resistance of yours is—senseless. The whole world knows that we Greeks have already done our share. All your guerrillas do is to give these Nazis an excuse for cruelty."

Konteleon stood up. "Last week," he said slowly, "I came into a village near Delphi. They'd hung them this time—men, women and children. It may be you're correct in saying that it won't matter a hundred years from now. But people who do that—whether under order or not—" He paused, then burst out, "Sensible or not, any Greek who is a Greek is going to kill as many as he can until he's killed himself."

"I can understand that feeling," the professor said, thinking for an instant of the child in the other room. "On the other hand, what has that to do with these boys?"

"They're Greeks. They're my sons."

"You have no right to sacrifice them, even if you are their father." The professor got to his feet. "These boys have a right to life. In some way, by any and every means, these boys must be kept alive until liberation comes."

Konteleon looked at him with a stubborn set to his chin. "You can tie me up with words, Professor. My boys—"

"That's the point," the professor exclaimed, beginning to lose his temper. "I wouldn't say a word if they were men. But at their age—mere boys—" He stopped, then went on in a rush. "Boys—city-bred," he repeated. "What good would they be in the mountains? They know nothing about trails, about taking cover, about fighting. They'll be a drag on you—and your guerrillas."

HE SAW by his son-in-law's face that he had made a point.

"You may be right," Konteleon admitted, frowning.

"Of course, I'm right. As for their being safe here—well, I've looked after them for over a year."

His son-in-law glanced at him sharply: "Suppose you're arrested—or shot?"

"They'd be no worse off than if they were in the mountains—except that in the mountains they'd get you all killed."

Konteleon pondered it a moment. "You've made a case," he said curtly.

The professor exhaled a long breath. His grandsons wouldn't go out to face unknown dangers. They would stay in the Athens he knew. From the doorway Ianni announced:

"Food's ready."

They sat around the rough table. The professor noticed how his daughter hovered about her husband, making excuses to touch him. It did not trouble him now. Nor did it trouble him that the boys were almost forgetting to eat as they listened to their father's brief, poorly told stories of this raid or that upon the Italians and the Nazis. Let Konteleon have his day. Soon he would be gone. Shortly the boys would be Vassos' again, to protect, to look after, to keep alive until the Allies came.

The professor no longer felt old and useless. He glanced over at the child. She was still in coma. But Xenia had said that she had kept a little milk down and had a chance.

It was true that, looking at her, the pro-

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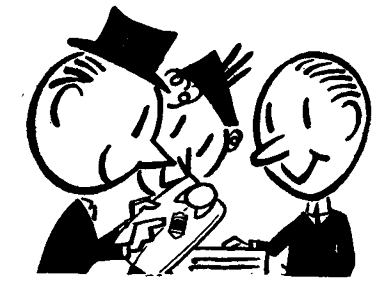

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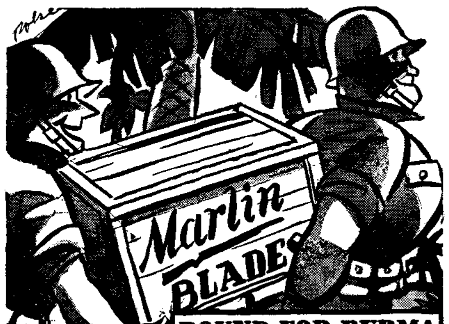

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fessor had an unfamiliar emotion. That child—suffering so horribly and not knowing why. A people who did that to children ought to be hated, ought to be killed. For a moment he felt as Basili did.

He reminded himself, turning back to his food, that famine and killing and torture were as old as human history. Barbarism was, apparently, a recurring expression of the human animal. One must retain one's perspective and not allow one's reasoning faculties to be warped just because— A knock at the door interrupted his reflections. There was a hushed, frozen silence around the table. The knock was repeated.

In a flash Konteleon was on his feet, pistol in hand, and over to the side where he could shoot. Xenia rose in her place. The boys got up and Konteleon nodded to his wife. Lips pressed together, she moved to the door. When she unbarred it, it was only Daphne, the wife of the potter down the street. Ianni giggled, a nervous giggle of relief. Konteleon smiled and started to put his pistol away. Daphne said:

"The Nazis. They're two streets away."

The professor rose to his feet slowly. He looked over at his son-in-law.

"So no one guessed who you were," he pronounced bitingly.

No one paid any attention to him. Xenia turned to her husband.

"Quick!" she cried, pushing at him. "The hiding place in the ruins. We showed you last night. Remember?"

"Yes," Atha exclaimed. He ran to his father and caught at his hand. "I'll show you."

"Me, too," Ianni cried, crowding in close behind his brother.

The professor watched as if in a waking dream.

"No," Konteleon said calmly, grinning confidently at his sons and his wife. "I'll find it. You boys stay here."

"But—" Atha started to protest.

"Stay here," Konteleon commanded. His eyes were sparkling. The professor realized with a shock of amazement and annoyance that his son-in-law was actually exhilarated by the presence of danger. "It's me they're after," Konteleon went on. He slipped his arms around his sons and gave them a quick, rough hug. "Don't worry. They won't find me. If they do, they'll wish they hadn't."

"Hurry—please," Xenia wailed.

"Keep the boys here," her husband told her. He gave her a kiss. "I'll be back as soon as they've gone." He was away and out the back door silently and efficiently.

"Hide the food," Xenia commanded.

BY THE time the Nazis pounded at the door, everything was in order. The professor opened. A squad of soldiers brushed him aside and occupied the house, two of them taking their stand by the boys against the farther wall. Then, Herr Bötticher entered. He looked around. The boys stared at him with blank, expressionless faces. Xenia turned her back and bent over the child. The professor cleared his throat.

"This is somewhat unexpected, Herr Bötticher," he observed quietly.

Herr Bötticher was not one of your loud, blustering types. He nodded politely, waited until a soldier pushed a chair up to the table for him; then he sat down.

"I presume you've guessed the reason for my visit, Herr Professor," he remarked quietly.

The professor looked at the long face with the precise lips and the high-bridged nose and the cold eyes which you could not read. He knew what the next calm question would be: "Where is Basili Konteleon?" A shiver ran down his back. He braced himself to endure. So long as they didn't touch the boys—

"You can thank the present situation for this further chance," the Nazi remarked pleasantly.

Was this a new technique? Or did it mean—the professor was afraid to hope.

"Some of your countrymen seem to think," Herr Bötticher continued, "that because the Allies have won a few battles, we Germans have lost this war. That is far from being the case, I assure you. But, of course, a man of your intelligence, Herr Professor, has comprehended that already."

The professor held himself back from putting too much faith in the spark of hope. This might be a way of lulling him into security so as to pounce the more unexpectedly.

"Well, that's what we want you to tell the Greeks."

So they didn't know Konteleon was here! It wasn't Basili they were after! The professor was lightheaded for a moment from the relief of it.

"This unrest," the Nazi went on. "Hopeless, of course. Yet it makes trouble." He waved a hand. "We could use force. We don't wish to—any more than is necessary. We Germans have, after all, a great respect for the achievements of the classical Greeks—Aryans like ourselves. You modern Greeks have been foolish. But let that pass. The fact is, Herr Professor, that you can save your countrymen a good deal of suffering."

The professor had reorientated himself. He knew that by this time both the boys and Xenia would have perceived that Konteleon was in no danger. The chief thing now was to avoid saying or doing anything which would arouse suspicion in the Nazi. He said politely:

"In what way, Herr Bötticher?"

"By pointing out to them that, as you have just agreed, they will be very foolish to allow the temporary Allied victories to go to their heads." Herr Bötticher leaned forward. "What we ask of you is very little, Herr Professor—simply to tell your fellow Greeks the truth. Publicly, I mean. Over the radio and in the press. It is really a duty."

Plausible—and really easier than the previous proposal because it did not involve putting his seal of approval on the present regime by taking a post in it. And was it not, after all, the truth? Yet, his grandsons, what would they think of his doing it?

"You would find your house in the Hodos Homerou ready for you," the Nazi suggested in a negligent tone. "As for food, since you would be performing public duty—"

He paused delicately. Xenia turne round.

"We'd rather starve," she said, biting o the words.

Herr Bötticher looked at her. "My dea woman—" he began.

In one swift, passionate movemen Xenia snatched the child from the cot an held it up to the Nazi. The youngste stirred and moaned feebly.

"Look," she said, the words almos choking her. "Look—murderer!"

"Regrettable." Herr Bötticher remarke coldly. "However, if you Greeks wo only co-operate—"

"No Greek will 'co-operate.' My fathe won't co-operate. If he did, I'd disow him."

The professor looked at his grandson In Atha's dark, uncompromising face h read his answer. Even Ianni's lower li was pushed out and his eyes were scowlin at Herr Bötticher.

"I'm sorry," the professor said. "I can accept."

"Ah," the German said. He rose to hi feet calmly, began to move to the door an paused. "Bring them along," he said ove his shoulder.

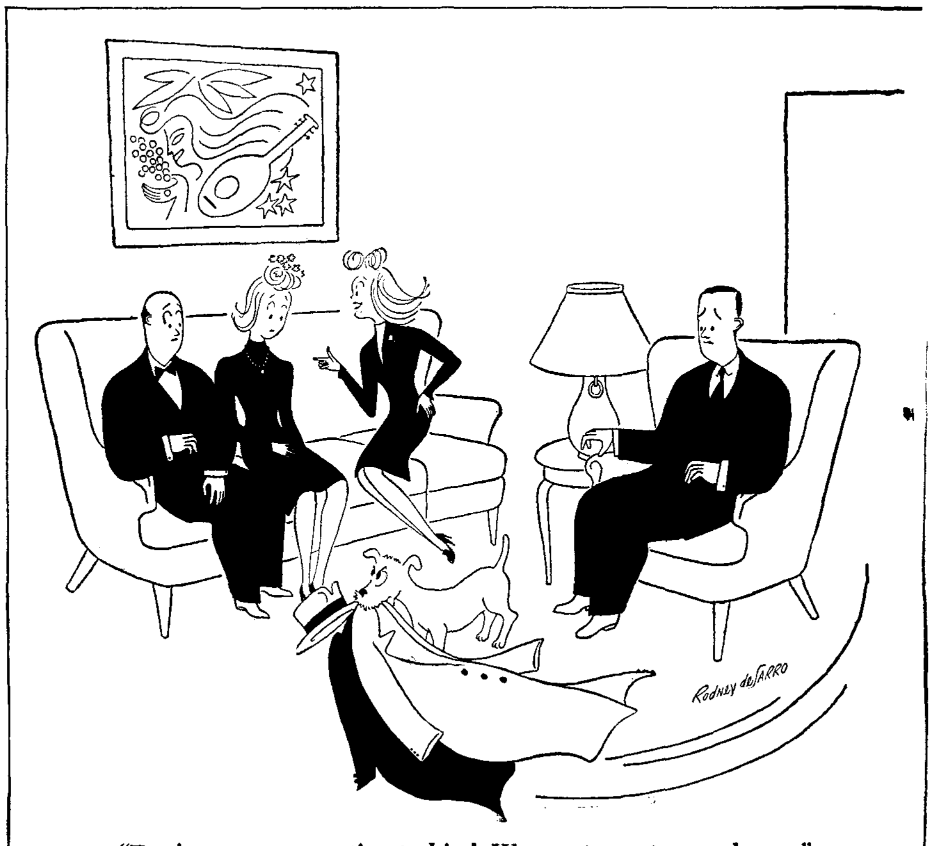
IT WAS evidently all arranged. The soldiers seized the boys and started to propel them to the door. Xenia drew in long shuddering breath and pressed th child in her arms close to herself.

"Wait," the professor cried. "Wai What are you going to do with them?"

Herr Bötticher turned round. He nodded to the soldiers. They stopped. Her Bötticher took out his cigarette case opened it, selected a cigarette, lit it. The he spoke to the professor with a hint o amusement in his voice:

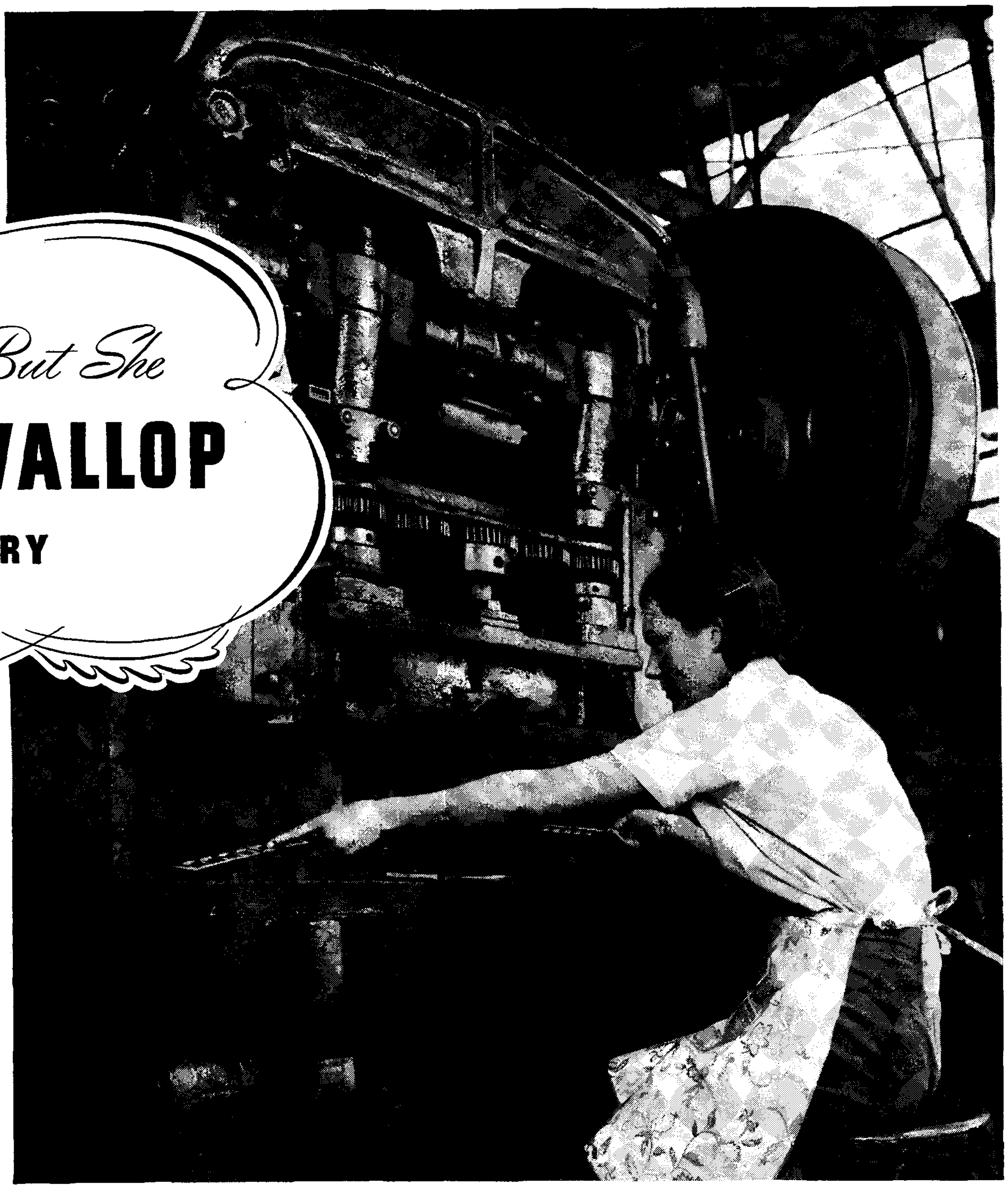
"Be reasonable, Herr Professor. Aft the exhibition we've just had and in vie of the fact that we know your son-in-la to be with the guerrillas, we feel, naturally that these young lads are not brought u in the proper atmosphere. Next thing w know they'll be running off to join thei father. That won't do. On the other hand if they are surrounded by the correct educational influences, in one of our concentration camps, for instance—"

He paused, a thin smile on his lips. Th professor heard Xenia gasp, a gasp tha was checked instantly. These Nazis wer



"Don't pay any attention to him! We want you to stay longer"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO



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ruthless. This time Xenia couldn't blame him—or even Konteleon; the boys would understand, too. Now he was being forced to "co-operate" simply to save his own family.

"When would I be expected to speak?" he asked.

"Tonight. We wish to surprise your countrymen."

Not tonight! Somehow tonight must be won so that the boys—and Xenia—and, perhaps himself—might flee with Konteleon. For the boys were no longer safe in Athens. Let him offend the Nazis, even unwittingly, and the boys would suffer. He chose his words carefully:

"I could not speak tonight."

"Why not?"

"Such a speech, if I do speak, must be phrased carefully."

Herr Bötticher knocked the ash off his cigarette carefully. "We have already set down what you are to say."

"Your speech would be a German speech. My words, to have any effect, must be those of a Greek speaking to Greeks."

The Nazi pondered this. "Very well," he conceded. He paused thoughtfully. "The element of surprise, now," he continued. "You'd better come with us. Your neighbors will think no more of it than that we are taking you away for questioning. As for your family—"

He paused again. The professor waited, every sound in the room and outside—Xenia's breathing, the clank of a rifle butt—loud and distinct.

"No, they'd better stay here," the Nazi concluded. "Until tomorrow night, I mean. It will make less stir. If they were known to be comfortable in the Hodos Homerou, there might be a suspicion that you were co-operating. That is, if you don't mind, Herr Professor," he added courteously.

Mind! The hope for his own escape was gone. But so long as the boys—

The professor glanced at his daughter. By the flash in her eyes, instantly suppressed, he saw that she had realized why he had fought for this one night. He also saw the child.

"I'll speak," he said to Herr Bötticher. "But that child—I want food for her—and hospitalization. Not with your people. With the relief mission."

"That can be arranged."

It was time to go. The professor knew that he must give no hint that this was a final farewell. He could not, however, forego one look at the boys. Ianni's face was uncomprehending. But behind Atha's dark intensity he glimpsed an awareness. He turned away.

"Who will carry the child?" he asked Herr Bötticher.

IT WAS the evening of the next day. The professor sat in the library of his home in the Hodos Homerou. The familiar books were around him. He picked up a volume of the lyric poets. He didn't open it. Within the hour he would be on the air.

Professor Kavvadias wasn't thinking of his speech at the moment. The Nazis hadn't left guards at the hovel on the previous day. Why should they? They hadn't known about Konteleon, and where could a woman and two boys flee except from starvation to starvation? But a few moments ago Herr Bötticher had come in, shocked out of his politeness. The professor had tried to convince him that he knew nothing of where his family had gone or why. He hadn't been believed. The professor had sensed that if his speech to the Greek people had not been important he would be under the torture at this moment.

But the really important thing was that Konteleon had taken Xenia and the boys with him and that so far they had not been caught.

Vassos still had one decision to make; the time was getting short. The Nazis had approved the manuscript for his speech. Was he to give it as he had written it?

The professor leaned back in his chair. Quite apart from his own interest, logic told him that the most sensible course for his people was to yield. They had done their share. Whatever resistance they might offer, active or passive, would not in his opinion, do anything to alter history—at least in terms of centuries. And, when the reckoning came, the Allies would turn soft again.

Yet something within himself protested. It was not so much the fact that his fellow Greeks would brand him traitor, or that his grandsons, even though they understood that he had yielded to save them, would feel ashamed of him. There was rather the compulsion inside himself. Could one come to terms with ruthless savagery, with a system which believed that mercy and kindliness were weaknesses, which, if it won, would impose a new ethic of the brutality of the stronger? Ought one to come to terms? In spite of the unimportance of the individual as set against the ages, was not Basili Konteleon right? Ought Vassos, when he stood before that microphone, instead of giving his prepared speech—he wouldn't get far. But—

Professor Kavvadias shrank from the thought of what would happen to him if he followed that course of action. He wasn't afraid of death. But the other things—before you died. His imagination was too vivid and he had always shrunk from physical pain.

In his agitation he opened the volume in his hand and began to leaf it over. The words from the page seemed to flash out at him. He sat there staring at them.

HERR BÖTTICHER was finishing the introduction. There was a note of triumph in his voice: "Herr Professor Vassos Kavvadias—Professor of History—an important message for his people—"

The professor didn't really hear him. He was very pale as he sat before the microphone, waiting. There were guards standing a little behind him on either side. He took a sip of water.

"Herr Professor Vassos Kavvadias," Herr Bötticher said and motioned to him.

The professor looked at his manuscript. His hands were trembling.

"Fellow Greeks," he began to read. "I wish to speak to you, not so much as a professor, but as one Greek to another. You may be surprised to hear from me, a man who has always been most careful to divorce himself from politics of any shade or kind. But this is a crisis—and Greeks suffer. In this crisis I break my rule of aloofness from politics to try to give you what I believe dispassionately and objectively to be the very best of advice in this present situation. This is my message."

He paused. The words were not on the page before him. But they were as clear to his eyes as if the book were open before him. He knew that the change from modern Greek to classical Greek would puzzle Herr Bötticher for a moment. It was that moment on which he counted. His voice was clear:

"'If to die nobly is the chief part of excellence, to us out of all men, Fortune has given this lot; for, hastening to set a crown of freedom on Greece, we lie here possessed of glory that never grows old.' So Simonides wrote for those Athenians who died at Plataea, resisting the seemingly invincible Persian invaders."

He could sense rather than see Herr Bötticher's face beginning to contort with rage as he began to understand what had been said. There was time for a word. As Herr Bötticher's hand clamped down on his shoulder the professor's voice rang out:

"To die nobly—that is my message."

THE END

Here's Your Horsepower

Continued from page 15

the forces of "lift" can be maintained only by tilting the wings forward into a steep glide to retain flying speed. This must soon lead the plane back to ground. Multiengine use helps offset this problem nowadays, but the chief gain is greater reliability of motors.

Early aircraft engines were not reliable because so little was known about them, and because so few were skilled in building them. Aircraft-engine workers had to learn the same dexterity and familiarity with lightweight alloys that auto-engine workers had developed with iron and steel through decades of experience in handling them. When the Hisso design was taken up here in the last war, we had to import from Europe the aluminum cylinder-block castings, no foundry here being prepared for such work. Now great United States aircraft-engine builders have their own foundries and highly skilled workers for casting even the dangerously inflammable magnesium.

Second problem in aircraft engines is weight-power ratio. We have seen how that is being licked: by ingenuity of design, by refinement, by use of every possible discovery in strong lightweight alloys—with the end of these new developments not yet in sight.

Supercharging for High Altitudes

Third special problem in which the aircraft differs from the auto engine is altitude. If we drive our car over mountains, and the engine knocks, we simply give it a richer mixture or go into lower gear. The airman must have the same performance and speed seven miles up (higher than we'll ever drive a car) that he has at sea level. This is done by supercharging; that is, compressing the thin outside air that is sucked into the engine and mixed with gasoline for combustion in the cylinders, so that the basic proportion of fuel-air is constantly maintained. This is done by various methods; one device, the turbo, driven by exhaust gases, won the Collier Trophy two years ago.

This problem is related to the fourth, or carburetion, problem. We do not drive our car upside down, normally; or down the side of perpendicular cliffs. If we were foolish enough to drive down steep hills with the accelerator on, we'd notice choking and backfiring. The plane must assume all kinds of attitudes—on its side, upside down, vertical climb or *straight-down* dive. The float-type carburetor of an auto engine would not work under these conditions. Further, at plane speeds, the rushing air is a solid element; it jams and will not enter small holes. The aircraft engine must be served by a complicated mechanical device, named carburetor for want of a better term, that mixes air-fuel and forces it to every cylinder, no matter what the shape of the motor, or the speed and position of the airplane in space.

There are numerous lesser differences and comparisons that pursue the builder of aircraft engines. Ignition shielding must be thorough and exacting to avoid radio interference. Everything—plane, motor, and all exposed parts—must be streamlined to lessen wind resistance. Oil temperature must be regulated. The power output of a plane motor is greater—indeed, the output of one cylinder exceeds that of the whole motor of the most expensive and powerful automobile. And one cylinder of a modern Wright giant develops 10 or 12 times more power than the entire motor with which Orville Wright first flew.

The car engine usually has only the range of temperature and conditions of the locality in which it is owned. The air engine must operate over deserts, oceans, cold, moderate and tropical zones and it often encounters all of these conditions in a single trip.

A car driver boasts if he gets 100,000 miles from his engine. The life expectancy of a modern air-engine, barring destruction in combat or accident, is 5,000 to 7,500 hours—say, a million and a half miles. It will deliver up to 150,000 miles of flight before it gets a "top overhaul"—comparable to a valve-grinding and cylinder-cleaning job on a car.

Automobile engines are never driven at peak speed by sane people, unless a cop's after them. A plane motor very often, in storm or dogfight, is called upon for every last ounce of power for minutes at a stretch.

If a car owner gets a "lemon" engine he turns it in for a new one. A boy in a battle at 25,000 feet can't very well do that. This leads to another very expensive difference between auto- and aviation-engine manufacture. Until recent years, buyers of new cars were cautioned to drive at low speeds for several hundred miles, to give the motor a chance to "break in."

The plane motor has to be ready to go at tops from the moment it hits the flying line. So *every* aircraft engine, when assembled, is taken to a soundproofed, temperature-controlled room and run for six or more hours under the hands of experts at a mass of test dials and gadgets. Then it is returned to the factory and *completely taken apart,* down to the last bolt and nut. Each part is inspected. Big engines may have more than 8,000 separate parts. In construction, each engine requires about 80,000 machine operations and undergoes about 50,000 inspections. There's one inspector for every seven workers in the average factory.

Now the engine goes along a whole new assembly or production line. Small parts don't necessarily go back into the same engine from which they were taken. Standardization provides for that. Reassembled, each motor is sent to the test blocks again for another five hours or more of running. If it's sweet, it's shipped. If not, it's scrapped. Thus, in effect, every aircraft motor before it goes into the air to assume responsibility for lives and victory is really *built twice.*

Plane and Car Motor Output

Air-engine mass-production figures are not, of course, and probably never will be, as impressive as those of auto engines if considered on a unit basis. The whole aircraft industry output combined would not match prewar Chevrolet's 5,000 motors a day. On other bases, the disparity fades. Air-engine factories have more floor space than auto-engine factories. An aircraft factory's daily production of 300 units of 2,000 horsepower each would exceed the total horsepower produced and the total cost value of an auto factory's 5,000 motors a day.

Actually, therefore, in all phases except numbers, air-engine production can be said to be approximately equal to our prewar mass production of automobile engines.

As to practical manufacturing, tolerances ("play" within a part) and clearances ("play" between two parts) are about the same both in auto and aircraft engines. But much has been heard about greater precision being necessary in the latter. That works out this way: The aircraft finish and materials must be finer because of greater work and stresses encountered. A Cadillac piston and rod must support a load, in operation, equal to the weight of a Cadillac car—that is, one heavy auto-

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BIG DELTA
ALASKA
CANADA
Yukon
WHITEHORSE
FT. NELSON
Gulf of Alaska
British Columbia
DAWSON CREEK

Lifeline to Alaska

1600 miles across rivers and through forests . . . over mountains and muskeg . . . in 9 months U. S. Engineers create the Alcan Highway . . . and Evinrudes were on the job!

"Impossible . . . fantastic . . . monstrous," said the critics. Towering mountain ranges, vast wilderness, great rivers, every obstacle known to road builders blocked the way. A fraction of the project could easily take years to complete.

In March of last year the Corps of Engineers swung into action. Miracles were demanded — and accomplished. The world knows only the results. In December the Alcan Highway was through! The lifeline for Alaska's defense and America's safety stretched securely from Dawson to Fairbanks, and trains of freighter trucks were rolling the length of it!

Alcan is a military highway now . . . but some peaceful summer to come you may decide to try your fishing luck in sporty lakes and rivers up near the Arctic Circle! Swiftly covering these spectacular miles you'll gain fresh appreciation of the greatest road building accomplishment in history!

We're proud that Evinrudes served on *that* job . . . and equally proud of the Evinrudes that are performing many another task for the army, navy and marines. Until Victory, Evinrudes are being built only for the armed services . . . then there will be brilliant new Evinrudes for peacetime pleasures again!

EVINRUDE MOTORS, ***Milwaukee, Wisconsin***
Evinrude Motors of Canada,
Peterboro, Canada

EVINRUDE
OUTBOARD MOTORS

★ *To speed the day of peace . . . buy MORE War Bonds.*

mobile. The piston and rod of an Allison motor, on the other hand, must bear a load equal to the weight of *five* heavy automobiles. Therefore, safety demands there should be no rough spots in the finish of the Allison or any other aircraft engine's parts; the load must be equally distributed microscopically throughout the part, otherwise all the load might fall on a single high or rough spot, and breakage might occur.

Here are further Cadillac-Allison comparisons, to show the necessity of finer finishing in the aircraft type. A Cadillac connecting rod requires 25 machine operations; the Allison requires 93—in man-hours that means 55 times as much work on the Allison rod. There are 44 machining operations on the Buick automobile engine No. 60 (165 h.p.) crankshaft, after forging; on the Buick-built Pratt & Whitney air-cooled aviation engine there are 189 machining operations after the crankshaft is forged.

Turn to Aircraft Engines

A Cadillac crankshaft transmits 150 horsepower, weighs 90 pounds, and requires 62 operations in manufacture. The Allison crankshaft transmits 1,325 horsepower, weighs 103 pounds and requires 80 operations. A Cadillac cylinder block and crankcase is of one piece; the Allison cylinder block and crankcase consists of 17 pieces.

An outstanding comment on the value of air power is the fact that a large part of the automobile industry is now building famous aircraft engines. Thousands of the same workmen who made the engine that drove your automobile are now building the motors with which Yanks are fighting over Africa, Europe and the Pacific.

Modern aircraft-engine manufacture in the United States falls into two main groups: air-cooled and liquid-cooled. Curtiss-Wright and Pratt & Whitney are chief builders of the larger air-cooled motors for bombers and fighters; Jacobs of the smaller ones, for training and in-between plane types. But there are other important firms: Fairchild, Kinner, Continental, Warner, Lycoming, Franklin. Among the automobile firms building American plane motors are Dodge; Ford; various General Motors companies, including Buick, Cadillac and Chevrolet; Studebaker; Chrysler; Nash. These, and others, Hudson, for instance, are also building parts for assembly outside their own plants.

The majority of our air-cooled motors are radial, although there are some notable in-lines. The radial, in the shape of a rimless wheel, is a descendant of the rotary, in which all the cylinders (the whole motor, in fact) rotated around the crankshaft hub, for the purpose of gaining enough air-rush to cool the cylinders. Today's static radial gains better cooling from the air washed back over its cylinders by the propeller blast. Huge new radials have their 9, 14, or 18 cylinders in double rows, which are staggered so that air passing between those of the first row hits the cylinders of the second row.

In the liquid-cooled types, water has no modern place, for it freezes at high altitudes. Ethylene glycol is used. Liquid-cooled development was neglected for many years in this country; one firm, Allison, carried on bravely. Owned now by General Motors Corporation, Allison is our principal builder of liquid-cooled engines. Packard builds an English liquid-cooled, the Rolls-Royce Merlin.

Much of the criticism of United States air-power preparedness for this war centered in the controversy (happily set aside for the duration) between the air-cooling and the liquid-cooling schools. While we neglected liquid-cooled, England and Germany went forward toward such great motors as the Rolls-Royce and the Daimler-Benz—the mainstays of their respective fighter squadrons.

The feud here began in circumstances peculiar both to war aftermaths and to democratic processes of government that could easily rise again when the present war ends. With Congress, economy comes with peace as inevitably as night follows day. At the close of 1918, we had thousands of Libertys, Curtiss-OXs, and other engines in crates. Tens of thousands of aircraft-engine workers were immediately out of jobs. No federal plans had been made to hold our air gains. The industry had been wholly liquid-cooled; and, with all those brand-new unused motors, no appropriations were forthcoming in order that building might be continued.

The Navy soon asked for money for air-cooled experimentation. That was something new; there were no air-cooled motors in warehouses. Other factors appeared. But it was Lindbergh's 1927 flight with his air-cooled Whirlwind that gave the air-cooled industry its great psychological advantage in the United States. Then suddenly, in 1938, the Air Corps turned to liquid-cooled motors for its fighters; probably inspired by what had happened in Germany and England.

Air-Cooled vs. Liquid-Cooled

The champions of each type claim great advantages for their own, serious disadvantages for the other. Most of the arguments are technical, so far as laymen are concerned. Actually both seem moving (through refinement and research, through reduction of disadvantages until these are offset by inherent advantages) toward a basis where they will be able to compete on equal terms in the glory and progress of American aviation. In this status, they might well be joined eventually by the Diesel engines.

The whole debate has always reminded me of a talk with regard to it that I once had with the late Colonel General Ernst Udet, perhaps Germany's finest airman. He said:

"In this country, we don't have appropriations committees hounded by lobbyists for this and that. We allot generously for research and development of all phases of aviation. We don't know enough about aviation to feel safe in putting all our eggs in one basket, as you say. We fill all baskets. Reichsmarshal Goering puts down his big thumb on the industry and says, 'Neglect nothing, build everything that looks good. Build all these as well as you know how. Then we shall see.' "

Recently, in a great Middle Western aircraft-engine factory, an enthusiastic young American engineer (and dreamer) gave me the picture of up-to-date power thinking in this country. He said:

"No man in this plant or any other can tell you authoritatively what type of air engines we'll be using even ten years hence, or how they will be cooled, or what kind of fuels they will use, or whether cooling will be a problem any more. As to fuels, all I can say is that the science of chemistry has been intensively studying them, and what has been learned and done even since this war began is wonderful. There'll be new and better fuels for your car as well as for your plane."

Then he grinned and added: "Perhaps there'll be a wholly new principle of motive power. Certainly aviation is going to offer bright young American engineers and inventors as much chance for fame and fortune as the development of the automotive industry did. Great men are coming from the ranks of kids who are now fiddling with rubber-band-powered models. Of this I'm sure, now that we've really got started. When bigger and better aviation engines are built, the United States will build them—I hope!"

THE END

Remember Dutch Harbor

Continued from page 13

miles east. Then the invading armada sliced swiftly through the green rolling seas, bound for Dutch Harbor.

We were not unprepared. For almost two months, prior to the outbreak of the war, the Navy's PBYs had been guarding the sea lanes of the Aleutians in full combat condition. On December 7, 1941, planes of two squadrons were actually at sea, patrolling with live bombs, when word was flashed to them of the Pearl Harbor attack.

Patrolling was a grim and cruel job, in the unending fog and sleet and wind that is the average Aleutian weather. Engines remained in service for phenomenal periods prior to major overhaul. Daily patrol flights took anywhere from eight to fourteen hours; only occasionally did the pilots have as much as a day's rest between them. Solid layers of overcast wrapped the islands in a perpetual shroud. Seas were so rough that destroyers shipped water down their stacks. There was the ever-present danger of vicious rip tides, of uncharted rocks and peaks, of high winds that raced over the desolate landscape, unobstructed by trees or shrubs. Now and then a dreaded williwaw—Alaska's unpredictable hurricane which can attain a velocity of eighty knots—would pour down the steep sides of a volcano like a snowslide, obliterating everything in its path.

A williwaw can reverse itself on a runway in the seconds it takes a pilot to set his wheels on the ground; it breaks up planes, tosses ships, upsets buildings, shatters nerves. Pilots setting out on a day's flight would bet their gasoline supply against the weather. Lieutenant (jg) Samuel Coleman, decorated for sinking a submarine, remarked frankly: "I didn't rate the DFC for the sub, but I sure won it a thousand times running our routine patrols."

Toward the end of May, the tension quickened. Something was in the air. Army airplanes with combat crews, ordnance, supplies and personnel were moved to Fort Greely (Kodiak), Fort Randall (Cold Bay), and Fort Glenn (Umnak). The forward echelon of the Eleventh Air Force was set up at Greely, leaving the rear echelon and administration units at Anchorage.

Navy patrol searches were made during the night hours as well—in Alaska there is approximately six hours' darkness in June—and often the planes conducted their entire flights on instruments, at times with the ceiling so low that the patrol was flown contact at fifty feet above the surface. On May 25th, a squadron of our own Army P-40s came into Dutch Harbor on their way to Umnak, flew within the rim of mountains surrounding the harbor, and circled at a low altitude while the pilots took a good look at the base.

The First Attack

On June 3d, about dawn, another squadron of fighter planes entered Dutch Harbor, flew again within the rim of mountains, and circled while the pilots inspected the base. The men on defense peered at them suspiciously through the thick, gray fog. The day before a patrol plane had reported indications of an unidentified surface force some four hundred miles south of Kiska. Late on the night of June 2d, Dutch Harbor had recorded unusual radio activity on a large scale somewhere to the south and east. Just before dawn a tender in the neighborhood of Dutch Harbor had flashed word of what it believed to be Jap planes passing overhead.

Now, as this unidentified squadron flew low over the harbor, the fog parted for an instant. An alert chief petty officer spotted the telltale Rising Sun painted on a wing—Japs!

The first attack on Dutch Harbor lasted about eight minutes. Evidently it was more in the nature of a reconnaissance flight, to size up our defenses before the invasion force moved in for the main assault. Our batteries opened up with antiaircraft fire, and combat and patrol planes knocked down the Jap planes that bobbed up before them in the clouds. The Zeros bore down on one PBY about to take off from the harbor, and strafed it temporarily out of commission.

Another PBY, piloted by Lieutenant Mitchell, had just completed a grueling patrol trick in the Shumagins, with his plane in a bad state of disrepair, and was limping back to Dutch Harbor that morning when he was warned off. Before his crippled plane could take refuge in a near-by cove, it was sprayed with Zero bullets and set afire. The sole survivor of the crew was virtually cut to pieces by strafers when he took to a life raft.

The first attack was over as suddenly as it had begun. Abruptly the circling planes withdrew, the echoes died against the resounding hills, both sides counted their losses. Altogether fourteen enemy fighters and four heavy bombers had been sighted over Dutch Harbor that morning, though perhaps forty Jap planes in all took part in the battle. Many of these were knocked down; others crashed in the water while attempting to regain their carriers in the murk. We lost two PBYs.

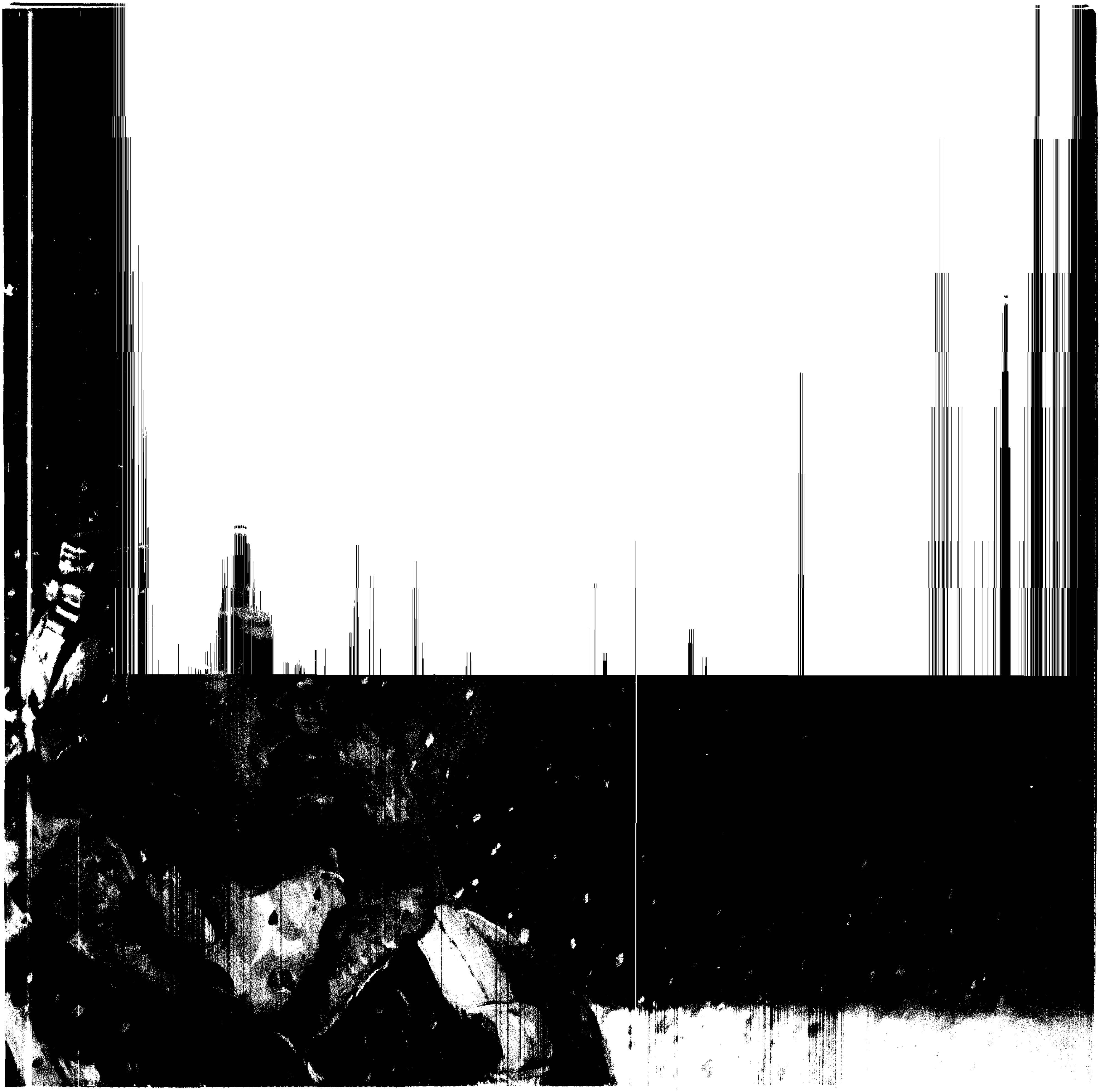
Hurriedly the rest of the squadrons fanned out over the island chain, seeking the Japanese surface ships. A Navy pilot, Lieutenant Cusick, had failed to return from his night patrol in the southern sector; it was assumed that he had been shot down by the carrier's combat patrol before he could get out of his contact report.

Jap Surface Force Sighted

News of the attack was radioed to another PBY pilot, Lieutenant L. D. Campbell, awaiting instructions in a hidden bay down the chain. With only 500 gallons of gasoline he took off in search of the carriers. On his way back, 80 miles off the shore of Umnak, he sighted five enemy vessels: the first actual contact with the enemy surface force. So engrossed was his crew in their discovery that they didn't see the Jap Zero until it came at them from above.

"It only lasted a minute," Lieutenant Campbell recalls. "We heard the roar of his guns as he zoomed down on us, then he was gone. But in that brief moment he'd given us everything he had. He put an incendiary in our tail 'tunnel' compartment, scored a cannon hit on the forward starboard wing strut, and sent twenty-seven-caliber slugs racing up the tail section, painfully wounding the navigator-bombardier. There was a hole in our gas tank, though fortunately no fire. Last

(Continued on page 70)



The greatest enemy our Air Force has to meet!

- It's ice . . . ice that can coat a plane at the rate of 3½ inches a minute!

Fortunately, most of our planes are equipped with automatic de-icers . . . rubber edges on wing and tail that are automatically inflated with compressed air when ice reaches a certain thickness.

This breaks the ice covering . . . then the rushing air catches it . . . whips it away!

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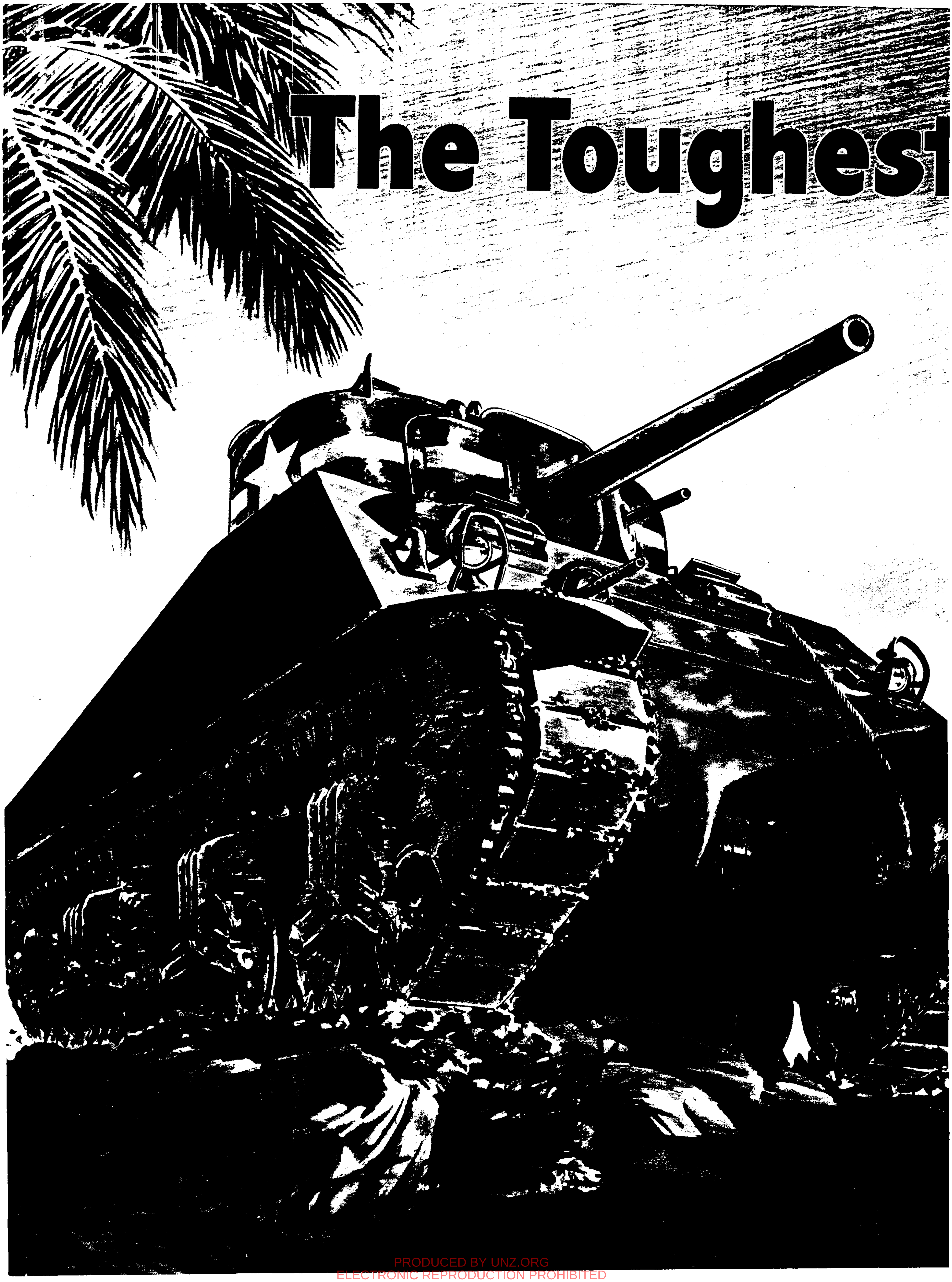
AMERICA'S CHOICE SINCE 1874

The Toughest



Fords Ever Built!

Hard-Hitting M-4 Tanks and M-10 Tank Destroyers Built, Armored and Powered by Ford — Praised by Army for Performance Under Fire!

THE Ford line for 1943 features the toughest Fords ever built — technically known in the Army as 32-Ton M-4 Tanks and M-10 Tank Destroyers.

But whatever you call them they're Fords through and through . . . Armored with Ford Steel . . . Powered by a V-type Ford tank engine . . . Assembled by Ford workmen with the same skill, precision and cost-cutting ability learned in building more than 29,000,000 Ford Cars and Trucks.

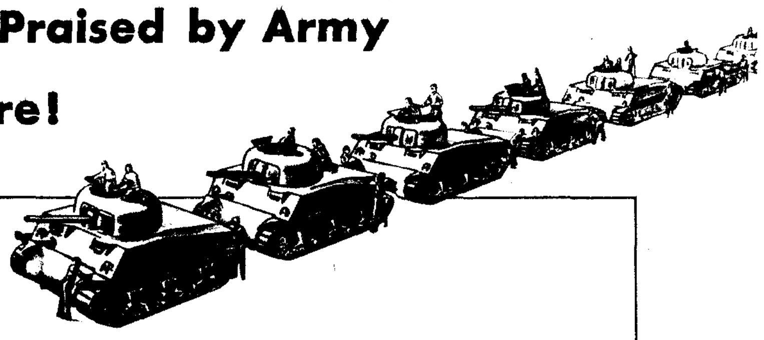
Ford-made tanks *alone* are built, armored and powered by the same manufacturer! And like their peacetime predecessors, these wartime Fords have won the praise and affection of the men who use them. In the words of one high Allied commander—"The Medium Tank M-4 is the answer to a tank man's prayer!"

Of course, actual production figures are a military secret but these built-for-battle models are pouring off the lines in fleets. M-4 Tank output is far ahead of schedule. What's more, there's plenty of *extra capacity* to produce even more if required.

This is just one example of the way the men who built *your* Ford are doing today's big job. There are many more, such as the way they are producing aircraft engines, for which Ford has received the Army-Navy "E", Liberator Bombers, Gliders and Jeeps. All of these armaments are being produced in quantity. All meet the exacting quality standards demanded by the armed forces.

Measured by the most uncompromising yardsticks these wartime achievements of the Ford organization would be counted great. But we feel that *no effort short of Victory is enough.*

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



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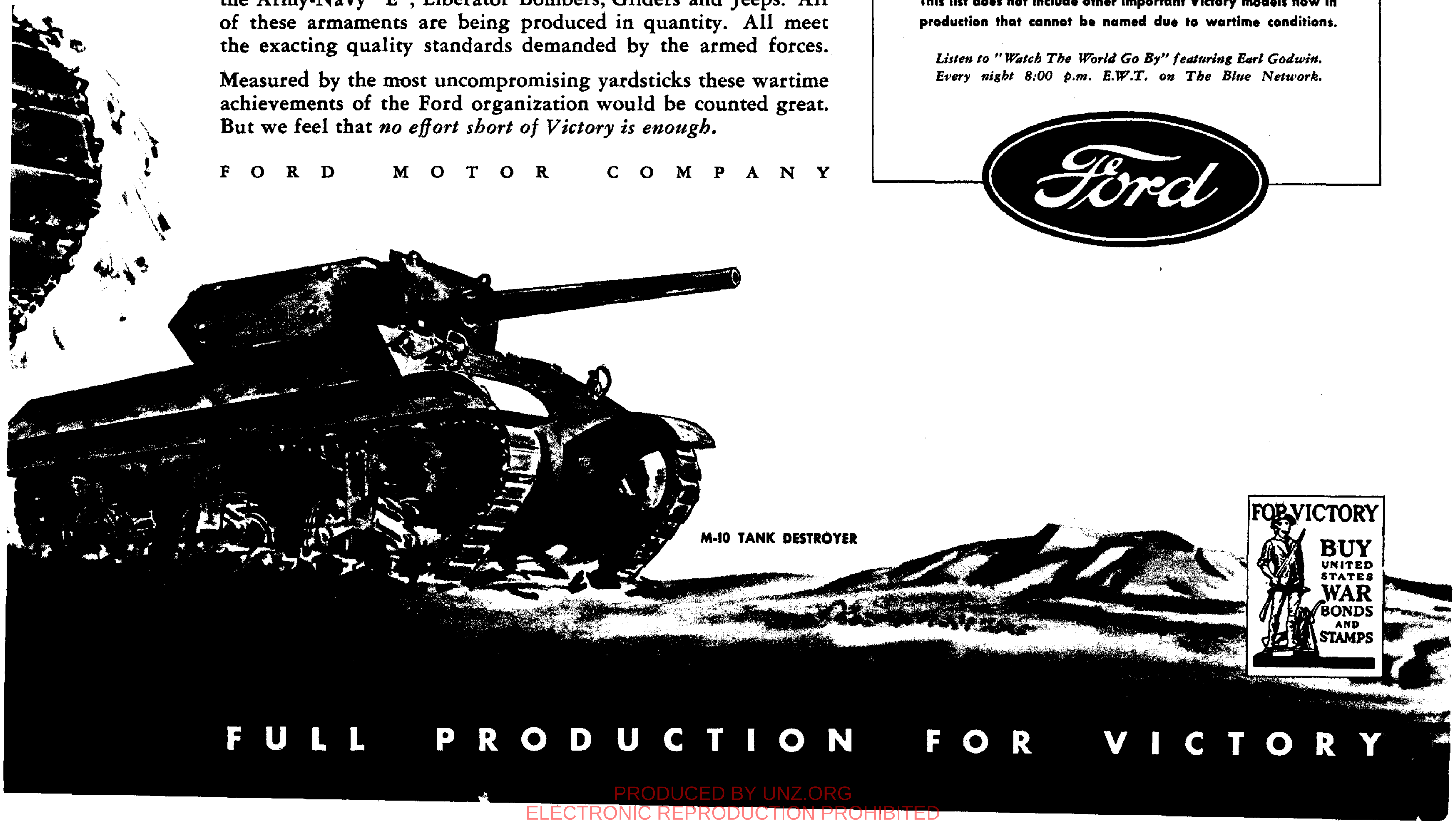
This list does not include other important Victory models now in production that cannot be named due to wartime conditions.

Listen to "Watch The World Go By" featuring Earl Godwin. Every night 8:00 p.m. E.W.T. on The Blue Network.

Ford

4 TANK



M-10 TANK DESTROYER

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

(Continued from page 66) but not least, a lucky shot had severed one rudder cable, and we had no rudder control; the only way we could turn the ship was by banking her and skidding down in the direction we wanted to go."

Making a ninety-degree turn with his ailerons alone, he was able to shake off the pursuing Zeros and take refuge in the cloud layer, where he hid until the meager gas supply gave out. In silence, the crew heard the machinist's mate report "air through the flow meters."

Then both engines stopped, the starboard motor giving one last gasp which threw them into a bad skid.

Coast Guard to the Rescue

By superb piloting, Lieutenant Campbell made a successful landing on the ocean without rudder control. "It was all luck," he recalls modestly, "the force of the wind righted us just as we hit the water"—and the bullet-riddled plane began sinking fast. By stuffing the leaks with rags and life jackets and even bits of absorbent cotton which the crew members had been using to plug their ears, they managed to keep afloat until a Coast Guard cutter arrived to take them off.

Due to enemy vessels in the vicinity, the Coast Guard ship did not dare open up on its radio, and Campbell was unable to amplify the two meager contact reports he had managed to get out while under fire. Bursting with vital information concerning the size and position of the task force he had sighted, he was carried protesting and fuming all the way to the Shumagins, where the cutter put in three days later.

As the Japs retired from their reconnaissance raid on June 3d, all patrol planes were hastily assembled for refueling and alteration of their armament from depth charges to torpedoes. This was a laborious task since there was almost no torpedo-loading equipment at the three-weeks-old field, and the heavy tin fish had to be lifted by hand into wings twelve feet above the ground.

From Campbell's garbled reports the carriers were believed to be about 160 miles south and west, but all that afternoon and evening the weather grew steadily worse and contact could not be made in the fog. Captain Needs led a flight of Army bombers from Glenn in a vain effort to attack the enemy concentration. The weather was so bad that an observer at Umnak, standing beside the strip, heard a plane landing at the end of the runway but could not tell what it was until a young pilot strolled toward him out of the mist and coolly inquired where he could find a cup of coffee.

The following morning of June 4th, Lieutenant M. C. Freerks, returning from his overnight patrol in a PBY, picked up the Jap carrier group again, 210 miles southwest of Umnak. He maintained contact for about twenty minutes, dodging in and out of clouds until his gas ran low. Due to the force of the wind, he observed, they were operating no planes that morning.

Acting on his information, an Army squadron of heavy bombers started from Kodiak; and Colonel Eareckson led another flight of B-26s from Glenn, armed with torpedoes, as soon as Navy patrol reports indicated that the carrier force was within cruising range of the medium bombers. The second element of this flight split in two in the fog. Captain Thornborough, holding true course and speed, picked up the Jap task force dead ahead. They were disposed abreast in line, he said, one cruiser at the extreme left, next the large carrier, then the smaller carrier, with the other cruiser at the right; the three destroyers formed a screen ahead.

As Captain Thornborough came in from the starboard bow of the formation, the unit did "ships right." Captain Thornborough was not satisfied with his run, pulled up into the low stratus, dove his plane and this time made a deck-level pass over the large carrier, dropping his torpedo. He saw five fighters parked tail forward at the bow of the flight deck and even as he watched, one fighter of the group was launched as the ship swung her stern through the wind.

Captain Thornborough returned to his base, swearing vividly because his torpedo, used as a bomb, had not sunk the carrier outright. He refueled and armed with bombs, and took off again in angry pursuit. He was never seen again. Once they heard his voice on the radio: "Over station, 9,000 on top . . ." but that was all they ever heard. A month later they found the nose-wheel of his plane, and the body of his radioman still strapped to his chair, on the beach some hundred miles up the north side of the peninsula.

Meantime Lieutenant Commander Charles E. Perkins, then exec and now skipper, took off in a PBY with one torpedo and two bombs, to maintain the contact and make an attack if opportunity afforded. In maneuvering around the Jap force, he ran out of cloud cover just above a cruiser, and the AA fire stopped one of his engines. He jettisoned his torpedo, bombs and some gasoline, and limped back on one engine. Lieutenant Stockstill, flying to relieve Perkins, was less fortunate. His slow PBY lacked sufficient cloud cover to get away from the fighter umbrella over the carrier, and he was shot down in flames. Thus the contact was interrupted for the vital period preceding the attack.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

"The old S.S. Northwestern had been hauled up on the beach to serve as living quarters for the construction crews. . . . A Jap pilot dove on it and her venerable decks exploded in a single sheet of flame"

The Main Attack

On the evening of June 4th, at five minutes of seven, the Japs launched their second and main attack on Dutch Harbor. It was a well-planned assault. First the fighters came from two directions, in five flights of three planes each, sweeping down on Dutch Harbor and Fort Mears and strafing the streets at five hundred feet. The defending shore batteries on Ballyhoo Mountain blasted them as they came over; destroyers in the harbor opened up with their antiaircraft guns; a mine sweeper and a Coast Guard cutter and an Army transport joined in with machine guns and rifles. One Jap plane traced a slanting streak of black smoke across the sky and disappeared behind Priest Rock. A Jap fighter burst into flames directly overhead, and plummeted screaming into the water at the harbor's mouth.

Now the Jap level bombers—there were ten in all—appeared high above the base, dropping heavy explosives and incendiaries. One bomb raised an oil tank more than a hundred feet in the air. Another started a fire near a warehouse; a gunner on one of the ships fixed the bomber precisely in the cross hairs of his sight, and saw it trailing thick smoke as it dropped lower and lower over the hills.

A Jap pilot spotted the old S.S. Northwestern, which had been hauled up onto the beach and anchored in solid cement to serve as living quarters for the construction crews. He dove on it eagerly, like a hawk on a barnyard chicken, and her venerable decks exploded in a single sheet of flame. Oily black smoke blended with the fog above the base, as the bombers circled for the kill.

And then the miracle happened. Out of the fog, striking suddenly at their rear, came a swarm of land-based U. S. Army fighters and medium bombers.

The Japs wheeled, stunned. It was impossible: there were not supposed to be any fighter planes for a thousand miles. Their intelligence had assured them there was no landing field near Dutch Harbor. These planes were coming from behind them—that could only mean a secret runway, fortifications, an Army base somewhere to the westward. Honorable intelligence was cockeyed. Honorable intelligence had allowed their vulnerable carriers to walk into a trap.

Two Jap observation planes flew through Umnak Pass between Umnak and Unalaska islands, and a couple of P-40s jumped them. The first Jap plane crashed, the second struggled away crippled. Our peashooters were all around them. They were surrounded—outflanked. So complete was their confusion that a group of eight enemy bombers and fighters flew, panic-stricken, right over the hidden Army field itself. Our Warhawks shot down three dive bombers; one Zero was destroyed by air action and another by ground fire before the Japs realized their mistake.

The enemy had had enough. Thirty c forty planes had been destroyed or lost i the fog. Army medium bombers und Captain Neal had made two torpedo hi on a cruiser, one exploding on the po bow and the other striking aft amidship Captain Mansfield in a B-17 managed t drop a thousand-pound bomb squarel on an unidentified enemy vessel, before h was shot down.

Abruptly, the entire invasion forc stampeded and ran so fast that many c their carrier-based planes were left circlin in the fog. A radio operator at Dutch Ha bor, listening in at the time, claims h could hear the abandoned Jap pilots c ing their flat-top in vain. "It was all i Japanese," he says, "but I can be prett sure of what they were saying: 'Whereabouts, prease, gas veree row, onry ta minutes gas.' Then: 'Whereabouts, prease onry five minutes gas.' Then it was onl three minutes gas, and then I could almos hear them plumping into the water one b one as they hunted for that landing-dec that wasn't there. Plop, plop, plop. Fi teen, twenty—maybe more, I don't know 'Goodby, prease.' Plop."

Search for Fleeing Jap Carriers

All that night and the ensuing da Army bombers and big Navy Cats wit torpedoes drummed hour after hou through the murky skies in search of th fleeing Jap carriers. Contact would b made again and again, only to be lost i the enveloping fog before any appreciabl force could be brought to bear. Jap ships submarines and airplanes kept popping u with bewildering frequency all up an down the chain. Dogged Catalinas engaged the faster, nimbler Zeros in dog fights in the clouds. Bombers flew out int the mist and never came back. One PB was disabled at sea, and the crew, mann a rubber crash boat, were machine-gunne by a Zero while floating on the water Often fliers returned to the base with thei planes so tattered with holes they barel hung together. Still the great Jap hun continued through the ceaseless drivin rain.

Piecing together the reports of Nav Patrol Squadrons, it is believed now tha the larger carrier, during the night o June 3d, retired to the westward wit her task force, proceeded through a western pass, and joined her sister carrier nort of the chain. Here an intensely thick finger-shaped fog bank extended east an west. Evidently the Jap carriers maintained their position in this narrow stri of cover during June 4th, and operate their planes in the clear area immediatel to the north and south.

This tactic of operating in and out o the fog banks is a favorite with the Japs who understand our Aleutian weather al too well. After the unexpected appearanc of land-based planes had upset the secon attack, this carrier group is believed t have retired north through the Bering Sea Thereafter no further contact was made

By June 8th, serious apprehension began to be felt for the security of Kisk and Attu, since no radioed weather report had been received from them since th attack. On June 10th, PBYs piloted b Lieutenant (jg) Bowers and Ensign Dah were directed to scout the islands. The reported enemy ships in Kiska Harbor and later, continuing to Attu, they foun a tent-camp and numerous small boats an landing barges. The Jap expeditionar force, thwarted in its attempt to occup Dutch Harbor, had settled six hundre miles away in Kiska and Attu—settle there to all intents and purposes to stay The second phase of the Battle of th Aleutians had begun.

(To be concluded next week with further and hitherto unrevealed details o U. S.-Jap warfare in the Aleutians.)

THE O.W.I. REPORT ON

The American Soldier and Sobriety

Facts quoted direct from the official statement by the United States Government's Office of War Information:

1. "*There is not excessive drinking among troops, and drinking does not constitute a serious problem.*"

2. "*The sale of 3.2 beer in the post exchanges in training camps is a positive factor in Army sobriety.*"

3. "*No American army in all history has been so orderly.*"

"This American Army may or may not be the best in the history of armies, but it is certainly the best behaved."

"The approach of the military authorities to the problem is not prohibition, but control."

"The problem of control in general requires different methods in different localities . . . Strict law enforcement by civilian authorities and full co-operation with Army authorities usually means an orderly relationship."

✓ ✓ ✓

"In dry states and in states where there is local option, the military faces the problem of bootleg liquor. Bootleggers cannot be regulated; legal dispensers can be regulated."

"Enlightened self-interest is one of the most effective regulators. Tavern associations in many cities have set up their own rules of conduct . . . to make sure their members 'stay in line.'"

". . . various state branches of the Brewing Industry Foundation—the beer manufacturers' enlightened trade organization—have taken the initiative. Through control of distributors the Foundation has been able to clean up unsavory places. The Foundation's . . . system works."

✓ ✓ ✓

"The sale of 3.2 beer in Army camps is a healthy and sensible arrangement. The fact that there is vastly less drinking among soldiers in this war than in the last war . . . may stem in part from this sale of beer in camps.

"In the last war camps were bone-dry. As a result, bootleggers did a thriving business.

"Conditions in a certain dry Texas town offer a current example of the unhappy results of complete prohibition. On one side of town is a military reservation where beer is sold on post.

"On the other side of town is a reservation where the commanding officer has dried up the post entirely. His is the post which has a policing problem and a lower morale."

✓ ✓ ✓

"The case for 3.2 beer is presented thus by chaplains and military police alike: it provides soldiers with a mild relaxation without impairing their efficiency . . .

"There is no indication that sale of beer lowers the number of total abstainers. Statistics . . . present a pretty accurate picture of conditions as they exist in all camps . . . more soft drinks than beer are sold in canteens . . . by 33 per cent."

✓ ✓ ✓

"The American soldier needs neither curtain lecture nor apology. He behaves well, he trains well, and in the far-flung places of the earth he is fighting well. He is intelligent, he is able, he is a hard worker. He is serious of purpose because he fully understands the gravity of war. His commanding officers believe in him and his chaplains are proud of him."

The report of the Office of War Information was an independent objective study carried out without the knowledge of the brewing industry, and publication of excerpts here in no way implies endorsement of the product.

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A Boss of His Own

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Skeet finds his place in life, for reasons that escaped him

SKEET was the kind the boys always send for a left-handed monkey wrench or a bucket of striped paint. He didn't mind—he was pleased that somebody was paying him attention of any kind. The day the Coast Guard boys were tossing and kicking a football, one of them made what he thought was an unusually long punt.

"Hey, Skeet," he said, "get that ball for me. And step off the distance, will you? Take long steps now."

Skeet took long steps all the way to the ball and, for some reason, all the way back.

"How far was it?"

"How should I know?" Skeet demanded.

"Didn't you count your steps?"

"You didn't say count nothing! You just said step it off."

Skeet's fake cockiness wilted under the astonished amusement that followed, but later, whenever he wanted to draw attention to himself he would say, "I'll tell you a good joke on me," and then recite the tale.

In all his thirty-odd years, Skeet had never held a job for more than a few days. Not that he didn't want to work. Skeet would work like a fool. Too much like a fool. Time after time the party fishermen tried taking him out as mate, but Skeet in his eagerness to be helpful would inevitably do some dumb thing that would cause the boat to go aground or lose the best fish or something like that.

For a while, Skeet tried selling soap and bluing and things like that to fishermen's wives, in answer to ads in the cheap magazines. He would come into the tiny Blue River post office and say, loudly, "Well, I wonder if I got a letter from the boss today!" and he would laboriously read every word of every printed form letter.

The feeling of having a real boss of his own was the most important thing in the world to him. He lost his bluing boss, though, when he mailed the first meager receipts in coin loose in an envelope and the envelope broke open and the money never reached its destination. The boss wrote Skeet many letters speaking of "necessary action" and reminding him of the damage to his local credit standing, but nothing more came of it.

If Skeet had really worked at his flounder gigging, he could have made out all right, for it was a job he was good at. Being small and hard, and having been brought up almost like an animal, he could stand the cold and wetness of it. But wading the shallow bays at night with skiff and flambeau and gig was a lonely job, and Skeet liked people. Only when he had gone without food for a day or so, or when he was in desperate need of clothing for his wizened body, would he untie the leaky skiff he had salvaged and go gig a few flounders for the market.

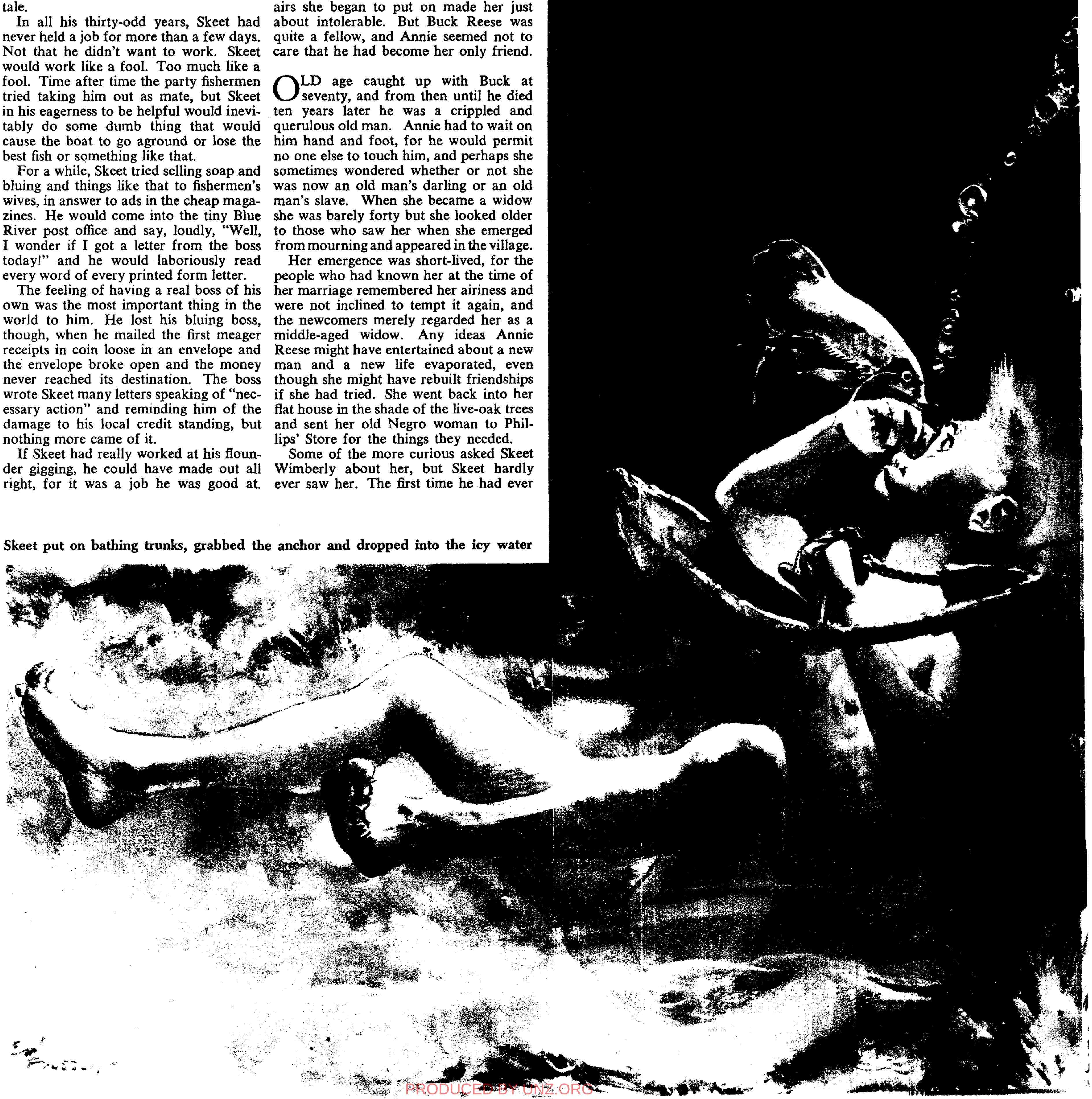
He always saved one flounder for the Widow Reese. The widow lived apart from the village, a recluse. Thirty years before, though, when her name was Annie Brock, she hadn't been a recluse. Then she was the girl all the boys hung around at country sings and church sociables. Annie had her own ideas about what she wanted, and when she was eighteen she married Buck Reese, who was nearly sixty and the biggest turpentine operator in those palmetto flatwoods.

Annie said she'd rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave, and the airs she began to put on made her just about intolerable. But Buck Reese was quite a fellow, and Annie seemed not to care that he had become her only friend.

OLD age caught up with Buck at seventy, and from then until he died ten years later he was a crippled and querulous old man. Annie had to wait on him hand and foot, for he would permit no one else to touch him, and perhaps she sometimes wondered whether or not she was now an old man's darling or an old man's slave. When she became a widow she was barely forty but she looked older to those who saw her when she emerged from mourning and appeared in the village.

Her emergence was short-lived, for the people who had known her at the time of her marriage remembered her airiness and were not inclined to tempt it again, and the newcomers merely regarded her as a middle-aged widow. Any ideas Annie Reese might have entertained about a new man and a new life evaporated, even though she might have rebuilt friendships if she had tried. She went back into her flat house in the shade of the live-oak trees and sent her old Negro woman to Phillips' Store for the things they needed.

Some of the more curious asked Skeet Wimberly about her, but Skeet hardly ever saw her. The first time he had ever



Skeet put on bathing trunks, grabbed the anchor and dropped into the icy water topped there and rapped his knife on the ront gate and shouted "Hello!" with the riendly temerity of ignorance, there had een movements at one of the windows nd after a long time the Negro woman ad opened the door and asked in a hostile oice what he wanted.

Skeets had demanded importantly, "Ask ld lady Reese if she wants to buy a nice resh flounder!"

Finally the Negro woman had come and ccepted a flounder and paid for it out of ne of the old, large-sized dollar bills. After that, probably because it was frontloor delivery, they bought a flounder ev[illegible] time Skeet came by.

But then the Coast Guard unit moved o the river, and before long there were egulations to be observed. Skeet heard he fishermen complaining, and he would say what he heard them say, such as, "It ust ain't right. You'd think we was Germints or squinch-eyes or something," but he never really understood the import of it until a Coast Guard boat stopped him one night as he rowed toward the bay.

"Nobody allowed outside the river after dark, bud. And put out that light."

"Hey, what you mean?" Skeet demanded, affronted. "I got to go floundering. You must not know me—I'm Skeet."

"Put out the light," the voice from the boat said; "and head back in."

Skeet recognized the tone, and he changed his own at once. "Yes, sir, okay."

And so that put an end to floundering, for you can't gig flounders in the daytime.

Life really got hard for Skeet then, although you would never hear him admit it. The time he spent—most of the day, really—loafing around the dock wherever any idle conversations were in progress, he pretended to begrudge from "the job." When the end of a bull session seemed imminent, and the men began drifting away, Skeet would suddenly say, "Durn! Quarter past four! Lemme outa here!" and he would go striding rapidly away on his little bandy legs.

He picked up a few dollars the time the barge sank and dumped nearly a whole dismantled tug engine into the river. They were putting new rings in the big Diesel, and as they took the engine down they, for convenience, loaded the pistons and valves and things on a small barge moored alongside.

THE barge sprang a leak overnight and listed sharply, spilling a thousand dollars' worth of tugboat engine into the river. All the best swimmers in town were called, and they went down time after time in the warm water, locating each precious part and putting a line around it. There was quite an audience watching from the pier, and this inspired Skeet to make the most dives and stay under the longest, and when the greater part of the stuff had been retrieved he was five dollars richer.

After the five dollars was gone, another long dry spell followed for Skeet, and he grew more pinched-looking than ever. He tried crabbing and managed to sell some crab meat until he let some of it stay off [illegible]e too long, and somebody got deathly sick, and then the fish dealer would buy no more from him. He tried to join the Coast Guard, but they found his back somewhat malformed and his teeth bad.

When runner-mullet season started, of course, he was busy enough for a few weeks, for the fish dealer needed everybody he could get to clean and salt the catch and the yellow roe. Skeet would be happily at work, his hands red with fish blood, on the bench amid the Negroes and piles of mullet.

In the presence of Natone, the fish dealer, Skeet would chide and goad the Negroes, acting as a sort of ex-officio foreman—although any one of them could split and salt half again as many mullet per day as he—but when Natone was not standing around, he usually joked and sang with them and tried to be one of them.

Then winter came, and how Skeet made out, nobody knows. He lived in a thatched palmetto hut on the river—one that two fishermen had built and later abandoned. There was plenty of firewood to keep him warm as long as he kept a blaze going, and the hammock was full of cabbage palms whose buds yielded swamp cabbage which was nourishment of a sort, and the setline was good for a catfish or an eel. In March he foolishly built a fire inside his flimsy shack, and the palmettos caught and the shack went up in flames almost before he could get out of it.

IN APRIL, Joe Woody from somewhere up in Georgia capsized his speedboat a couple of hundred yards downriver from the village, hitting himself on the head and sending himself to the bottom. The fishermen had said that he was going to do it someday, for he always ran wide open—the outfit was about one-third boat and two-thirds outboard motor—and skimmed as close as possible to pilings and channel markers, and once or twice got a sound cussing-out for spilling nets off skiffs with his wake.

Natone, whose boat Woody had just passed, saw the whole thing, and he docked hurriedly and tried to assemble some of the boys to dive. He especially sought out Skeet Wimberly, remembering that he had been one of the best ones when they were trying to recover the Diesel parts.

As they got aboard, Andy Fletcher said, "You reckon he's going to be dead? I don't like taking holt of no corpse down there."

"Dead or alive, it's a thing that's got to be done," Natone said. "If he's just full of water, and we get him out in twenty or thirty minutes, the Coast Guard's pulmotor may save him."

"He's probably dead by now all right," said Skeet cheerfully.

Andy shivered. "That water ten feet deep'll be like ice water."

Skeet said lightly, "A little cold water never hurt nobody."

Andy snorted. "You'll sing a different tune tereckly."

Natone swung the boat around and carefully anchored. "Right here is where he went down at," he said. "I figure we ought to start diving right here and work downstream. I don't know whether the current would have carried him very far or not."

"I don't figure it would," Skeet said importantly.

They put on bathing trunks and then Skeet took hold of the emergency anchor and, carrying the end of a half-inch Manila line, dropped overside. Natone hauled the anchor back in, and they watched the bubbles until they disappeared and the surface was smooth. Andy rubbed his arms nervously. Another boat came near and anchored to watch, and people appeared on the bank of the river.

"I hope he finds him first time," Andy said.

Skeet's head suddenly appeared, and they said at once, "How about it?"

The shock of the submersion was so great that he couldn't talk for a few moments. Finally he said, "Never come acrost him."

Next, Andy rode the anchor down, while Skeet, shivering in Natone's blanket, watched critically. Another boat approached curiously, its idling exhaust chuckling and gurgling.

"He's dead all right," Skeet said authoritatively.

"Maybe he ain't," Natone said. "It very cold down there?"

"Nah," Skeet said. "A little cold water never hurt nobody."

"I got some whisky here that'll help y'all out some."

Andy's dive was fruitless. "Mr. Natone," he said, between clenched teeth,

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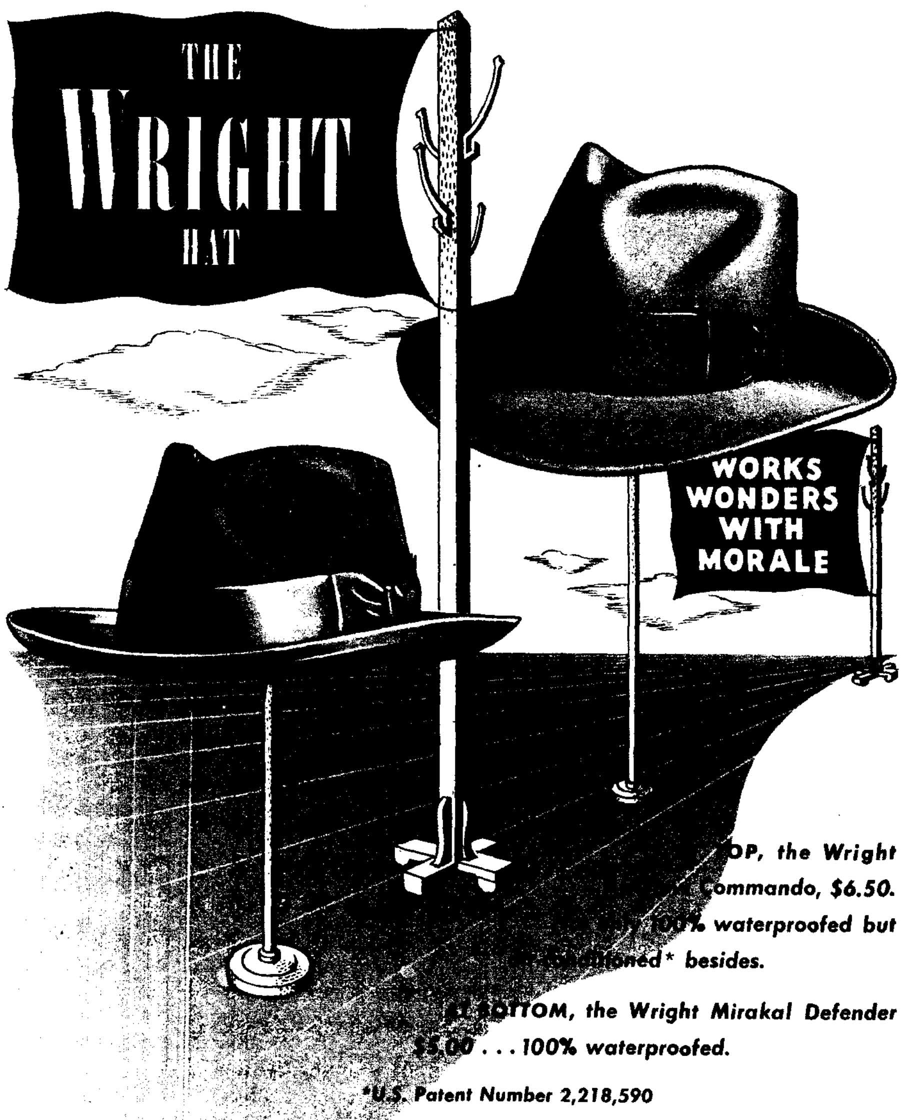
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[illegible]OP, the Wright [illegible]ommando, $6.50. [illegible] 100% waterproofed but [illegible]tioned* besides.

[illegible]BOTTOM, the Wright Mirakal Defender $5.00 . . . 100% waterproofed.

*U.S. Patent Number 2,218,590

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"we're going to need some more divers. Ain't no man can stand more than two or three dives like that."

"Cliff and Lee Hartly's on the way."

The other boys came while Skeet was being pulled aboard from his third dive. His spidery frame was beginning to have a blue look, and he had even quit talking. Neither he nor Andy shivered now, but there was numbed stiffness to their movements. Natone brought out the whisky bottle and gave them both a drink while Cliff Hartly made ready to go down.

"Me and the boss figure he wouldn't 'a' drifted nowhere much, on account of the tide is just about full," Skeet managed to say, even though Natone had just said the same thing.

The Hartly boys made two dives and they were through, and Andy made one more and he was through, but Skeet kept diving. The people—now almost everybody in the village—wondered how he could keep it up.

Natone fed him whisky.

"Darned if he ain't a real little man, now!"

Skeet saw them watching and heard them talking, and he kept diving. And finally he found Joe Woody.

AFTERWARD, Skeet sat by the stove in Phillips' Store, trying to dispel the chill that seemed to have penetrated to the marrow of his bones, and enjoying his fame. For a while the pulmotor had crowded him off the stage, but after Joe Woody stirred and they knew he was saved, they talked admiringly of Skeet again.

Presently the stove's warmth began to drive out the ache of his body; moreover, with the warmth, the whisky began to take effect. Skeet was not a drinker, ordinarily. He got up, mumbled something about getting back to the job, and made his unsteady way out.

The Negro woman who worked for the Widow Reese found him leaning against the picket fence. "Mis' Annie," she said, "that little man use to sell fish is yonder against the fence like he was sick or drunk or sump'm."

Annie Reese went out and spoke to Skeet, and he mumbled, "I knowed he wouldn't 'a' drifted none. Figured he would be alive all right."

"You better be going along home," she said. "You ought to be shame' of yourself."

"A little cold water never hurt nobody."

Soon she gleaned that he had been in the river, and guessed that his condition was not entirely due to whisky. When he sagged wearily against the fence, she called the Negro woman, and together they got him into the house.

The next day, Skeet was eager to get back to town and enjoy his eminence before it waned, but he was not well enough for that. He was well enough to talk, however, and he related the story of the rescue in detail, complete with his opinions and decisions from the beginning. When he mentioned that practically everybody in the village was there to see the whole thing, Annie Reese said, "Who all?"

"Lord, everybody! Paul Yon and Tim Barrett and . . ."

"Who did Paul Yon marry?" Annie Reese asked.

"Huh? Why I thought everybody knowed he married Sarah Lou Brown, old man Billy Brown's girl. They got a boy sixteen, done run off and joined the Navy."

"Sarah Lou Brown . . " Annie Reese said.

"Old man Billy's other girl, Lily, she just had a baby last week."

"Lily . . . little Lily," Annie said reminiscently. "Was it a boy or a girl?"

Skeet thought hard. "I don't recollect," he said finally. "It was a boy *or* a girl."

Later in the day when Skeet got restless and said he couldn't be wasting his time a-laying up in bed, Annie Reese said, "I been studying about getting me somebody here to sort of manage on the place and look after the yard and the cows in t forty-acre pasture."

Skeet said eagerly, "Well, they's a fell down to St. Joe been a-plaguing me come to work for him, but I'd let th slide for a job closer home. I ain't sayi it just because it's me, but I don't belie you could scarcely find a better man f what you got in mind."

"No," she said, "I don't reckon I could

It was a satisfactory arrangement. Ske worked earnestly and perhaps even d more good than harm around the plac He took much pride in the job and, n withstanding the pay was more that of yard boy or hired man, he called himse "the manager of the Widow Reese's e tate." He saw to the fences and the cows- three of them, all dry but one—trapped t possums that raided the hen nests a burned the garbage and cut the firewoo He bungled often—almost daily.

ON ONE occasion he cut down a fi cedar tree that Annie Reese had love Another time, a cow found a break in t fence and in trying to escape through i got a foot hung in the wire; Skeet free the cow, but let her go on the wrong si of the fence, then spent the rest of t day getting her back in.

Annie Reese overlooked his mistake For, unknown to him, Skeet's main fun tion was to bring to her lonely ears gossi and news, and he did this job splendid

It was surprising how much Skeet kne about people who, likely as not, hard knew him at all. Skeet was Annie Reese contact with the world, and because him, her life became much less lonely an embittered and in fact quite tolerable.

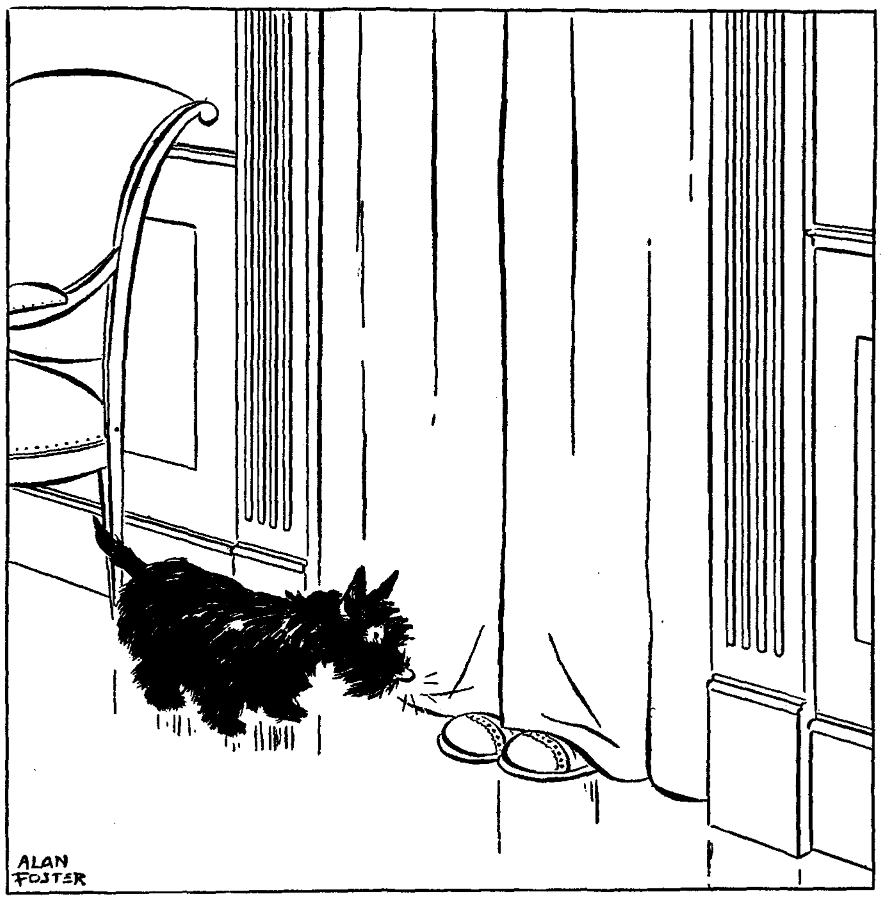
Of course, Skeet suspected nothing the sort. He hardly even wondered tha she let him hang around town occasional where he still stayed as long as there anybody to talk to. Nowadays the was mostly about Coast Guard restriction and submarine rumors and how muc money was to be made in Carrabell where the Army base was being built, an in Brunswick at the new shipyards.

As ever, Skeet was the last man to leav When the men began to wander off and th end of the talk was in sight, Skeet woul suddenly look at the sun and say, "Durr I cain't stay with you boys no longer. Loo yonder what time it is! I'm late a'read and I bet the boss is going to give me th dickens."

THE END

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Secret service men protect us"

Under Jap Rule in Java

Continued from page 17

them there faster. I was driving to work when I was stopped by two Jap soldiers. They didn't say anything, just gestured with their thumbs to show me they wanted the car. I didn't try to argue.

The Japs tied their bicycles on the back of the car, put branches on top to camouflage it and drove off. That camouflage was typical of the Jap soldiers. They are like trained machines. They had been told, "Whenever you ride in a car, be sure to camouflage it." So they did, even though there was no longer need for such precaution. But right here I want to say that the Jap soldiers are excellently trained. The ones I saw had been fighting in China for four years and were the pick of the shock troops.

In spite of my feelings that day, I couldn't help but be amused by some of the things that happened. Many of the Japs couldn't get cars, so they had to bicycle to Bandung. If one of them got a flat tire, he'd stop and take the bicycle of an Indonesian or Dutchman. The Jap would have a lot of trouble even getting on the new bicycle. He couldn't reach the pedals and had to stand up and push way down on one side and then the other to keep going. They didn't look very much like world conquerors on those bicycles.

Another funny sight resulted from the methods they used to get clean. On that first day, many of them walked into private homes and insisted upon taking a bath. After his bath, the Jap washed out his uniform, then walked out of the house dressed only in a short white slip that came just above his knees and was tied around his waist with a rope. Until his uniform was dry, the Jap soldier went everywhere in this slip—into stores, theaters and on the street. They are all bowlegged and drag their feet. The underwear didn't help hide the fact.

I went on to the office that morning, but no one did much work. We all felt nervous and wondered when the Japs would show up to take over the plant. They came about noon. A Jap officer drove into the yard in a car, with soldiers carrying guns and bayonets riding on the running board. He went to the head of the plant and said, "We are taking over." Then he drew his sword and showed it to him all covered with dried blood.

"Anzac," he said, pointing to the sword. He meant that the blood was that of Australian and New Zealand soldiers he had killed in Malaya.

The officer asked our director a great many questions about the plant and how it was run. If the director tried to evade a question, the officer supplied the answer himself. That's how well the Jap spies had done their work. The director told him that two Indonesians had been fired from the plant the previous week because, as he said, "they did not want to co-operate with the white men."

Bowing to the Conqueror

The officer just shrugged his shoulders and said, "Good." He knew that without the Dutch, the Japanese couldn't run the power plant, and they needed it.

More Jap officers had shown up by this time, and a strong guard was thrown around the building. That's when we first learned about bowing to the sentries. There wasn't any danger of not knowing about this, because they'd yell, "Bow, bow," whenever they saw an Indonesian or Dutchman coming. Later we were give official regulations in the newspapers con cerning this bowing. The men were to bo 60 degrees, the women 45 degrees. Th papers put it this way, "Citizens will bo to all sentries to show their respect for th protection the great Japanese empire i giving them."

Naturally a lot of trouble came fr this ruling. Most Javanese are Moham medans and are used to wearing a smal black cap. Jap sentries were annoye when they saw the caps and tried to knoc them off. The Japs have a way of snarlin when they are angry and they'd shout a the Indonesians, beat them with their rifl butts and kick them to make them remov their caps. It didn't make them feel an better about co-prosperity.

That same day the Japs pasted a bi poster on our building saying, "This plan is the property of the Japanese government." The first group of Japs who visite the plant were the economic troops. The were supposed to organize all the industries and keep business going as usual. All of us in the plant were given arm bands t show that we were not to be molested in any way. Later, we learned that these bands weren't any good unless they had a special Kempei seal.

The Kempei is the police force, modeled after the Gestapo. They are the real power in the Japanese army, and nothing the economic department does is of any use unless the Kempei approves. The Kempei moved into town a few days after the first occupation troops. They had prepared lists of all the important people in town and began picking them up, whether they had arm bands or not, and taking them off to internment camps. The director of our plant was one of those they came after.

Sometimes the guard took a native policeman along to get a man from his home. The policeman was very apologetic about it and hated having to work for the Japs. "Please do not be angry," he would say to the man's wife, "but we must ask you: Is the master at home?"

If the answer was no, he said, still very meekly, "Please, may we look. Do not be angry, please."

Later, of course, the Kempei found out they couldn't get along without some of the men they had interned. Our director was set free, and I heard from him what it was like to live in a Jap internment camp. Five or six prisoners were jammed into cells supposed to hold one man. They were given a thin mat to sleep on, one meal a day of rice and water and, worst of all, no mosquito nets. Whenever a Jap soldier came near, the prisoners had to bow, then stand at attention. If the soldier didn't like the way one of the men bowed, he would kick and slap him.

Jap Soldiers Enjoy Brutality

The soldiers are much tougher than the officers. A friend of mine told me that he refused to give up his bicycle to a Jap officer, and the officer just shrugged his shoulders and took another. The officers are much better educated than the soldiers; some of them even speak Dutch or Malayan. They never tried to push around either natives or whites. But the soldiers don't know a thing and have no manners at all. They seemed to enjoy slapping and kicking the natives, although they seldom bothered the white civilians.

One reason for this brutality, as I see it, is that a soldier gets pretty rough treatment from his own officers. Whenever an officer wants to punish one of his men, he gets him up in front of his fellows and slaps him as a lesson to all of them. I saw a soldier standing at attention in the street while an officer yelled at him, slapping him continuously. The soldier's glasses fell off, and the officer crushed them with his heel into the ground. Naturally the soldiers want to take out their revenge on someone else.

I saw many instances of their brutality. If an Indonesian was caught stealing a bit of rice or walking in the street after the six-o'clock curfew hour set by the Japs, he was bound to a tree with his hands behind his back and a rope tied loosely around his neck. He was given no food and, after two or three days, could stand up no longer and invariably hanged himself.

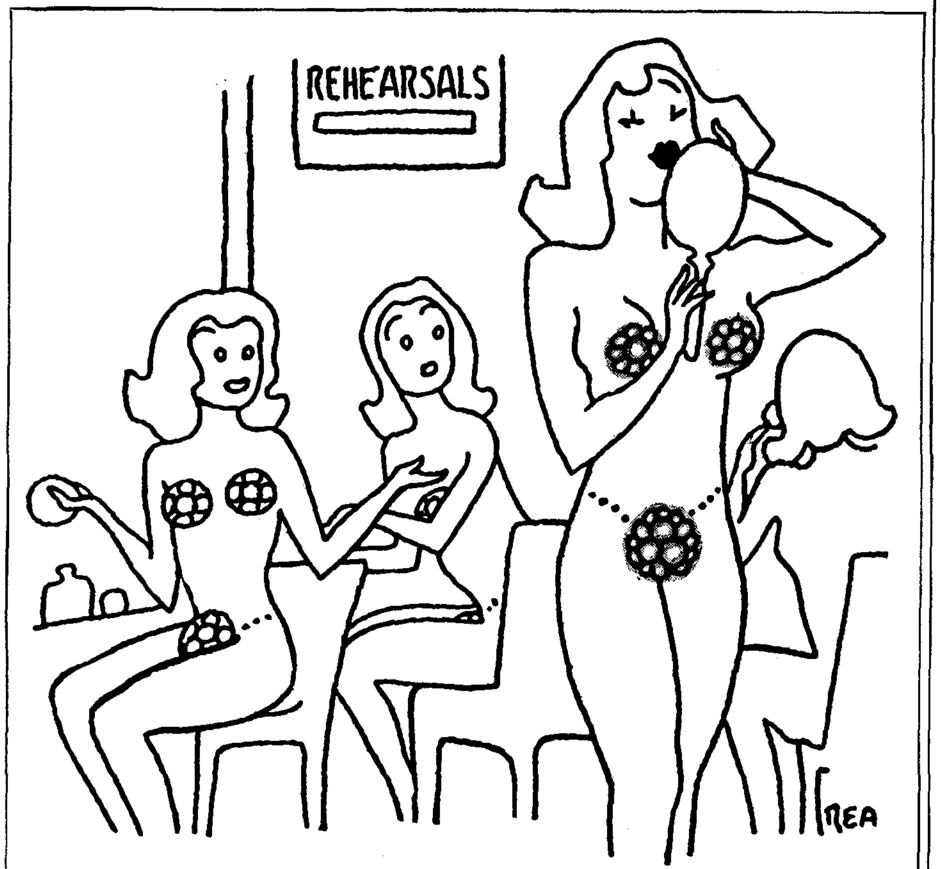
Another Jap trick was to cut off an Indonesian's hands and leave him tied in a conspicuous place as an example to other possible "wrongdoers."

For lighter offenses, such as not bowing low enough, the Javanese were made to squat on the ground and not move for twelve hours.

The soldiers also took keen delight in mistreating the British and Dutch prisoners of war. I saw several of these poor devils one day cleaning the gutters with their bare hands. Jap soldiers stood over them, kicking them or shoving them face-down in the filth if they thought the prisoners were slowing up on the job. The obvious reason for treating white men this way was to show the Indonesians how low the mighty had fallen. But it had quite the opposite effect. I heard several Indonesians mutter "Kassian, kassian," as they passed by. They meant, "Pity, pity."

The Jap economic experts tried to organize the food situation, but of course our regular market system was completely disrupted. All the stores were closed, the Indonesians stopped bringing in vegetables from the country, and the Japs closed the rice godowns or warehouses. The Javanese population depends on rice, so they had the worst of it.

Some of them tried to storm the godowns, but the Japs soon put a stop to that. They got one of the tom-toms which the Indonesians used for communication in the interior and began beating on it in some central square. When a large crowd had collected they seized a few men and dragged them to a platform in the middle



COLLIER'S "I hear she buys all her clothes at Tiffany's" GARDNER REA

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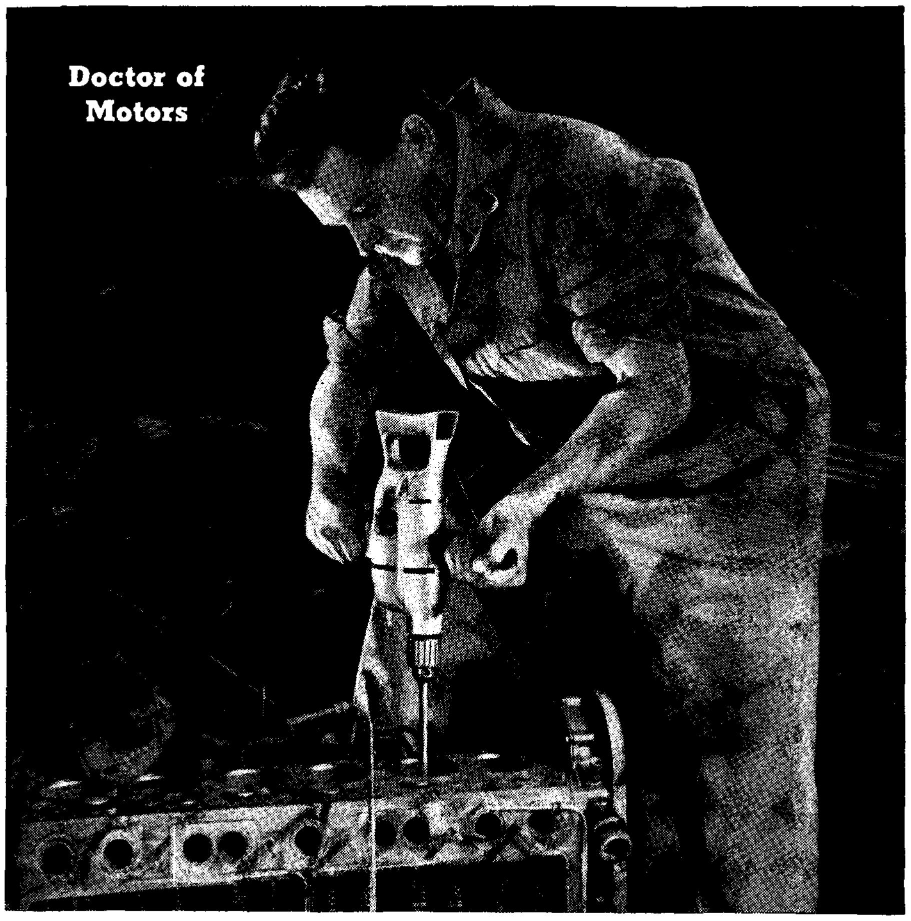

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He's the guardian of 30,000,000 motor vehicles! For him no trumpets blare, no flags unfurl. Yet if he were to step out of the picture, America's war effort would be seriously endangered.

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The Doctor of Motors will see you through! His code of responsibility toward you is strong. You see, we know the Doctor of Motors. For years he has made us prove why Perfect Circle Piston Rings save oil and gas and increase power . . . and because we *have* proved it, he is installing Perfect Circles in increasing millions every year. *The Perfect Circle Companies, Hagerstown, Indiana, U. S. A. and Toronto, Ontario, Canada.*

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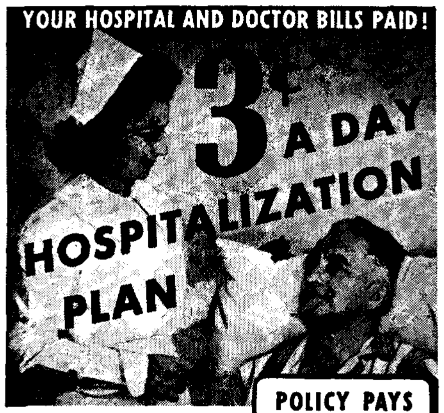

YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID!

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Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

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of the square. Then with three strokes of a double-edged sword (one under the jaw, one to the side, and a final blow) a man's head rolled in the street. There wasn't much rice stealing after this demonstration of co-prosperity.

Naturally, the Japs stopped the publication of Dutch newspapers immediately and started printing their own paper, which they called Greater Asia. Some Malayan newspapers were allowed to continue publication, but were controlled by the Japs for their co-prosperity propaganda. They began eradicating the Dutch language, place names and everything that would remind the Indonesians that the Netherlands had once owned the island. Dutch was forbidden in the schools, Javanese teachers had to begin teaching Japanese. No one was allowed to send anything but post cards and these had to be written in Malayan or Japanese. Of course, most of the schools closed because of these restrictions, and by the time I left Java, few of them had reopened.

The conquerors were more successful in changing some of the Dutch street and shop names to Japanese or Malayan as all they had to do was paste up posters announcing the new names. But no one in Batavia ever referred to the shops or streets by the Japanese terms.

The Jap theory was to work on the Indonesians by propaganda, but from what I have already said, it's obvious that theory and practice didn't agree. They had to force the Indonesians to work for them, chiefly because of the low wage scale. The Dutch had paid them from 75 to 80 cents for an eight-hour day with extra for overtime. The Japs paid 35 cents and nothing for overtime.

One Indonesian I know asked for his overtime wage and was thrown into jail for a fortnight. Consequently, many of them left Batavia and returned to their villages in the mountains. They could be sure of a handful of rice at home and that was better than starving in the city at the Jap wage scale.

The white population—those of us who weren't in jail—didn't have too hard a time, once the stores reopened. Prices stayed more or less as they had been, after the first few weeks of fluctuation. We had enough to eat. The women weren't molested. But our whole way of life was changed. All the theaters were closed and they only opened to show some Jap propaganda movies of the attack on Pearl Harbor or life in Japan.

I heard that Charlie Chaplin's The Dictator was shown to a group of Jap officers, and they all got a big laugh out of it. Most of our social life was confined to visiting friends, as no one wanted to go to the Jap movies and we weren't allowed to dance in the hotels. The Jap officers lived at the Hotel des Indes and at the other hotels and clubs. We could see them inside, drinking and playing billiards.

United in Misery

In spite of all these restrictions, the people's morale, both white and Indonesian, was very good. People who had money were glad to help those without it. Once the money was gone, most people had no way of getting more, unless the man of the family was working for the Japs. My salary had been cut in half when the Japs took over the plant, but I was fortunate enough to be able to help support seven women who had men in prison. Many families tried to dismiss their Indonesian or Chinese servants, but they preferred to stay with someone they knew and hoped to get at least a plate of rice a day.

One of the chief reasons why most people had so little money was due to the registration cards we were forced to buy from the Japs. The cards stated one's age, race and length of time in the Indies. They cost a white man 150 guilders (about $85), a white woman 80 guilders. Orientals paid 100 guilders for the cards, and their women 50 guilders. This was a lot of money, but we had to have the cards or risk being thrown in jail.

One indication that the Japs planned to consolidate their position on the island was their method of administering the courts. They were smart enough to realize that the Dutch judicial system worked well and they tried not to disrupt it. Many of the Dutch judges were retained, and the Japs studied their treatment of prisoners with great attention.

The tax system, too, was left as it was. The Japs admitted that it was effective, and that's the best that can be said of any tax collecting. But now the Indonesians weren't making the wages they had under Dutch rule and when the Japs tried to collect on the previous year's income, the natives couldn't meet the tax. Surprisingly enough, the Japs were lenient with them and gave them three months in which to pay up. Their close imitation of Dutch administrative methods was one of the most ominous aspects of the Jap conquest. It showed that they had every intention of keeping Java and exploiting its riches.

During the months I was in Java, I had many opportunities to learn about the Jap philosophy of war. Once an officer showed me his sword, saying that it had been in his family three hundred years and had killed "hundreds." He was enormously proud of it. Another pointed to a wound he had received at Singapore. He seemed to feel honored that half his chest had been torn away by enemy gunfire. But it's the soldiers who are most fanatic.

Almost all those I talked to were convinced that war is a glorious and natural thing for men. They are taught that to surrender is a worse dishonor than any crime. If he did surrender, one soldier told me, he could not return to his people, for his mother would spit on him. Then his only course would be to commit hara-kiri so that he might restore the family honor.

All the Japs were very scornful of the Allied defense of Malaya, the Philippines, Burma and the East Indies. They felt that these campaigns had been relatively easy for them. But they had a healthy respect for the Chinese. One soldier expressed it by sticking his thumb up and repeating, "Good, good," several times. Often I was asked if I thought the Americans would attack Tokyo. The Japs seemed to fear America, even though they joked about the easy time they'd had taking the Philippines.

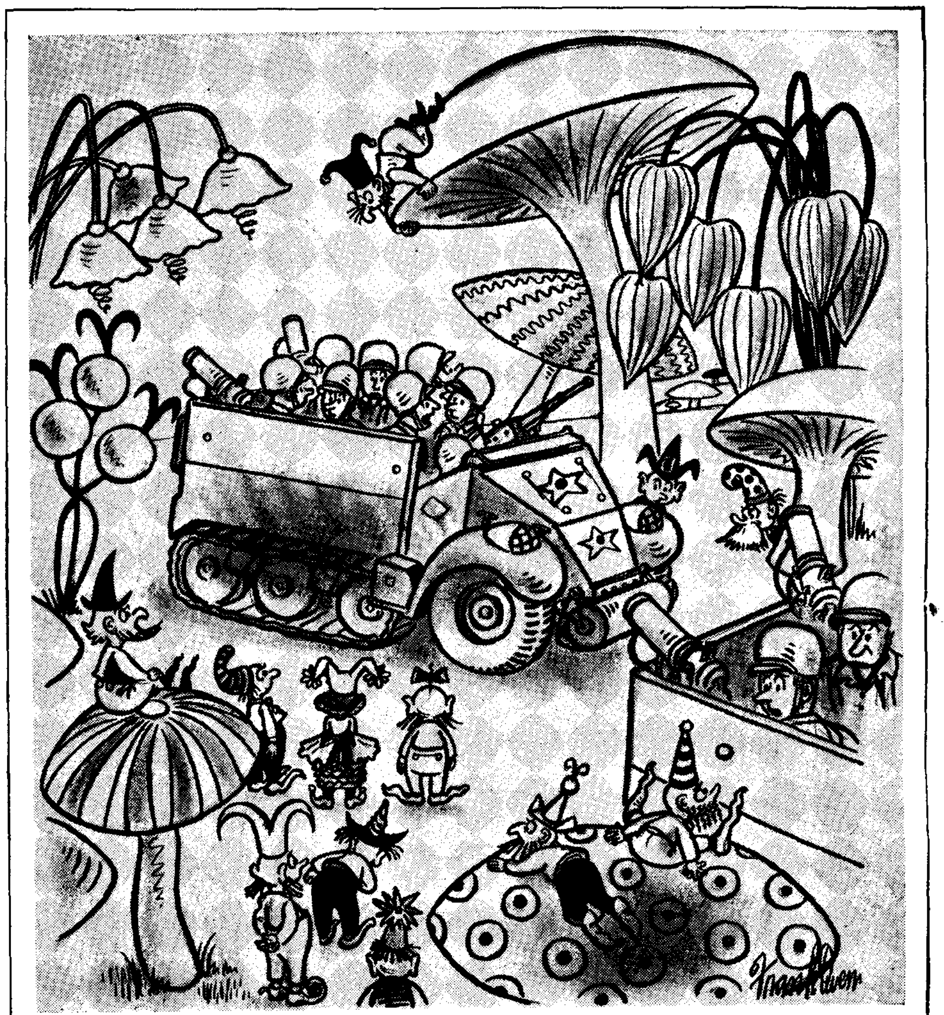
On the whole, I discovered that the Jap soldier is ignorant of everything but the mechanics of war and a vague knowledge of Japan's history. The economic troops were slightly more intelligent, and I heard one or two express a dislike for the war and wish it were over.

The Japanese officers appear to realize that friendliness will get them further with the Indonesians than brutality. They practice what their propaganda preaches about "Asia for the Asiatics" and co-prosperity. But the Jap soldiers haven't the brains to act like anything but the brutes they are. The Indonesians hate them.

Plan for Escape

I hated them, too, and as I have said, two weeks after they came, I began making plans for getting out of Java. I was young, I had no family, nothing of a personal nature to keep me there. The Japs were getting a firmer grip on the island with each passing day; they were smart, tough, and there were a lot of them. It looked as though it would be a long time before the Dutch came back, and I didn't want to fight the war as a prisoner-in-all-but-name of the Japs.

I had sailed long distances on the Pacific and knew the rudiments of navigation. It was obvious that my only chance of getting away was by boat. My problem was to find a boat somewhere, somehow, and at least two men to go with me. Already I knew where I would go. Mainly because of the prevailing winds, I had decided to head for the island of Rodriguez, just east



"All I know is this is a global war. There's no telling where you'll be sent!"

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"DON'T WASTE GOOD LEATHER ...GET YOUR OLD SHOES REPAIRED"
ASK FOR HOOD
RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES
MADE OF RUBBER PROVIDED FOR ESSENTIAL CIVILIAN NEEDS

of Madagascar, 3,000 miles across the Indian Ocean from Batavia.

For several weeks, day after day, I bicycled out to the harbor, looking for a boat which would serve my purpose. The sentries made it difficult. I didn't dare go too near the water for fear of rousing their curiosity.

Then one day I saw her—a tidy little ketch drawn up at the Batavia end of the harbor. She had no mast, her sails were gone, but the hull was in perfect condition. My spirits rose. I had no chance to inspect her closely that day. A sentry tower stood near by, filled with Jap soldiers. I would have to come again at night.

My luck was with me. That very evening I met Willem and Dirk, two fellows who had just escaped from a prison camp near Bandung. Though I had never known them before, I realized they were the men for the trip. They were young, courageous; they hated the Japs and would take any risk to get away from Java. I told them about the ketch and about the supply of canned foods I had been slowly collecting. Both of them were with me at once. Long after midnight I took them down to the water front to see the boat. She was gone!

Three days later, I saw her again, but now she was in a near-by dry dock, carefully watched by Jap sentries. There wasn't a prayer of getting her away from them. I'd have to find another boat. This time I didn't have to look so long. I saw a twenty-foot cutter, demasted, with all her sails, spars and rigging gone, drawn up at a Chinese dock. If I could get near her, that boat was going to be mine. There was only one sentry in the vicinity and he was across the river, too far away to watch me closely. He glanced at me once or twice as I gave the cutter a hasty inspection. But he chose to ignore me.

When I brought Willem and Dirk to see her the following night, the sentry was gone. He had been withdrawn for some reason known only to the Japs. His absence was our salvation. With the cutter at her isolated dock, we could work on her in comparative peace. Two native boys helped us to calk her, rig her with ropes and wire, bought piece by piece in the shops to avoid suspicion. The mast and sails were harder to find. If chance hadn't led us to the wife of the cutter's former owner, we might never have got away. She gave us the sails and the mast.

We Work by Stealth

For weeks, we worked at night on that cutter, always tense with the knowledge of our danger, alert to the sound of a sentry's footfall. We got the mast up, the spars and halyards rigged. The mainsail was worn, the jib in little better condition, but they would have to do. The food was stowed aboard, also the chronometer and the sextant, which had taken us so many days to find. The two revolvers Willem had smuggled from Bandung were hidden under a heap of sail in the tiny cabin. The school map of the Indian Ocean, the only chart I could find, was safe in my pocket. On the evening of July 6th we had everything ready.

I said goodby to no one. I felt nothing but a breathless sense of suspense as we crept out from the dock. There was no moon, a black sky hung over us. If we got by the sentry tower at the end of the pier, we would be safe—for a while. We drew nearer and nearer. The water made a lapping ripple against the prow as we slipped through the darkness. We passed the sentry tower, then the end of the pier. We were in the Bay of Batavia. I never looked back at the city. I was on my way to Rodriguez.

At dawn we were at the entrance to the Sunda Strait between Sumatra and Java. We'd had no trouble so far, met no one but a few native *prahus*. But the strait would be patrolled by Jap planes and ships. We decided to wait for nightfall and meantime disguise ourselves as fishermen by wearing straw hats and hanging colored towels over our shoulders. Nothing happened, there were no Japs in sight. The water was dotted with *prahus*, but the fishermen paid little attention to us. We changed our plan and started through the strait without waiting for darkness. The wind was with us and we weighed anchor. Though we were becalmed and had to sit, alternately cursing and coaxing the wind for four hours, we made it without sighting a Jap. We were in the Indian Ocean at dusk.

For six days, we had things pretty much our own way. The winds were light, but favorable, and the worn mainsail held. We took two-hour watches, ate two meals a day, and the future looked rosy.

I was asleep when it happened; Dirk was at the helm. The sea had been rising all day with great mountains of water towering above our tiny craft. At midnight, I heard a crash that shook the boat. When I got on deck, the mast had snapped clean off and lay alongside, a tangled ruin of stays, ropes and sail. The storm broke then. A huge roller washed over us, filling the cabin. While two of us bailed frantically, the third struggled to keep the demasted ship headed into the wind. It rained, and the wind blew a full gale. Everything aboard was soaked, our sails and mast being a miserable wreck.

Fighting for Survival

At the height of the storm, with the boat a crazy, rocking raft, we got the mast and sails aboard. We mended the sail with a darning needle, cut and reset the mast with a kitchen carving knife, spliced the worn ropes with a screw driver. All during that four days' storm, we worked. Once I fell overboard, but held on with one hand and hauled myself on deck again. It scared the others more than it did me. I was the only one who could navigate. We didn't think about anything. We were too busy. When the storm was over, we were ready to sail again.

I kept a log. Every day at noon, I took our position with the chronometer and sextant, an uncertain business in that small, lurching boat. We averaged about 80 miles a day and it was 3,000 to Rodriguez.

We passed near Cocos Island, but I avoided it as I had been told the Japs had it. If I'd known this wasn't true, it would have cut our trip by three fourths. Once we saw a lighted ship passing to port. We kept well away from it, for we knew it was a Japanese steamer, taking foreign diplomats to an African port.

The nights were cold, the days hot, and we hadn't enough water to quench our thirst. Our fifty-gallon tank began to get low, and we rationed ourselves to less than a pint a day. Time passed with slow monotony. Food was dry and tasteless in our parched mouths. Most of it had been spoiled when the cabin was flooded.

For days we sailed westward, long work-filled days that tired us too much for thought. Often the other two questioned our direction, insisting we were getting nowhere. But I determined to keep on the course I'd set.

On the evening of the thirtieth day, I studied the chart with our route marked on it. "Tomorrow," I told the others, "you will eat white bread in Rodriguez."

They didn't believe me. It wasn't until noon the following day that I could keep my promise. Ahead of us, lying low and faint on the horizon, was the long, reefed shore of a tiny island—Rodriguez!

A British cruiser picked us up the following week. Weeks later, I was in America. Now I am a member of the Netherlands Indies army. Next time I see Java, it won't be the Japs who are the invaders. It will be my Dutch comrades and I.

THE END

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Here's a man who saves steel by saving blades - and gets better shaves:
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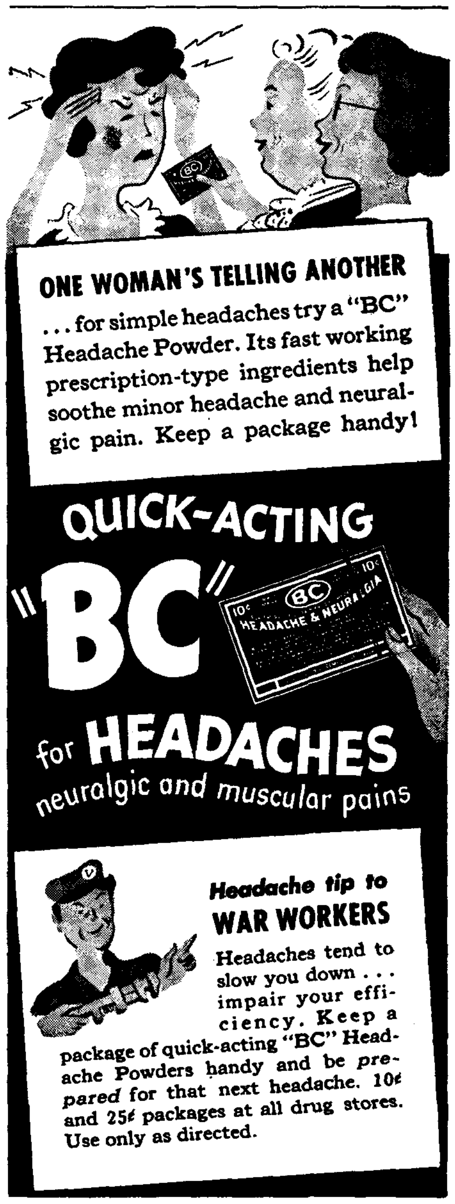
ONE WOMAN'S TELLING ANOTHER
... for simple headaches try a "BC" Headache Powder. Its fast working prescription-type ingredients help soothe the minor headache and neuralgic pain. Keep a package handy!
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Headaches tend to slow you down . . . impair your efficiency. Keep a package of quick-acting "BC" Headache Powders handy and be *prepared* for that next headache. 10¢ and 25¢ packages at all drug stores. Use only as directed.

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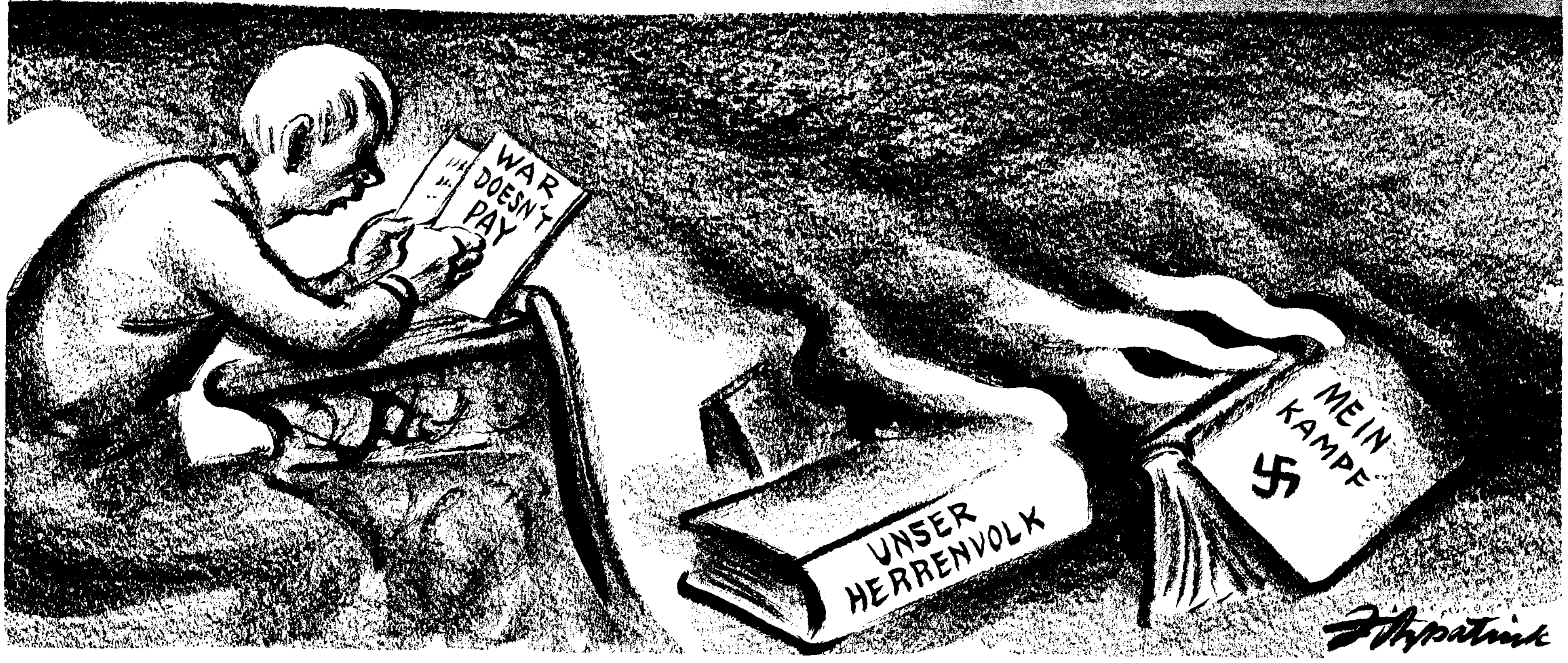


POLICE POSTWAR AXIS MINDS?

He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.
—*Samuel Butler (1612-80): "Hudibras."*

WE ADMIRE some of Vice-President Henry A. Wallace's warmly human and humanitarian ideas, but we think he had better backtrack all the way on his idea about Allied policing of Axis education after this war.

Mr. Wallace already has backtracked from his original proposal to send schoolteachers and professors from Allied countries into Germany, Italy and Japan after the war, to teach the children of those nations the proper thoughts. As we understand it, Mr. Wallace now wants only to have the Axis educators kept under Allied surveillance to see that they don't indoctrinate the children with *herrenvolk* and kindred notions.

We don't see how even that can be made to work, detest though we do the German and Japanese master-race philosophies.

For more than a century of the cruelest oppression, following the Third Partition of Poland in 1795, the Poles kept their language, aspirations and traditions alive. They did it by indoctrinating their children, practically from birth, in Polish lore while paying lip loyalty to their rulers. Thus they maintained an underground nation—and nourished it largely on hatred for the conquerors of Poland. The Czechs and the Irish performed similar feats.

For that matter, look at what happened in our own South after the Civil War. Thaddeus Stevens' radicals in Congress overrode President Andrew Johnson, who had inherited from Abraham Lincoln a lot of farseeing schemes for Southern pacification and rehabilitation. The Stevens crowd tried to rivet a perpetual tyranny on the South. How completely they failed and, conversely, how notably they succeeded in building up hates, can be gleaned from any standard United States history's account of those years 1865-70.

Allied meddling with popular education in the Axis countries would, it seems to us, only stimulate revenge movements in those countries.

Is there any practical way, then, for the Allied nations to rub the *herrenvolk* and similar ways of thinking out of German and Japanese minds after this war? (The Italians seem already to have lost the ersatz master-race ideology that Mussolini sold them.)

We think the master-race notion will take a terrific body blow from a decisive Allied victory alone. When a master race finds that it has met a master, it is more than likely to think a series of long and wholesome thoughts.

If the Allies then show that they can be magnanimous and decent in victory, the bulk of the conversion job ought to be accomplished rather swiftly, we should think. Show "malice toward none; charity for all," as Lincoln hoped to do after the Civil War; rush food and soap and medicines to war-stricken areas; help Axis industries to start up again and thereby make some jobs; cut the self-righteous preachments to the vanishing point; step up the actual good works to maximum.

Of course, after the horrors the Germans have dealt the peoples now writhing under the Nazi boot, it will be hard to convince those peoples that the Germans are human beings.

But why complicate the matter by undertaking to police the minds of Axis children with ideological clubs wearing foreign labels? We'd better just keep all our schoolteachers here, to help improve our own system of popular education, which can stand some improvements.

Ickes, Oil and the War

HAROLD L. ICKES came to fame chiefly as a professional baiter of business—any business, but preferably big business. Honest Harold has just filed his latest annual report as Secretary of the Interior; and here is what he has to say about one of our biggest businesses:

> In this connection, I want again to emphasize that the remarkable results that have been brought about would have been impossible without the wholehearted willingness of the oil industry to work in full partnership and understanding with the federal government.
>
> Too much credit cannot be given to the members of that industry. Traditional competitive practices have been laid aside, and many individual companies have willingly accepted severe financial loss to make an integrated handling of the oil problem possible. There is no such thing as "business as usual" today in the oil industry. Normal patterns have been junked for the duration, and the handling of petroleum, from the well to the delivery of the finished product, is replete with innovation.

Such testimony from an old-time business hater must be considered evidence of the highest sort. It is evidence that Honest Harold is well nicknamed, after all. But more important, it is a crushing answer to assorted radicals who have been screaming for years that big business is outworn, that it can no longer deliver the goods a modern society needs, and that it cannot adapt itself to changing times. Ickes has told them off with a vengeance.

Saluting Prentiss Brown

UP TO this writing, we like everything Prentiss Brown has done as new chief of the Office of Price Administration—OPA.

The keynote of Brown's policy is a polite and reasonable tone of voice when discussing necessary wartime controls and deprivations in public, and he backs up this policy with concrete acts, as when he substituted an honor system for the previous police-and-snooper system in the Eastern no-pleasure-driving area.

This is the way to get Americans to co-operate to the limit. No other way has yet been discovered. Bully them, talk down to them as if they were feeble-minded children, and they rebel—as they should. In so doing, they are merely acting as they have been taught from infancy a democratic people should act when its servants get too pert.

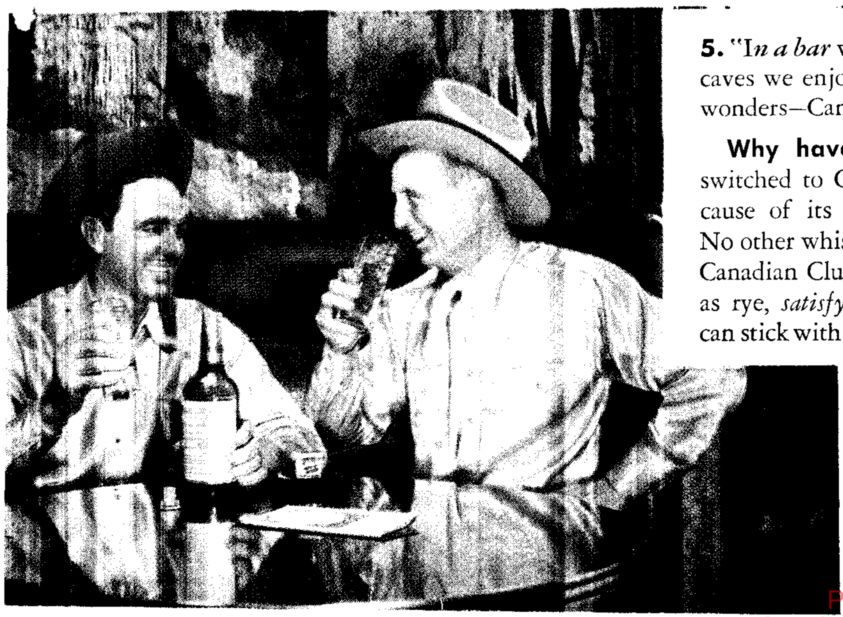
Brown, unlike numerous other bureaucrats, is aware of this fixed American characteristic; and the OPA, the war effort and the American people are already profiting from Brown's knowledge.

1. No, it's Carlsbad Caverns, U. S. A.! "Want to know how it feels to be swallowed by a whale?" comes an astonishing query from a friend. "Then pay a visit to the Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. Since you're talking now about the thrills our own U.S. affords, you can't leave Carlsbad out. You've never seen anything in your life like the 250-foot-long 'Big Room' with its million-year-old stalactites and stalagmites!

2. "Y*ou almost feel* your hair stand up when you come to the end of passageways already explored, and look down several hundred feet to new, uncharted caves at the spot they call 'The Jumping-Off Place.'

3. "T*hen lakes that glow* like green jewels in the eerie light! You half expect an oriental goblin to swirl up out of their depths. Believe it or not, the water is good enough to drink in a Canadian Club highball!

4. "S*ome of these formations* bear strange resemblances. That one above, for instance, is called 'The Cooing Doves.'



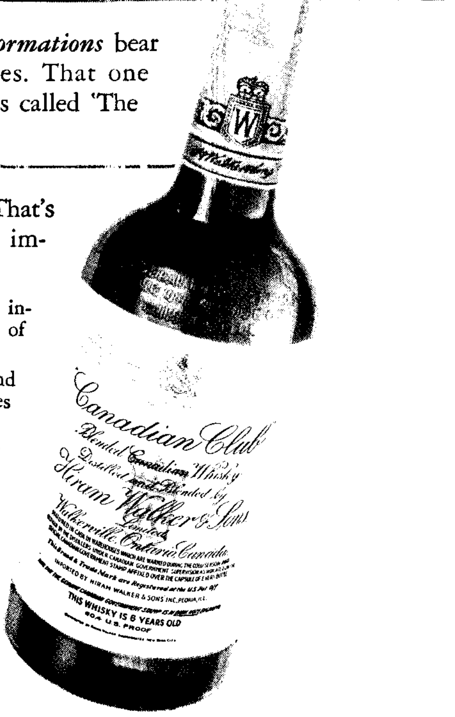
5. "I*n a bar* with photo-murals of these caves we enjoyed another of America's wonders—Canadian Club!"

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's why Canadian Club is the favorite imported whisky in the United States.

The distillery is now making war alcohol instead of whisky, so the available supply of Canadian Club is on quota for the duration.

Also, railways must give war materials and food the right of way and you may sometimes find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Many Canadian Club fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.



IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada
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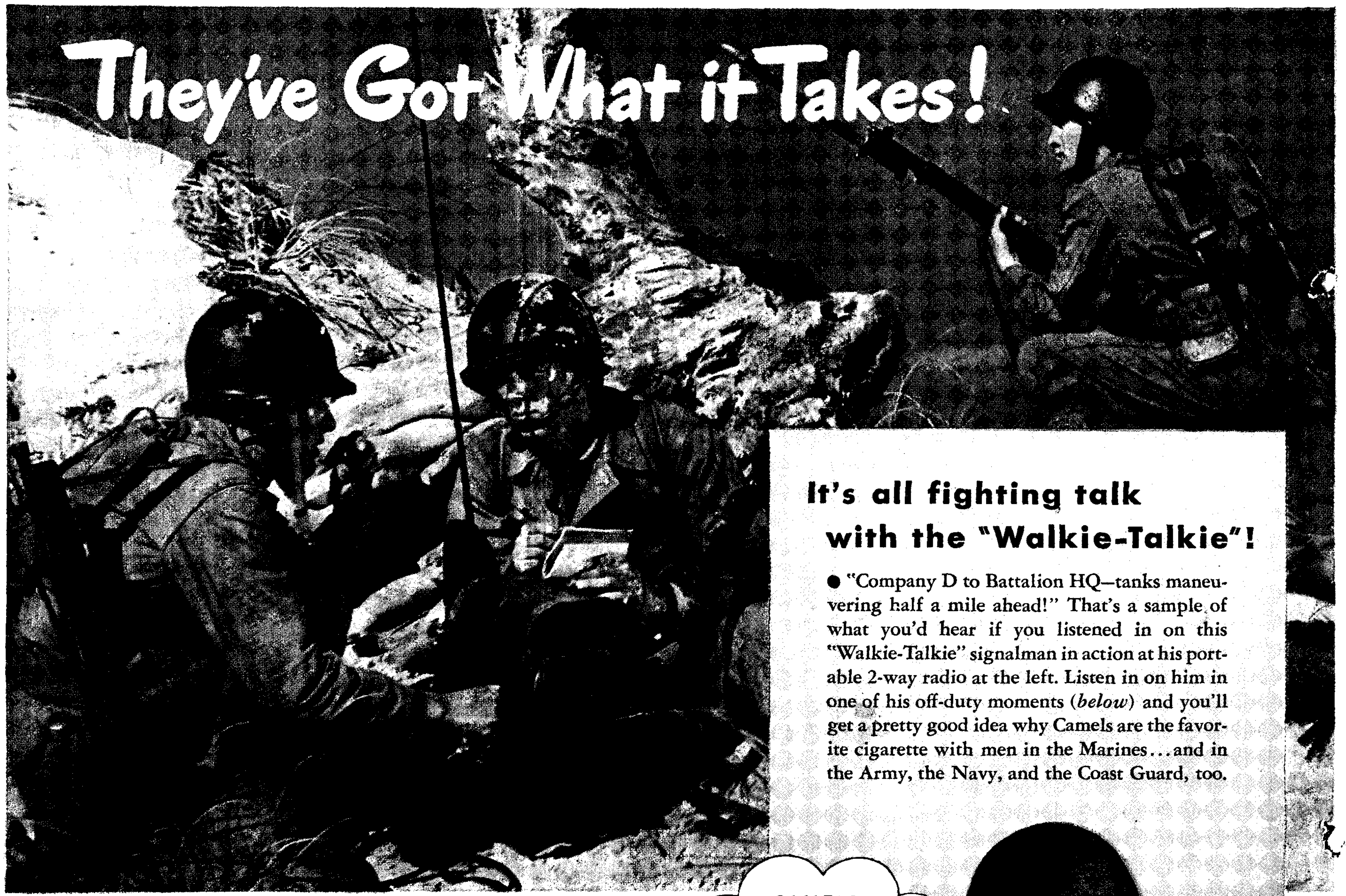
Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

They've Got What it Takes!



It's all fighting talk with the "Walkie-Talkie"!

● "Company D to Battalion HQ—tanks maneuvering half a mile ahead!" That's a sample of what you'd hear if you listened in on this "Walkie-Talkie" signalman in action at his portable 2-way radio at the left. Listen in on him in one of his off-duty moments (*below*) and you'll get a pretty good idea why Camels are the favorite cigarette with men in the Marines...and in the Army, the Navy, and the Coast Guard, too.

CAMELS HAVE GOT WHAT IT TAKES IN **TASTE** AND EXTRA **MILDNESS**. GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY'RE FIRST IN THE SERVICE!

First in the Service

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel.
(Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)

WHY do Camels win with men in the services? Every smoker has his own reasons—but this, perhaps, is most important:

Camels are expertly blended from costlier tobaccos — tobaccos rich in flavor, for *lasting enjoyment* . . . extra mild, yet never flat or thin-tasting. That full Camel flavor *holds up* —pack after pack.

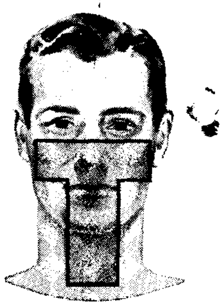
Try Camels yourself. Put them to the "T-Zone" test (*see far right*).

CAMELS DON'T TIRE MY TASTE— THEY'RE ALWAYS EASY ON MY THROAT— IN FACT, THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'

WAR WORKER VIRGINIA DONNELLY, Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co., makes special radio tubes for communications sets. And, like *men* in the service, *her* favorite cigarette is Camel.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The "T-Zone" ...where cigarettes are judged

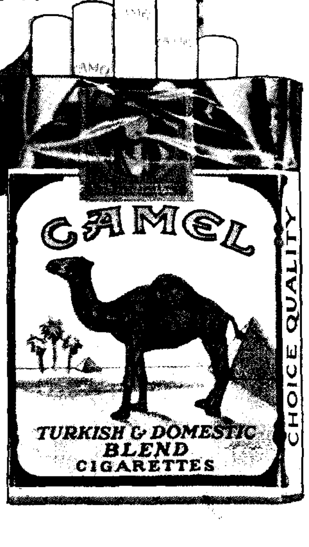


The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."**

BUY WAR BONDS & STAMPS

CAMEL

COSTLIER TOBACCOS


CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES